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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ELVIS – SLAUGHTER OF THE GOLDEN CALF

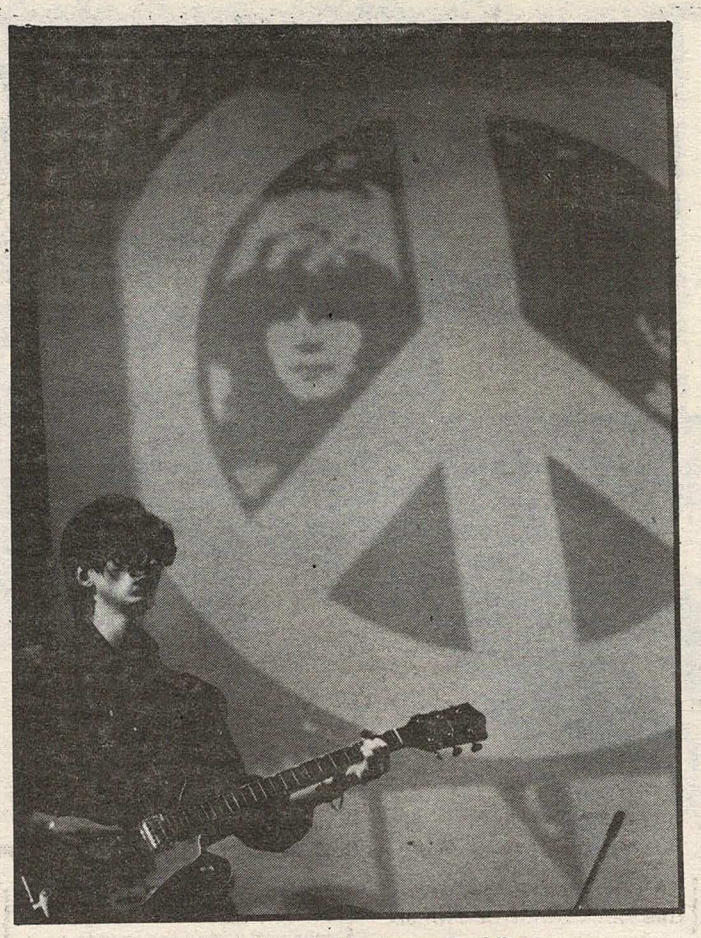
Charles Shaar Murray assesses the disputed reign of the King

LINX
COATIMUNDI
RINGO STARR
CLIFF RICHARD
TENPOLE TUDOR
POETRY OLYMPICS
ZE: A STORY OF FAILURE
DUNAWAY AS CRAWFORD

The young Elvis. Photo courtesy of Rex Features/colour tinted by Yvette Anna.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
		UNDER PRESSURE	**Queen & David Bowie (EMI)**	4	1
2	2	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	5	2
3	8	LET'S GROOVE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	3
4	11	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	3	4
5	3	FAVOURITE SHIRTS	Haircut 100 (Arista)	4	3
6	14	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	6	6
7	10	I GO TO SLEEP	Pretenders (Real)	3	7
8	17	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	8
9	6	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	5	6
10	5	JOAN OF ARC	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	5	3
11	15	STEPPIN' OUT	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	4	11
12	30	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	9	4
13	12	AY AY AY AY MOOSEY	Modern Romance (WEA)	3	12
14	28	THE VOICE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	14
15	23	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	2	15
16	4	EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAGIC	The Police (A&M)	6	1
17	7	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	7	7
18	19	TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH	ABC (Neutron)	2	18
19	9	WHEN SHE WAS MY GIRL	Four Tops (Casablanca)	6	2
20	3	LABELLED WITH LOVE	Squeeze (A & M)	7	5
21	(—)	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	1	21
22	24	CAMBODIA	Kim Wilde (RAK)	2	22
23	(—)	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	1	23
24	(—)	FLASHBACK	Imagination (R & B)	1	24
25	16	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Altered Images (Epic)	8	1
26	(—)	PAINT ME DOWN	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	2	26
27	(—)	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	27
28	26	YES TONIGHT JOSEPHINE	Jets (EMI)	2	26
29	25	OPEN YOUR HEART	Human League (Virgin)	8	7
30	27	IT'S RAINING	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	5



Wasted Youth in at No. 11. Pic: Anton Corbijn

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**QUEEN GREATEST HITS**	**Queen (EMI)**	4	1
2	13	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	2	2
3	5	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	7	1
4	6	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	4
5	1	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	4	1
6	3	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4	3
7	23	DE NINA A MUJER	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	7
8	7	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	11	2
9	17	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	2	9
10	10	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	3	10
11	4	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	Police (Chrysalis)	5	4
12	8	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	8
13	12	SPEAK AND SPELL	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	6
14	(—)	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	1	14
15	11	RAISE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	11
16	16	EXIT STAGE LEFT	Rush (Phonogram)	5	7
17	(—)	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)	1	17
18	9	ALMOST BLUE	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	5	6
19	(—)	HANSIMANIA	James Last (Polydor)	1	19
20	22	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	20
21	(—)	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	7	2
22	27	BEST OF . . .	Rainbow (Polydor)	3	22
23	20	LOVE IS . . .	Various Artists (K-Tel)	5	9
24	(—)	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	1	24
25	(—)	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	25
26	14	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	10	3
27	21	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	7	3
28	(—)	THE VERY BEST OF. . .	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	28
29	(—)	LA FOLIE	Stranglers (Liberty)	1	29
30	19	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	6

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(6)	**Four More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
2	(3)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(11)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (Chiswick)
5	(4)	**In God We Trust (EP)**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
6	(19)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino**	Fall (Kamera)
7	(8)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
8	(1)	**6 Guns**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
9	(—)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
10	(5)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
11	(17)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
12	(29)	**Lost And Lonely**	The Higsons (Wasp)
13	(12)	**Kids Of The '80s**	Infa Riot (Secret)
14	(7)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
15	(9)	**Alienation**	Crisis (Ardkore)
16	(13)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
17	(18)	**Fast Boyfriends**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
18	(25)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
19	(—)	**3 Piece Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
20	(24)	**When You Were Sweet 16**	The Fureys (Ritz)
21	(15)	**Razors Edge**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
22	(—)	**Countdown**	UK Subs (Gem)
23	(26)	**All Out Attack (EP)**	Blitz (No Future)
24	(—)	**Cat Black**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
25	(14)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
26	(28)	**No Room For You**	Demob (Round Ear)
27	(16)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
28	(10)	**Never Again**	Discharge (Clay)
29	(22)	**Good To Be The King**	Mel Brooks (Luggage)
30	(—)	**Young Offenders**	Disrupters (Radical Change)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(5)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(1)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(3)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
4	(2)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
5	(4)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
6	(23)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Chiswick)
7	(6)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
8	(7)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
9	(14)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
10	(8)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dep Int)
11	(—)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
12	(9)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
13	(18)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(—)	**L.C.**	Durutti Column (Factory)
15	(16)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (R. Trade)
16	(11)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
17	(27)	**Heartbreak**	Chris And Cosey (R. Trade)
18	(12)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
19	(10)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
20	(19)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)
21	(22)	**Rids The World**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
22	(21)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Fact.)
23	(—)	**Emotions/Sounds/Motions**	I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
24	(28)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(—)	**Live And Heavy**	Various (NEMS)
26	(20)	**Ballad Of Etiquette**	Richard Jobson (Cocteau)
27	(17)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
28	(15)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
29	(24)	**Playing With A (etc.)**	Au Pairs (Human)
30	(26)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1 **Reaching For a Goal** — Jean Adebambo (Third World)
2 **Just A Little Bit** — Carol Thompson (S&G)
3 **I'm Not Crazy** — Don McCarlos & Captain Sinbad (Greensleeves)
4 **Once A Virgin** — Eek A Mouse (Joe Cribbs)
5 **Pass The Coochie** — Mighty Diamonds (Music Work)
6 **Let's Make Love** — The Instigators (Lovebirds)
7 **Permanent Lover** — Gregory Isaacs (Pre)
8 **London Skank** — Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
9 **Rose Marie** — Lone Ranger (Black Joy)
10 **Just One Moment Away** — Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)

Chart by Music Market, 51 High Street, Oxford)

FUNK

1 **Hupendi Muziki Wangu** — Kid (Sam)
2 **Let's Start The Dance Again** — Bohannon (Phase 2)
3 **Love Fever** — Gail Adams (Prelude)
4 **This Beat Is Mine** — Vicky D. (Sam)
5 **Love Massage** — Lowrell (Zoo York)
6 **Studio H** — Harry Valentino (PBI)
7 **Kasso** — Kasso (Delirium)
8 **Make Up Your Mind** — Aurra (Salsoul)
9 **You Got That Something (Remix)** — Logg (Saloul)
10 **Sure Shot (Ins.)** — Tracey Weber (RFC)

Kevin Edwards, Spin-In, 15 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

INTERNATIONAL SOUTH AFRICA ALBUMS

1 **Urgent** — Foreigner (Atlantic)
2 **Endless Love** — Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)
3 **Wired For Sound** — Cliff Richard (EMI)
4 **Green Door** — Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
5 **Queen Of Hearts** — Juice Newton (Capitol)
6 **Hold On Tight** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
7 **Start Me Up** — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones
8 **Rock'n'Roll Dreams Come True** — Jim Steinman (CBS)
9 **Hooked On Classics** — Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
10 **Slow Hand** — Pointer Sisters (Planet)

(Courtesy Springbok Radio/Billboard)

NEW ZEALAND ALBUMS

1 **Say I Love You** — Renee Geyer (Festival)
2 **Green Door** — Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
3 **Theme From The Great American Hero** — Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
4 **Endless Love** — Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)
5 **Making Your Mind Up** — Bucks Fizz (RCA)
6 **Lady (You Bring Me Up)** — Commodores (Motown)
7 **Hooked On Classics** — Royla Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
8 **Island In The Sun** — John Rowles (EMI)
9 **Rock'n'Roll Dreams Come True** — Beach Boys (Capitol)

(Courtesy Record Publications/Billboard)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Under The Moon Of Love** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
2 **Somebody To Love** — Queen (EMI)
3 **Livin' Thing** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
4 **Love Me** — Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
5 **Money Money Money** — Abba (Epic)
6 **If You Leave Me Now** — Chicago (CBS)
7 **When A Child Is Born** — Johnny Mathis (CBS)
8 **You Make Me Feel Like Dancing** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
9 **Lean On Me** — Mud (Private Stock)
10 **Get Back** — Rod Stewart (Riva)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Ernie** — Benny Hill (Columbia)
2 **Jeepster** — T. Rex (Fly)
3 **Tokoloshie Man** — John Kongos (Fly)
4 **Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves** — Cher (MCA)
5 **'Cos I Luv You** — Slade (Polydor)
6 **Theme From 'Shaft'** — Isaac Hayes (Stax)
7 **Johnny Reggae** — Piglets (Bell)
8 **Till** — Tom Jones (Decca)
9 **Banks Of The Ohio** — Olivia Newton-John (Pye)
10 **No Matter How I Try** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Green Green Grass Of Home** — Tom Jones (Decca)
2 **What Would I Be** — Val Doonican (Decca)
3 **Good Vibrations** — Beach Boys (Capitol)
4 **My Mind's Eye** — Small Faces (Decca)
5 **Morningtown Ride** — Seekers (Columbia)
6 **Gimme Some Loving** — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
7 **Just One Smile** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
8 **Dead End Street** — Kinks (Pye)
9 **What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted** — Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
10 **Friday On My Mind** — Easybeats (United Artists)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

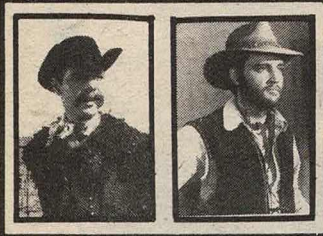
1 **Tower Of Strength** — Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
2 **Moon River** — Danny Williams (HMV)
3 **Take Good Care Of My Baby** — Bobby Vee (London)
4 **His Latest Flame** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
5 **Take Five** — Dave Brubeck (Fontana)
6 **Big Bad John** — Jimmy Dean (Philips)
7 **I'll Get By** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
8 **Midnight In Moscow** — Kenny Ball (Pye)
9 **Walkin' Back To Happiness** — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
10 **The Time Has Come** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)

NME

INSIDE INFORMATION

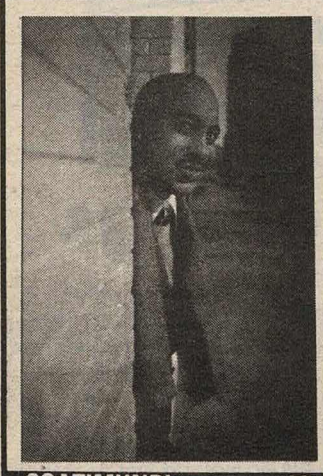
LENNON 7

RINGO NEXT WEEK



ELVIS 21

CLIFF 24



COATIMUNDI 30

LPs 35

LIVE 51

Stones' 'cast off

IT NOW seems that The Rolling Stones will have to curb their ambitious plans for a live global telecast of their New York concert on December 18, due to the technical problems involved in arranging the satellite hook-up at such short notice. As reported last week, the project — which would have involved screening in cinemas around the world, including Britain — never had more than a 50-50 chance of fulfilment, because of the limited time available in which to overcome the many complications.

The Stones' London spokesman told *NME:* "It looks as though the TV will still be going ahead, but on a less lavish scale than they originally hoped, probably confined to the United States." But the Stones have not abandoned the scheme for a world telecast, and are now thinking in terms of a later date, allowing ample time for all the technical arrangements to be made — though, in this event, the show would not necessarily be staged in America. But if it ultimately fails to materialise, despite all their efforts, they will negotiate for a film of their December 18 concert to be shown on British TV in the New Year.

● Rod Stewart's U.S. coast-to-coast telecast from the Los Angeles Forum, originally planned for the same day as the Stones' show will now be a day later (December 19) — and it's to be a direct home TV screening throughout America, with a live satellite link to several other countries. As far as Britain is concerned, it will be shown on cable television over the Christmas holiday, and on the national TV network in the New Year. For this show, Stewart will be joined by guests Kim Carnes and Tina Turner, plus a 100-piece gospel choir.

EW&F L-R: Um, er, oh er, Maurice, erm, y'know, whatsisname, uh, and thingy

LET'S GROOVE—IN MARCH

EARTH WIND & FIRE were this week confirmed for six major concert appearances in March — two in Birmingham and four in London. Their visit was sewn up just at the time when they are riding high in the UK charts with their single 'Let's Groove' and album 'Raise'.

After playing a couple of nights in Paris, they fly in to headline at Birmingham International Arena in the National Exhibition Centre (March 12 and 13) and London Wembley Arena (15, 16, 17 and 18). Tickets for both venues cost £8.80 and £7.80, and the promoter is Alec Leslie.

Tickets are available by post from Earth Wind & Fire Box-Office (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH — enclosing SAE, and stating clearly the date and venue required. Mail orders received within the next few days will be processed before Christmas but, in view of seasonal post delays, up to six weeks should be allowed for delivery. Tickets are also on sale in London to personal callers at Premier Box-Office, London Theatre Bookings and branches of Keith Prowse.

It's unlikely that EW&F will have a new album ready for release to coincide with their visit, but CBS say there will certainly be a new single at that time.

☐ **SECRET AFFAIR** go back on the road this weekend for their only dates in 1981 — playing Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (this Saturday), Birmingham Imperial Cinema (December 12), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (15), Kingston Polytechnic (16) and London Marquee (18 and 19). The band — Ian Page (vocals), Dave Cairns (guitar), Dennis Smith (bass), Paul Bultitude (drums) and Dave Winthrop (sax) — will have a new single and album issued by Arista early in the New Year.

☐ **THE STRAY CATS,** whose pre-Christmas tour was announced last week, have now added two major shows immediately after the holiday — a second night at London Strand Lyceum on December 27 and a concert at Birmingham Odeon the following day (28).

☐ **PIGBAG** are playing a few gigs to maintain the impetus of their independent chart-topping single 'Sunny Day' — at Birmingham Golden Eagles (December 8), London Victoria The Venue (9), Manchester Rafters (11) and Cheltenham Technical College (17). Their debut album is scheduled for early 1982 release by Y Records, and there'll be further dates to coincide.

☐ **RICHARD STRANGE** ventures out of London, with his usual barrage of tapes and talking machines, for shows at Liverpool Christ's College (this Saturday) and Durham Ladies College (December 11). He'll be joined on stage by Steve Bolton, who has worked with David Bowie, and saxist Dave Winthrop.

☐ **STEVE DIGGLE,** ex-Buzzcocks lead guitarist, is back in action after nearly a year's lay-off. He's formed a new band called Flag Of Convenience, though the line-up can't yet be announced for contractual reasons — "but you've probably never heard of any of them anyhow," adds Diggle. A major record deal is being negotiated, and the band will begin gigging in the New Year.

Pic: Jenny Matthews

ED FENTON sees the Jobs Express train-ees take the platform

All steamed up

LAST SUNDAY the streets in central London were cordoned off. Police lined the roads between Marble Arch and County Hall. It was like Royal Wedding Day — except that no one was waving Union Jacks. Just banners pleading "Give Us A Future".

Although about seven thousand people took part in the Jobs For Youth march, although many of them didn't brave the bitter cold to stay for the live music and speeches afterwards.

The 400 young people who had come to London on the Jobs Express train formed the showpiece of the campaign. For five days they had been shunted around the country, to the major cities in Scotland, England and Wales. They had been introduced to politicians, met local dignitaries, and been interviewed by Radio One DJs.

"They were all well-meaning, but they hadn't a clue what it's like to be unemployed," said Dave from Birmingham. "It was like another world."

Still, by all accounts spirits and hopes ran high throughout the 750-mile journey; one young man even had to be sent home for "over-enthusiasm".

"I feel very apprehensive," said another traveller before the march. "I feel something is going to happen."

The other demonstrators had either arrived at Hyde Park independently, or in coaches from all over England and the continent. They marched behind their banners, shouting the same anti-Tory slogans that you heard on the CND rally in October.

The general secretary of the TUC, Len Murray, said that he was concerned not only

■ *Continues over*

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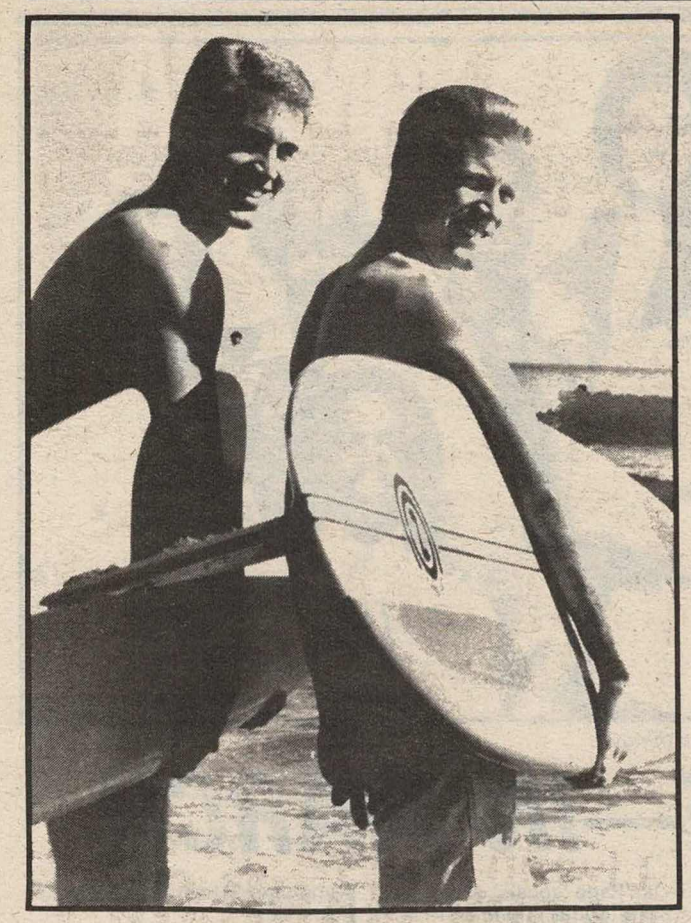


Surf-ace attention

HOT ON THE stiletto heels of their very successful Beat Week, London's Co-op Cinema have come up with another ingenious idea for shifting tickets: a festival entitled *Celluloid Meets Flesh*. Again it will be held in conjunction with the London Musicians Collective, and Night One (Chilly) will kick off with Acme Acting, the ex-drama students who perform their potted versions of filmed stage classics in people's living rooms, tackling *Hamlet*. This is the troupe's first 'public' performance, and it will be followed by a 1976 film of *Hamlet* by Celestine Coronado which features Quentin Crisp. And that will be followed by live sounds from Beam Me Up Scotty.

Friday, December 11 sees Night Two (Hot), with "traditional British seaside music" from The Promenaders (Lol Coxhill, David Toop, Paul Burwell, Terry Day, Peter Cusack, and Max Eastley), followed by a screening of *Muscle Beach Party* starring that Queen of Teens Annette Funicello and her perfect paramour Frankie Avalon. There will then be a short cabaret from Johnny Itch and the Crabs (who claim to purvey a "Shangri-Las sound with Chandleresque dialogue") based round surfing and guaranteed to include real surfboards. Here's sand in your eye! At: London Film Maker's Co-Op, 42 Gloucester Avenue, London N1 (01-722 0456).

One giant step for video, one step back for mankind

THE REVOLUTION in DIY video takes another giant step — in what direction isn't entirely clear yet — with the release of 'Hawaii Five-O Live At The British Legion Club South Shields'. That's the name of the debut tape by Newcastle group Arthur 2 Stroke & The Chart Commandos. And what's more, it cost them just £45.19 to make.

HERE'S HOW IT WAS DONE:

Hire of camera (4 hours)	**£10.00**
Hire of recorder (4 hours)	**£15.00**
One U-Matic tape	**£7.99**
Hire of lighting	**£5.00**
Petrol	**£2.60**
4 bus fares to hire shop	**£4.20**
Parking meter	**£0.40**
TOTAL COSTS	**£45.19**

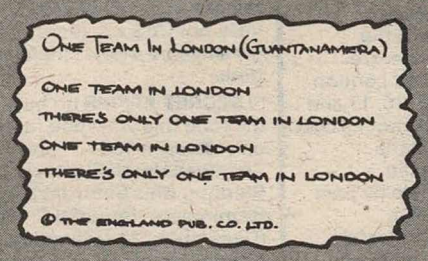
In a written statement to *NME*, band manager Andy Pop challenges any other little-known act to produce a cheaper video — perhaps unaware that Scottish group The Strutz claim to have already done so (for £20; see *NME* 14.11.81).

One minor flaw in the masterplan is that no provision has been made to copy the tape, so only one cassette exists. "Obviously, only having one cassette does limit our market and promotional possibilities," Pop admits. "However we feel a limited edition video will be more attractive to the potential consumer. Even if we don't sell it, we can use the tape again."

At this stage, if any buyer can be found, Andy Pop envisages selling 'Hawaii Five-O Live At The British Legion Club South Shields' for "a fraction more than the cost price".

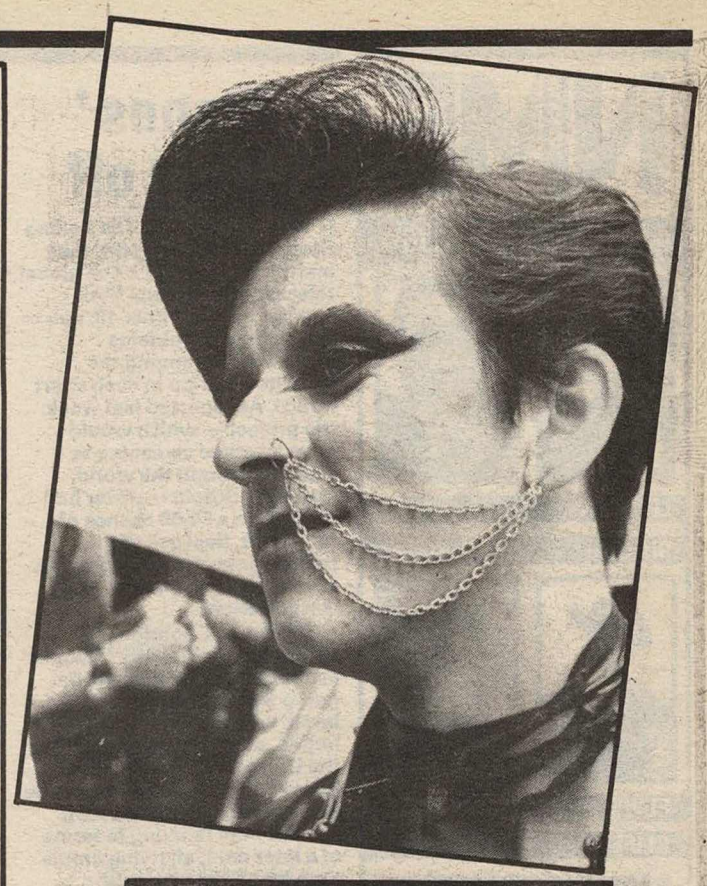
(NME) has, incidentally, been invited to review the video on a temporary-loan basis, provided we first send 40p postage. A collection launched for this purpose around the office, has, to date, yielded a total of 13½p.)

— PAUL DU NOYER


ONE TEAM IN LONDON (GUANTANAMERA)
ONE TEAM IN LONDON
THERE'S ONLY ONE TEAM IN LONDON
ONE TEAM IN LONDON
THERE'S ONLY ONE TEAM IN LONDON
© THE ENGLAND PUB. CO. LTD.

LYRIC OF THE WEEK

From the Spurs LP word sheet



ARCHIVE FUN

Chains of lugs

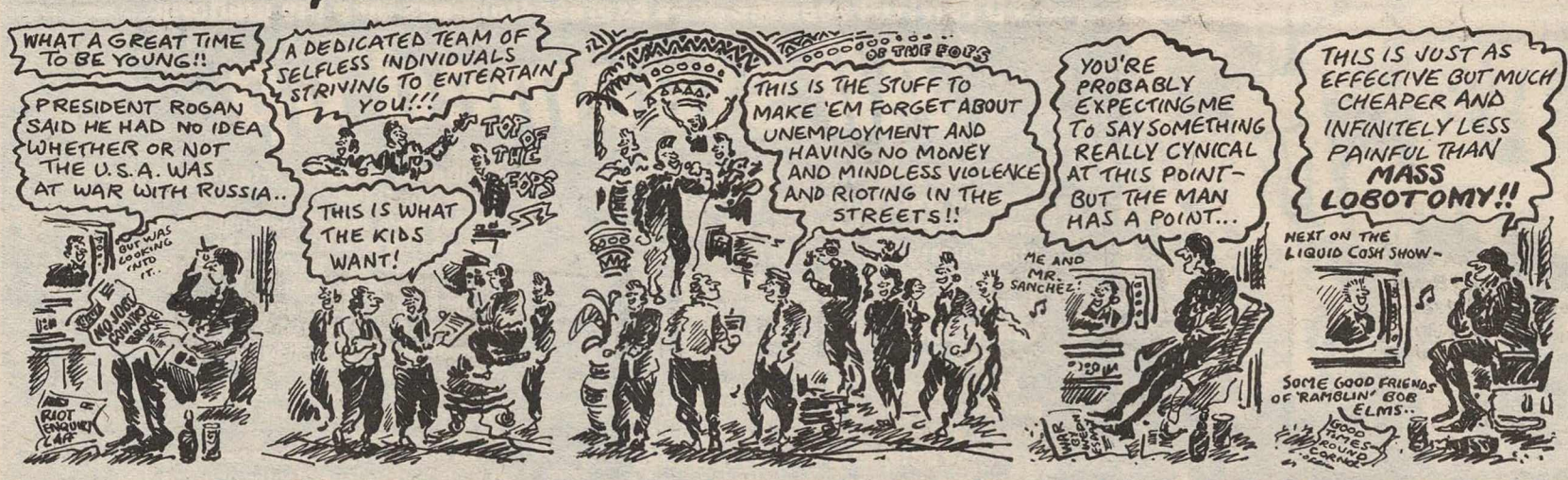
FRESH FROM an afternoon borrowing make-up from the local wenches at Boots and ready to start scrounging 10pees from patrons at the bar, this is 17-year-old Steve Harrington, out for a night on the town in the Stowaway Club in Gwent, South Wales, to see up-and-coming pop group The Sex Pistols.

And so it was in 1976 that Steve Strange, eyes painted like the eighth bride of Dracula, his face polyfill'd with Max Factor and his ear secured to his nose, started his 'career' — the way he intended to continue — on the make.

When Steve returned to his homeland last month the locals found he'd lost none of his old wile and guile. The Strange one persuaded boutique owner Alan Jones to hire him a Rolls Royce and supply him with £50-worth of champagne when he made a personal appearance at the Funktion Suite in Nero's club in Cardiff. Welshmen unite — you have nothing to lose but your chains.

Above: The latest Harrington incarnation, seen here with the amazingly talented Ronny. Pic: David Corio.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


WHAT A GREAT TIME TO BE YOUNG!!
PRESIDENT ROGAN SAID HE HAD NO IDEA WHETHER OR NOT THE U.S.A. WAS AT WAR WITH RUSSIA..
BUT WAS LOOKING INTO IT.
NO JOKE COUNTRY SHOCKS
RIOT ENQUIRY LAY
A DEDICATED TEAM OF SELFLESS INDIVIDUALS STRIVING TO ENTERTAIN YOU!!!
TOP OF THE POPS
THIS IS WHAT THE KIDS WANT!
OF THE POPS
THIS IS THE STUFF TO MAKE 'EM FORGET ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT AND HAVING NO MONEY AND MINDLESS VIOLENCE AND RIOTING IN THE STREETS!!
YOU'RE PROBABLY EXPECTING ME TO SAY SOMETHING REALLY CYNICAL AT THIS POINT— BUT THE MAN HAS A POINT...
ME AND MR SANCHEZ
THIS IS JUST AS EFFECTIVE BUT MUCH CHEAPER AND INFINITELY LESS PAINFUL THAN MASS LOBOTOMY!!
NEXT ON THE LIQUID COSH SHOW—
SOME GOOD FRIENDS OF 'RAMBLIN' BOB ELMS..
GOOD TIMES SECOND COMING

Pic: Jenny Matthews

■ *From previous page*

about the Government's hostility to the unemployed, but also about "the apathy of many young people in the country".

The point was made more vehemently by Mike Lee, a young unemployed Mancunian who had travelled on the Jobs Express. "Unemployment doesn't just fall from the sky," he said. "It's deliberate policy. The Tories are using it to smash the trades unions and the working classes. They have divided us between the employed and the unemployed."

Speakers from two of the organisations involved, the Afro-Caribbean Organisation and the National Association of Asian Youth, denounced the popular theory that coloured people are somehow responsible for the recession. Winston Pinder of the Afro-Caribbean Organisation said: "Without jobs for black people, there will be no jobs for white people. If they take us at midnight, they will come for you at dawn."

Clare Short of Youthaid was nearly shouted down by a bunch of militants with their own axe to grind. "Unemployment is much more important than your little local issues," she retorted. "I can't say that this is a non-political campaign. But it must be a non-party political campaign."

Unfortunately her message wasn't heeded by the hundreds of weekend revolutionaries. The 400 Jobs Expressers, with their carefully tabulated Campaign Charter, were overshadowed by the mass of people demonstrating against the Tories rather than against unemployment. And so the policemen and on-lookers felt able to sneer with a clear conscience.

On Monday afternoon, the people from the Jobs Express assembled at Westminster to lobby their local MPs. A group of six delegates were allowed to meet Mrs Thatcher, and they spoke to her for half an hour. Although she listened politely, she was unable to offer them any hope for the future. When someone complained that young people on Youth Opportunities schemes weren't insured against illness or accident, she replied: "Yes, but you aren't ill very often at your age, are you?"

"She is a lady with a warm smile but a very cold heart," was their verdict afterwards.

"But the campaign is only just beginning," said unemployed Therese Short, one of the delegates. "And Mrs Thatcher's obstinacy has only made us more determined to fight on."

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer

MARC ALMOND

FILMS
Pink Flamingos
Fellini Satyricon
Female Trouble
Cabaret
The Night Porter

TV
Coronation Street
Hammer House Of Horror
New York cable TV
The Borgias

ACTORS/ACTRESSES
Dirk Bogarde
Helmut Berger
Divine
(Early) Marlon Brando (because he's a big fat slob now)
Vincent Price
Liza Minnelli
Jayne Mansfield
Vanessa Redgrave

BOOKS
The Vampires..... John Rechy
City Of Nights..... John Rechy
The Dark ..... James Herbert
All film books

PASTIMES
Super 8 Film Diary
Going to see psycho movies
Reading all sorts of low-life literature

MUSIC
Scott Walker sings Jacques Brel
All Alan Vega and Suicide
Lizzy Mercier Descloux (both albums)
All Supremes, Tamla, disco and northern soul

WORST EXPERIENCES
Seeing Stevo naked
Miming to 'Bedsitter' and 'Tainted Love' in Vienna in front of 11,000 people with no available keyboard for Dave or microphone for me
Taxi crash in New York

FUNNIEST EXPERIENCE
Reading Gavin Martin's review of the album in last week's *NME*

DAVID BALL

BOOKS
From A To B And Back Again ..... Andy Warhol
The Rats..... James Herbert
How To Become A Virgin ..... Quentin Crisp
Crash..... J. G. Ballard

ARTISTS
Andy Warhol
Paul Gauguin
Duane Hanson

FILMS
Psycho .....Hitchcock
Lonesome Cowboys..... Warhol/Morrissey

ACTORS
Clark Gable
Gene Kelly
Vincent Price

ACTRESSES
Sophia Loren
Lauren Bacall
Vivien Leigh

RECORDS
This Guy's In Love.....Herb Alpert
1-2-3..... Len Barry
Heroes.....David Bowie
You Make Me Fell Mighty Real ..... Sylvester
Seven Days Is Too Long .....Chuck Wood
Road Runner.....Junior Walker
Love Will Tear Us Apart.....Joy Division
Tell Me It's Just A Rumour.....Isley Brothers
Our Love .....Donna Summer
Baby I Love You.....Ronettes

On the binge

AS PEOPLE like Heaven 17 move into new areas and methods of production, Belfast's Good Vibrations Records has not been slow to follow. The latest release from the label is neither audio or visual — it's a board game in the mould of Monopoly, called Binge.

The difference is that the game is situated in Belfast and the object is for the players (2–6) to leave their home and tour the town, taking in as many city centre off licences and hostelries as possible. The first person to return home drunk is the winner. All this takes place on a board with landmarks like Piccadilly and the Old Kent Road replaced by genuine Belfast pubs like Robinsons and the Europa.

Label owner Terri Hooley is experiencing opposition from the Drinks Council of Northern Ireland and problems getting the game widespread distribution. It is however available for £2.50 (including postage and packing) from Good Vibrations Games Ltd., 106 Great Victoria Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Lowry

"They've really assimilated those South American influences. If you don't show the required level of enthusiasm, their assistants move through the audience attaching electrodes to your extremities."

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Return morning 15th Gatwick
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● Ticket for concert Concert No. 4
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GILLAN
+ Tygers of Pan Tang (Skipper Shuttle)
at Poperinge in Belgium
The price of £38 includes
● Ticket for the concert ● Cross Channel ferry crossing
● Return luxury coach trip reclining seats/stereo
Departs morning 29th Jan. Returns midday 30th Jan.
£20 deposit secures a place

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No. of Tickets Required .....
Concert No. 1 ☐ Concert No. 3 ☐ Concert No. 4 ☐ Gillan ☐
Concert No. 2 ☐ Please Tick Box Required

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audio-technica

Room to expand

The Room Pic: Gary Lornie

THIS IS The Room — another group. What's so special about them? They don't know.

"I think that's maybe one of our faults, that we're not bombastic enough, y'know? We don't go round telling everybody that we're good." Dave Jackson, singer, apologises for their lack of a line in self-promoting patter; not a single snappy slogan up their sleeves. But it's okay. The Room are a great group and that's enough.

The Room has four corners. There's the pale, unassuming Jackson who regularly "loses" himself in performance, to betray some secret depth of intensity. There's Becky Stringer on bass, and Robyn Odlum on guitar. And there's drummer Clive Thomas, a beat-keeper of some surprising fierceness. Last to join the group, who've played around for about two years, Clive came straight from some outfit called the Merchant Navy.

It's all been a bit of a slog, really: dates hard to get, a few self-financed records, apathy to overcome. But the last few months have brought rewards — the John Peel session, a place on the new Moonlight Club compilation, even a modest but confidence-boosting tour of the States. ("The experience really helped us. Beforehand if something went wrong on stage, we'd just crack up — nervous breakdowns all round.")

Descriptions of music are difficult. Like their stage look, The Room could seem off-puttingly plain, or grey and serious. They're certainly serious, though only superficially grey. If fashions work against them, then fashions will have a lot of wasted talent to answer for. In The Room's songs, I find something fascinating. When they play fast, and Jackson makes his words up as he hits the panic-switch, The Room can thrill. ('Chatshows', their track on the Moonlight LP 'WNW6 — Moonlight Radio', is the best example.)

Other Room stuff: 'Motion'/'Waiting Room' (Box 001, 1980); 'Bitter Reaction', 10-track cassette (Box 002, 1980); 'In Sickness And Health'/'Bated Breath' (Box 003, 1981).

It looks likely the band'll be making their LP soon, for Armageddon Records. I think it *will* be special . . . but why and how?

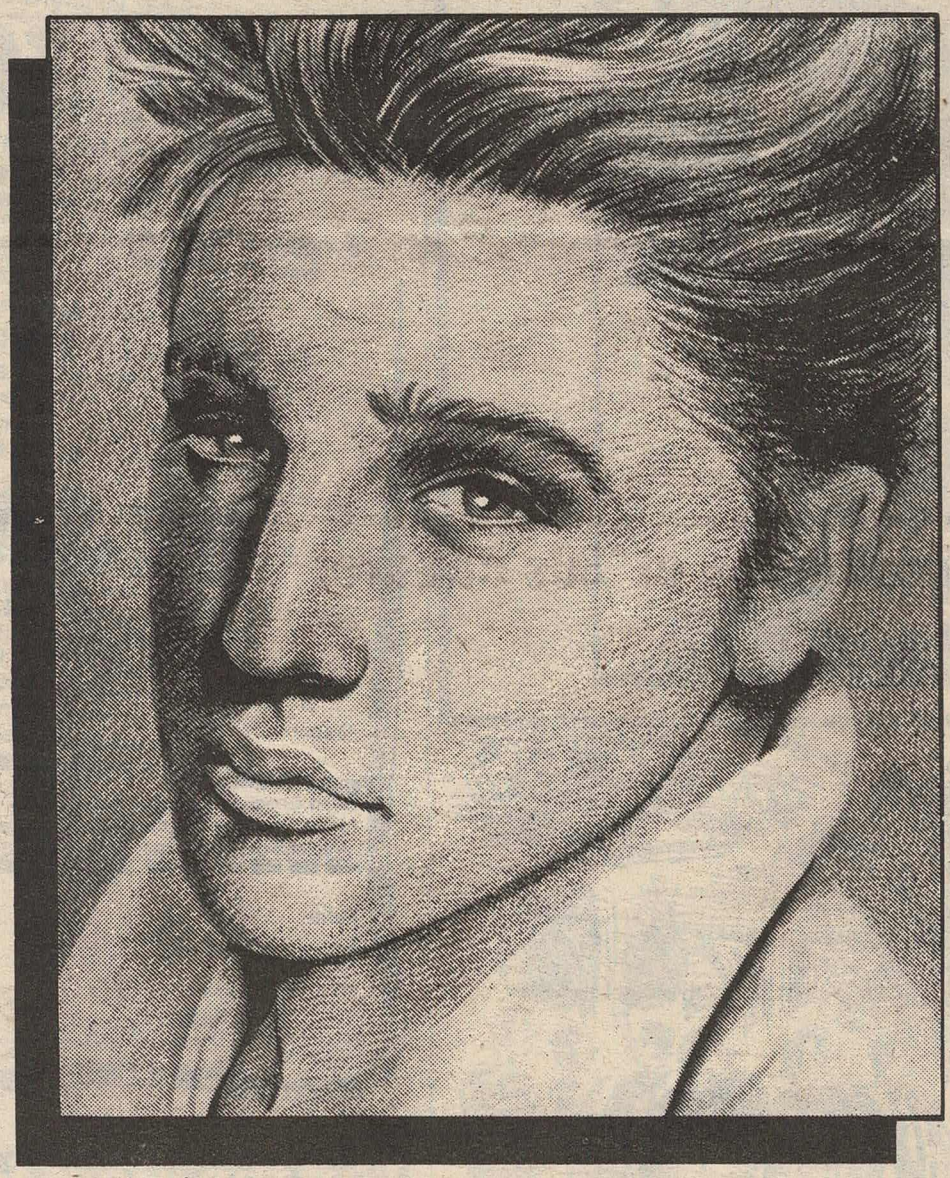
"Dunno," says Clive Thomas, puzzled. "We just play, really."

"Oh, profound! Profound!" The others fall about.

— PAUL DU NOYER

E L V I S

At last the full, terrible story



ELVIS BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

On sale at W.H. Smith, J. Menzies and all good booksellers everywhere

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Published by Allen Lane

TEENAGE TORPOR
—HIS MIND HAD FAILED ITS M.O.T...
MEAN 'N' MOODY
JIM, MY PET — IS IT ANGST, OR TOO MUCH LAGER?
I FEEL LIKE A LOST SOCK IN THE LAUNDROMAT OF OBLIVION!

KULT KARDZ

CYNTHIA ROSE plots a path from badge to postcard to T-shirt to . . .?

"RAISES TRIVIA to Exciting New Heights" promises the book; "Global Statements with Famous Putdowns" claim the T-shirt ads; "Our Motto: Make 'Em Laugh" explains the modest plug for badges. All these slogans are in aid of Biff Products — the corporation who "print our News Bulletins only when led by the Holy Spirit to do so."

Biff was founded by two longtime friends, Devonian graphic designer Chris Garrett and writer Mick Kidd, born in Leicestershire and resident now in North London. They didn't need to become partners; at the age of 13 they were already flogging jokes to school-mates as the 'Kidd-Garrett Joke Agency'.

They've stayed in the joint funny business ever since. By the mid-'70s, there was *Interplanetary News* — "A pisstake of the sci-fi cosmic thing . . . it had crime detective illustrations but the characters only talked about underground-y things like brown rice and karma."

Kidd was familiar with the undergrounds foibles — he worked on *IT* and *Frendz*. "I found the environment of those underground places a bit over-cool, over-hip, but it wasn't coming from the people themselves — just the hangers-on. Also, this was at the beginning feminism and a lot of those papers were really macho and were quite threatened by it."

Kidd wrote for the re-emerged *IT* in '76 — and also contributed a "one-off disconstructed full-page cartoon with a separate theme each week."

All this aided Kidd with Biff, whose technique is Garrett handling the graphics for scripts Kidd thinks up. "It's based on cut-ups and a lot are found pics we blow up. The mixture of found pictures and lines with doctored verbals and stuff is then all photographed."

The process requires a lot of postage, as Garrett still lives in Devon.

The main reasons perceptions perk right up when faced with a Biff Product is the idiosyncratic equilibrium their format establishes between the totally banal and the would-be profound. "It's accidental of course," says Mick Kidd. "Things just happen to hang together that way. It's all about growing up in a ordinary way in Leicestershire and then suddenly having all this intellectual stuff come at me later. It's hardly 'situationist' like a lot of people have said."

Biff began in '79 with cartoons in *IT* that quickly became iconised on badges. The badges grew into postcards and the cards found their way onto T-shirts. "Chris comes up with a lot of stuff because he goes to a lot of film conferences with topics like 'The Unrelenting Landscape of Reality' or 'Re-inventing the Everyday', which when taken out of context are very funny."

Other sources of inspiration are then typical ephemera of pop culture. "I do have this fascination for '60s crap banality," Kidd confesses, brandishing his signed Ricky Nelson photo and a personal copy of 'Me And My Shadows' by Cliff Richard.

Kidd also follows comics ("I love some of the absolute blandness of the lines in the romance ones — just 'Hey, have you finished your trig homework?'.") The odd pseudery from *NME* has turned up on at least one Biff card, and so has plain old evesdropping.

If you want to investigate Biff Products further, Kidd runs a stall every Saturday and Sunday in the Inner Lock, Camden Lock, London, NW1. Alternatively, write for a free brochure or order Biff cards at 10p each, complete set £1.50, badges 25p or three for 60p. Plus there's Biff Magazine! All info from Biff Products, BC MIT/London SC1N 3XX : and an s.a.e. of large size is essential.

● *In answer to the thousands of requests for the address of* ***Undercurrents*** *magazine described a couple of Thrills ago, the answer is: 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.*

US $1,000 million opens up a worldwide field of vision for ABC

Not so small Fry, huh? Sent by Dave Holmes

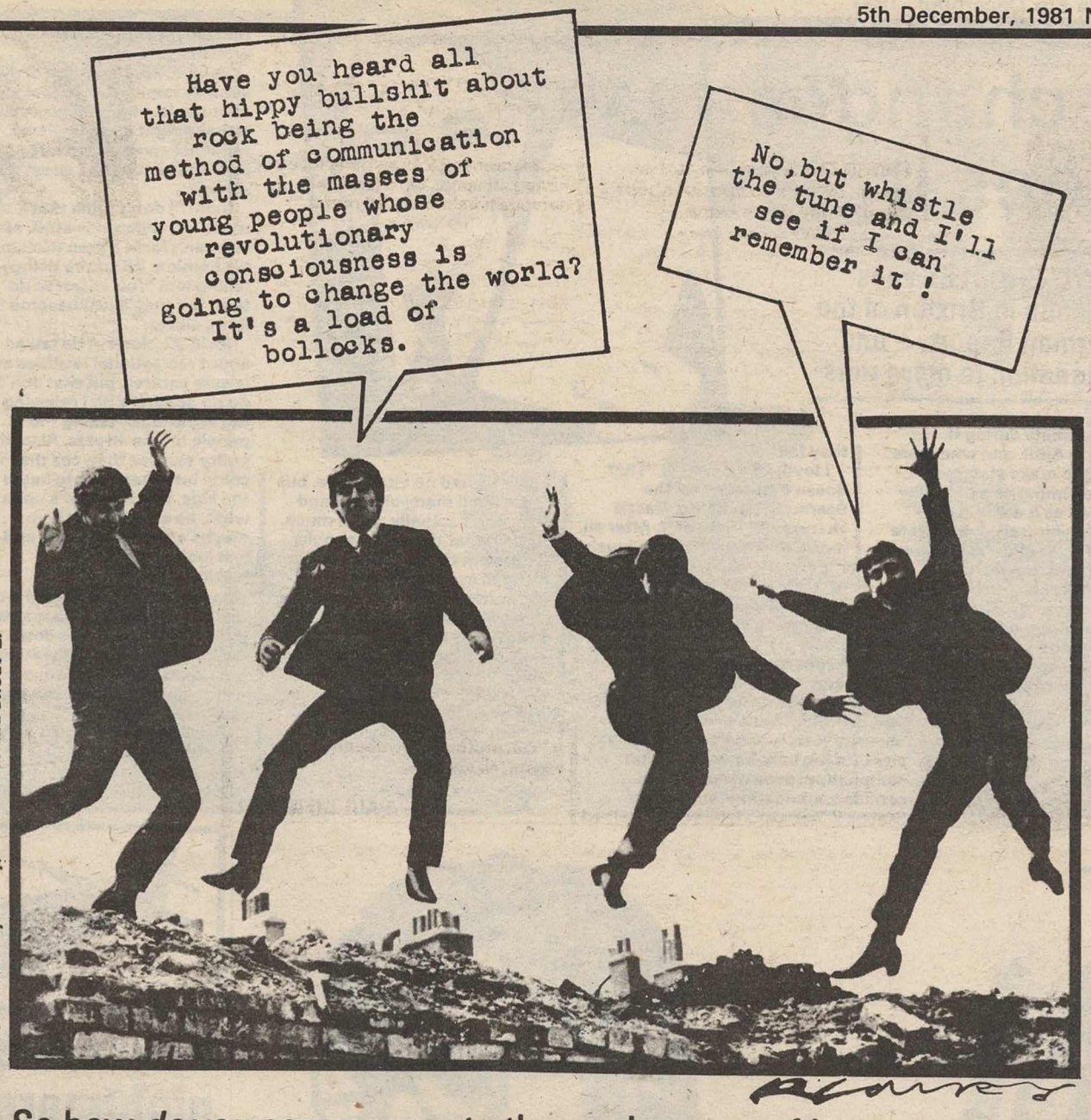

Have you heard all that hippy bullshit about rock being the method of communication with the masses of young people whose revolutionary consciousness is going to change the world? It's a load of bollocks.
No, but whistle the tune and I'll see if I can remember it!

Illustration: Ray Lowry, after 'Twist And Shout' EP

So how *do* you commemorate the anniversary of Lennon's death?

TWIST! AND SHOUT!

JOHN LENNON anniversary tribute : Dig out your yellowing copies of the *Liverpool Echo*, Tuesday December 9, 1980 (JOHN LENNON SHOT DEAD), *Manchester Evening News* (BEATLE LENNON SHOT DEAD) or local evening paper of your choice, *Daily Mirror* dated December 10 (DEATH OF A HERO), your souvenir commemorative tie, badge, bust and ashtray, your copies of 'Double Fantasy', 'Imagine', 'Plastic Ono Band', etc; even your *John Lennon, the Life and Death of a Legend* and *John Lennon, the Life and Legend, Sunday Times* special tribute, and situate all these in appropriately reverential position around your room. Place copy of 'Beatles For Sale', on turntable, turn volume control to the highest level you can get away with and lower stylus onto track four, side one : 'Rock And Roll Music'. Forget that "rock" is "dead". Listen.

Der-dang-a-dang!

"JUST LET ME HEAR SOME OF THAT ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC,
ANY OLD WAY YOU CHOOSE IT,
IT'S GOT A BACK BEAT YOU CAN'T BLUES IT,
ANY OLD TIME YOU USE IT,
GOTTA BE ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC,
IF YOU WANNA DANCE WITH ME!
IF YOU WANNA DANCE WITH ME!"

If you are not totally convinced, this far into the track, that this is the most exciting, the greatest recorded performance you have ever heard in your life, then I would venture to suggest that your aesthetic criteria are sadly in need of a good kick in the ass. Of course, there are plenty other Greatest Recorded Performances, but we're considering John Lennon here tonight, y'hear?

Play the track again. If you're not feeling good by now, go and see a doctor. Play it one more time. If you're not grinning stupidly by now and walking into walls, it's too late for the doctor to help you; go and see an undertaker. Wash your hands and face while considering the following:

"I GOT NO KICK AGAINST MODERN JAZZ,
UNLESS THEY TRY TO PLAY IT TOO DARN FAST,
AND LOSE THE BEAUTY OF THE MELODY,
UNTIL IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A SYMPHONY,
THAT'S WHY I GO FOR THAT ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC!"

Comb your hair, or spray with tangerine-flake and oven cleaner or fix with Araldite and fuse wire should you desire — whatever you do to make yourself (un)presentable to the outside world. Get inside of the nearest public house stocking bottled Carlsberg beverages. Drink a lot of these in rapid succession until you start listing floorwards. Rush home before oblivion intrudes. Fumble 'Beatles For Sale', track four, side one, back onto turntable and play continuously until the neighbours cut up rough, the fire brigade calls, or sleep descends — having trashed all newspapers, tributes, souvenir tie, badges, ashtrays, pipes and slippers immediately on your return home. Notice that a great distance away, someone is singing:

"I TOOK MY LOVED ONE OVER CROSS THE TRACKS,
SO SHE COULD HEAR MY MAN A WAILING SAX,
I MUST ADMIT THEY HAD A ROCKIN' BAND,
MAN, THEY WERE BLOWIN' LIKE A HURRICANE!"

In this enormous, young voice that sounds like it knows everything it will ever need to know. Exuberantly and enthusiastically throw 'Double Fantasy', 'Imagine', small items of furniture and animal life around the room. Kick in television screen. Fall catatonic to the floor.

Wake at 4am to harsh electric light and the muffled sound of your stylus thudding monotonously into the spinout groove of 'Beatles For Sale'. Crawl upstairs to bed with nauseous headache. Wake again, much later the following afternoon, feeling hideous. Take 'Beatles For Sale' out of sleeve once again and drop stylus onto track four, side one :

"JUST LET ME HEAR SOME OF THAT ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC!"

John Lennon lives.

—'MAD' RAY LOWRY

Dread beat?

DREAD BROADCASTING Corporation, London's top ranking black pirate radio station, has changed frequencies — from 214 metres am to 92.8 fm — following a raid by Telecom officials and police. Two transmitters were seized, and the two DJs present, Dr Watt and Papa Lepke, were cautioned and told that the case will be taken before a Home Office committee to decide whether to prosecute or not.

It later transpired that Sunday 22 was a crackdown day, and several other London pirate outfits were busted.

Should the affair go to court, which seems very likely, DBC's operators are determined to make it a test case. Lepke commented: "Our immediate aim is to continue broadcasting, then to extend our airtime and programme format to cover all aspects of black culture. But between now and when we go to court, we are trying to get as much support as we can in the form of petitions, letters of support and media coverage. We have also started a defence fund from donations, the sale of DBC merchandise and benefit dances to help with the cost of the court case."

Letters of support, donations or details of goods on sale, will be dealt with at Rebel Radio, c/o Better Badges, 286 Portobello Road, London W10.

The radical voice of '30s cabaret

LOTTE LENYA, one of the great popular singers of the century, died in New York last Friday, aged 83.

Lenya, born in Vienna, was best known for her work with writer Bertholt Brecht and composer Kurt Weill, whom she married in 1926 — by which time she was already a well-established actress. In the late '20s and early '30s, the trio's work came to epitomise the tough, satirical ethos of Berlin's radical theatre; and the success of shows like *The Threepenny Opera* and *Mahogany* owed much to the pungent, jaunty edge of her performances.

In 1933, all three had to flee Germany when they discovered they were on the Nazi death list, and although they played Paris and London with the new opera *The Seven Deadly Sins*, their paths were soon to part. Brecht settled in Denmark while Lenya and Weill left for America in 1935, where he became a writer of Broadway shows and she continued a successful career as actress and singer, and appeared in later years in such films as *Cabaret* and *From Russia With Love*.

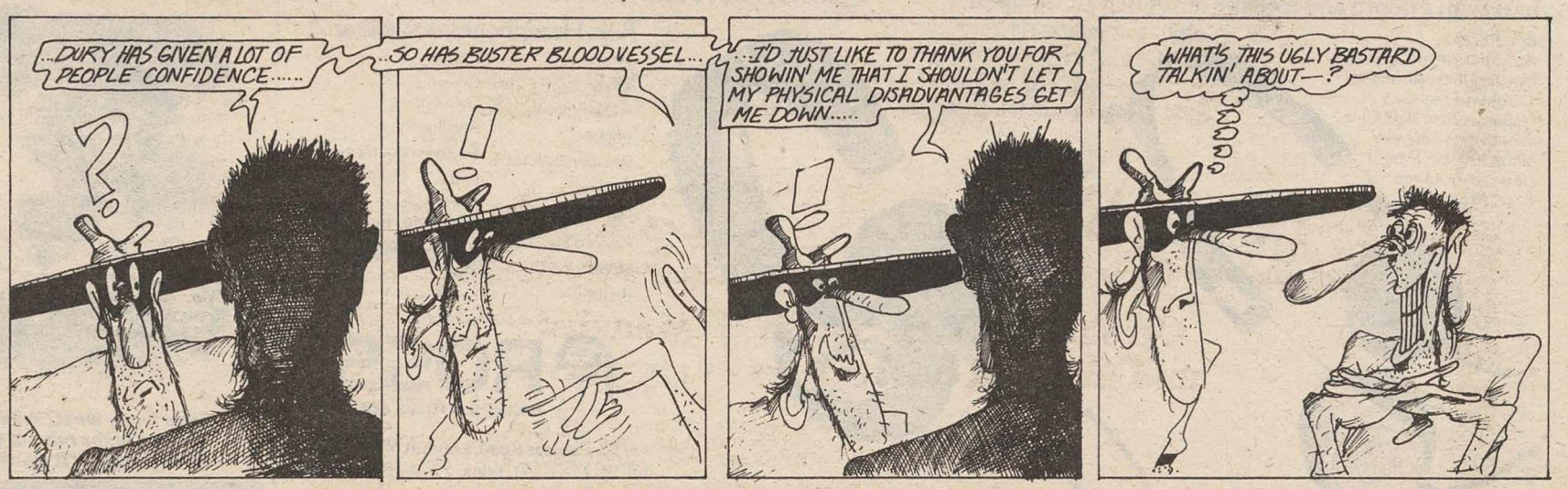
Mostly though, after Weill died in 1950, she devoted herself to championing his work in America, and her records of the Brecht/Weill operas remain masterpieces of the genre, and moving testaments to the power of a genuinely radical popular culture.

Her old friend Bertholt Brecht had the measure of her talent. On a visit to East Germany in the '50s, she was rehearsing some of the old songs for a Brecht show when she suddenly broke off and asked if his new theory of Epic Theatre meant that he'd like her to reinterpret the songs. Brecht just touched her cheek lightly, and said, "Lotte, whatever way you want to sing is epic enough for me."

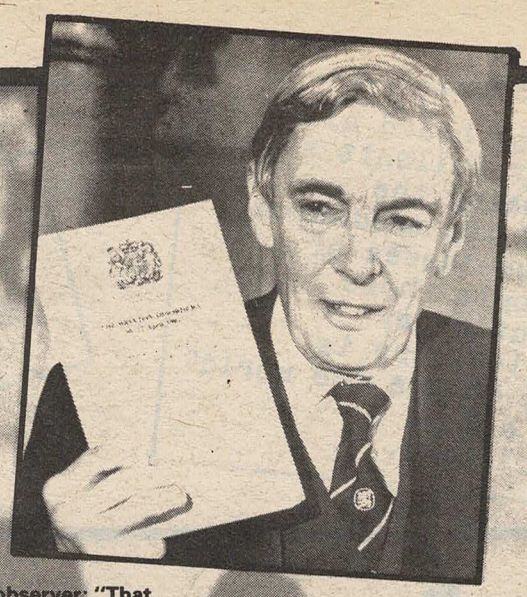
— GRAHAM LOCK

Lotte Lenya

The Lone Groover — Benyon


...DURY HAS GIVEN A LOT OF PEOPLE CONFIDENCE.....
...SO HAS BUSTER BLOODVESSEL...
...I'D JUST LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR SHOWIN' ME THAT I SHOULDN'T LET MY PHYSICAL DISADVANTAGES GET ME DOWN.....
WHAT'S THIS UGLY BASTARD TALKIN' ABOUT—?

The beat changes ... or does it?



LLOYD BRADLEY sees rejection in Brixton of the Scarman Report — and resignation to more riots

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the Scarman Report has been much stressed by the media. The conclusions of Lord Scarman's official enquiry into last summer's Brixton riots have been analysed, discussed and analysed again. Yet away from the 'special correspondents' and 'community group committee leaders', what do the citizens of Brixton who rose up with such ferocity think of it?

Not much it seems. In Brixton on Sunday I met nobody — apart from one social worker — who had read it; and at a price of £8 they were not likely to. Thus the knowledge of its main points had come from television and newspapers.

Finding people who had been on the streets during those nights in April, and who were willing to make statements, proved almost as difficult for the NME as it did for Lord Scarman himself. A complete lack of trust of the media, fear of police action through identification, and a resentment at being put on display dissuaded more than a few — and the recent sense of elevation to star status tinted many a viewpoint.

However, after an agreement of anonymity (no surnames or photographs), four consented. Sitting round a kitchen table not half a mile from the scene of the riots, they told me how they felt.

Lloyd, 29, observer: "That doesn't interest me, the Scarman Report, no drastic change will come of it. After all, it was their report so obviously a lesson for them will come out of it. Either to be better prepared next time or something like that, but I can't really see anything beneficial happening for us. But my view must be totally different, because I'm not interested in politics in this country."

Iona, 27 rioter: "One of the things, was that Scarman took too much notice of all those committees that have set up. I know he had no alternative, but there's too many of them and they don't actually mean much. He said that the police should work with them, but the police are well aware that the committees are as crooked as those kids on the razz so the police have no respect for them — and if they even agree to get involved it'll just be for what they can get out of it and never a two-way thing.

"Anyway, a lot of them (committees) just put themselves there, and don't represent the people at all. I mean, Coxsone a community worker!"

Debbie, 25, observer: "If they actually implement it, that stuff about police training was valid, training right up to D.I. level, refresher courses and not putting them on the street so early."

Iona: "I don't think that'll make any difference at all, as you can't force a man to change his opinion. All you're doing is telling him 'You've got to do that' but they'll just become more clever."

Alric, 22, rioter: "He talked about recreational facilities and leisure centres, but that don't do no good. It's just relieving the symptoms, taking the people off the streets. Also, the police can use that, coz they'll come into them, get to know the kids, find out who's up to what, be able to find them, maybe even set them up and just look on it as easy pickings."

Iona: "Scarman himself was an OK guy, because he was the only that would come down to Railton Road when everything was smashed up. No coppers came down. But the powers he had were limited."

Debbie: "Yeah, I think he was very fair, and tried to give a true, across-the-board judgement, but he said when he came down that it was only a series of recommendations and not actual law."

Iona: "In a way, we were mugs for not going forward, but no young people who have to suffer gave evidence, so he had to listen to those committees and do the best he could with what they told him."

Lloyd: "I disagree. I felt that when Scarman wrote that report he knew he had to write it in a certain kind of way. Just like that other guy said to us when we had a meeting, he said he knew some of the stuff we were saying was true, but he wants his job. Y'see what I mean, they're protecting their own."

Alric: "No, when he came down Railton Road, no coppers would go near it, they were shit scared, coz after those raids the guys were really heavy — but he said that people weren't coming to the Town Hall so he had to go out to them. But his hands were tied because what they told him then wasn't official evidence, so he couldn't do much about it."

Iona: "The one good thing about the Scarman Report was that although it probably won't change anything, a lot of the stuff in it that we knew about

■ *Continues page 11*

Eve's into Adam, Harry's onto Handel, and Father's behind The Times.

There's nothing worse than the rustle of a newspaper, when you're into the Third Movement.

And there's nothing like trying to read the Court Circular, while someone else is being turned on by insects.

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PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Your nuke nightmares

"ASIDE FROM fantasies that spring up from constant drills in school and TV flashes, it's the hideous fear," wrote Jim Carroll in his *Basketball Diaries*. "After all these years of worry and nightmares over it (I remember my brother enticing me to panic during the Cuban Crisis saying they were coming any minute), I think by now I'd almost feel left out if they dropped the Bomb and it didn't get me."

Carroll referred to the nuclear paranoia of the late '50s and early '60s. But North London writer Alice Cook sees a whole new age of such paranoia arising — and she's documenting it in a book of collected 'nuclear dreams' and nightmares. If you'd like to put *your* worst nightmares to a constructive use, send them to her (no need to add your name and address unless you wish) via: Dreams/Alice Cook, c/o Plutonium Blondes, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

□ A GOOD way to pay one's respect to Lotte Lenya's passing would be to attend the British premiere of the San Francisco Mime Troupe — one of the world's leading and longest-running political theatre troupes, who are arriving this week from the heart of political theatre in Germany. From Dec 8-20 they will be at Riverside Studios, performing *Americans* or *Last Tango In Huahautengo*, their comic musical melodrama about American involvement in the wrong places. The SFMT have a reputation as one of the world's most effective political troupes, earned during their 22 years on the road and by their highly successful activism against the Vietnam War. (They still retain George, the guitar player who left Country Joe and the Fish to join). Their shows are *not* mime in the silent tradition — there is humour, noise and dramatic poise aplenty! Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, Hammersmith, London W6; 01-741 2251.

□ FINALLY, dates to note in the anti-nuclear calendar: On Dec 4, No Nukes Music can now confirm their Theatre of Hate / Meteors / UK Decay / Zounds gig (see *News*). NNM can also use donations towards the phone bill incurred whilst organising the CND march entertainments — if you'd like to contribute, send cheques or POs to No Nukes Music, 9 Poland St, London W1. (01-486 4564).

On Dec 12, Radioactive Ash, the action group of the Ash and Normandy Labour Party, will be holding a day-long festival of events to make the people of their area more aware of "the horrors of nuclear weapons". They will be showing Dimbleby's *The Bomb*, holding a parade and several concerts, and will host a number of stalls. Anyone interested, phone Andrew Winterbottom on 0252-721224 during the day or contact Radioactive Ash at 5 Heathcote Close, Ash, Aldershot, Hants (0252-26645) for further details.

— **CYNTHIA ROSE**

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■ *From page 8*

and took for granted will be brought to other people by the media, and it has to set some people thinking. Thinking that we're not just a bunch of savages."

Debbie: "Also, it did say that the riot was spontaneous, and not organised by the far Left with crates of petrol bombs ready. That it was the people with a genuine grievance."

Alric: "Although he attacked the police in it, he put the causes down to bad housing, unemployment and other things, but really it was just the police. Look at the housing in other areas, like Hackney, and the unemployment there, but it didn't happen there. It was just the people couldn't take no more hassling. In the week before, I went down the (front) line and got stopped three times between there and the station. With a situation like that, people just decided they weren't going to take no more.

"It's their (the police's) attitude. The police don't have no manners at all and that's what causes the hatred. Sometimes you can get nicked and say 'well fair enough I got nicked', but when they treat you like shit you just aren't going to take it. That's what's got to change, the police attitude. Otherwise it's going to happen again."

Lloyd: "In a form, this report could make it worse, because look how many reports and investigations there've been and still nothing done. Soon people are going to realise that they're just taking the piss — then it's going to happen again."

Iona: "After the riots, policing was slackened off, but now it's back to the swamp '81 level and soon enough one'a going to provoke something and it's going to blow again."

Debbie: "Only worse next time, because the kids know what they can do."

ERROL

ERROL 'ERE. . .bah gum! So this is romance? No, this is Yorkshire. And let's get this groove thang straight 'cause a lot of people have been getting the wrong end of the schtick — Me No Snob I! Southern comforts are not always enough and I'm certainly no cheerless London elitist.

My friend **X. Moore** has invited me up to Leeds, York and Sheffield to present some boxed sets of orange lame jackets emblazoned with the official Clubs Not Bombs logo of the Fun Party. We are exchanging fond reminiscences of the Right To Laugh marches of the summer over a pint of John Smith's Yorkshire Bitter. Good old John doesn't seem to be bothered. People always snaffle his drinks. He's pretty cool as it happens — once refused to give his name to the police 'cause he reckoned they'd never believe him.

I know just how he feels. So does megastar **Marc Almond** of **Soft Cell**. The Cell crew have just returned from a month in Europe, where 'Tainted Love' is selling more copies than 'Begin The Beguine' to prove beyond all doubt that Almond is no nut.

"I tell you, Errol, I feel really out of touch with what's been happening in Yorkshire," beams the ecstatic Marc. "This is the first time I've been home in ages. I'm honestly astounded by the way 'Bedsitter' has done so well. We never thought it would. We were supposed to be one-hit wonders!" Flushed with success, Marc has just moved home. Another bedsitter? "No, a mansion!"

Over in the saloon bar, **Jez** and **Jo** of **Girls At Our Best!** are drunkenly debating the rumours that their chic combo are no longer an ongoing confection. I tried talking to them, even offered them a bite of my chip butty, but all they gave me was the following missive, scribbled over a Guinness beermat: "The two of us have just decided to hide ourselves away for a few days. We just wanted to write some new songs — and since we are the band's writers, it follows that we haven't got the other members with us. It doesn't mean we've split up!"

And so on to Sheffield where my pals **ABC** insist on giving me a guided tour of the new Neutron Records premises, "the nerve centre" as owner-operator **Martin Fry** calls it. I lend Martin a tube of Clearasil and sit back to listen to his discourse on the dynamics of the heartwarming chart success of 'Tears Are Not Enough'.

"At first I thought we had this one in the bag," he confides. "But I'll concede that your boys **Haircut** have pipped us to the gold this time around. We'll settle for the silver, but who'd have thought that **Spandau** would manage bronze and **Blue Rondo** wouldn't finish!"

Taking a breather from his quest of crafting the perfect pop song, Martin has now turned his attention to ballads: "We see this thing as a best of five, a marathon not a sprint, and this time we're going for gold!"

It's getting late so we home in on the Sheffield Lyceum for the **Linx** show, and are all well impressed. After the show, ABC recruit a new horn section from among the more discerning members of the audience — the ones who know the meant of a clean shirt — and I pop off to the Limit Club to watch **Misty In Roots** with Linxmen **Dave Grant** and **Sketch** plus their snappy backing singer **Junior Giscombe**.

I spend most of the time questing for my usual timely quiz and come up with this one for Dave, Sketch and Junior —what is the ultimate funk-rock crossover single of all time?

Dave tugs at his bow-tie and comes up with **The Isleys'** 'That Lady'.

"For me that was the best soul-rock crossover ever. It really was the *creme de la creme!* It was the record that first turned me onto rock guitar. There have been times when **Earth Wind And Fire** could probably passed for a black rock band, but nothing beats 'That Lady'!"

Sketch plumps for **Tom Browne's** 'Funkin' For Jamaica'.

"That's the finest example of funk 'n' roll I've ever heard, if only for the bass sound. Those crashing bass chords could be out of a heavy metal record. On one hand it sounded really ethnic, but it was also poppy enough to get in the charts. It certainly edged us out good and proper!"

Junior jumps for **Funkadelic** and 'One Nation Under A Groove'.

"That just blew me away! It was a classic in its own right. I remember first hearing it in this little club in Streatham, the Bali-Hi. All the soul kids loved it, but the dreads did too — they were flashing their locks and everything. I could appeal to anyone."

Mine is still **J. Walter Negro's** Zoo York scorcher 'Shoot The Pump' that I raved about last month, but that's another story. Tomorrow I'm in Runcorn. Or was it Skelmersdale? What more can I say? See you there!

Gold, silver and bronze in this month's Chinless White Funk Handicap: Haircut, ABC, Spands

Judges in the Cross-over Cross Country Chase: Sketch, Junior, Dave

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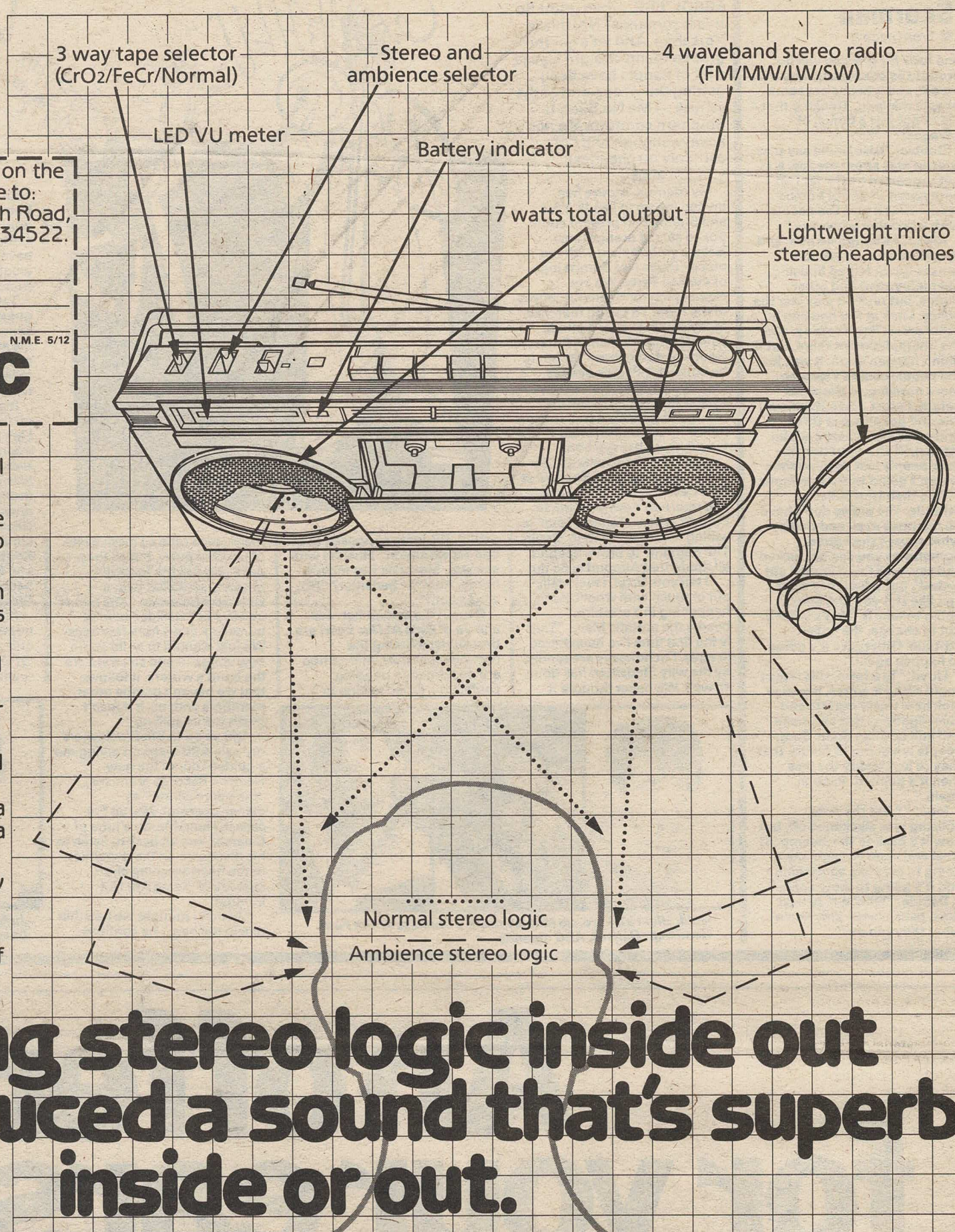

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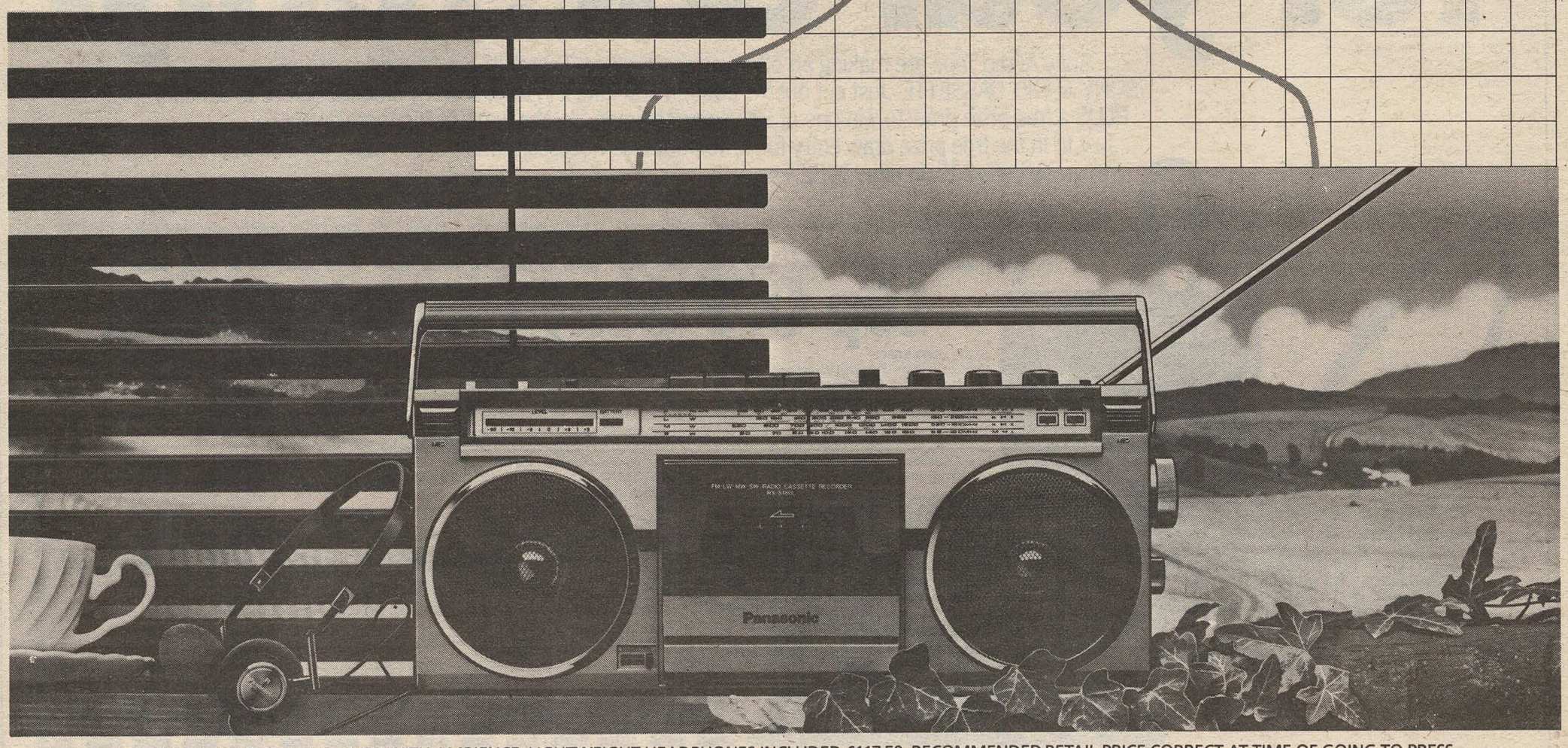

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RAIDERS OF THE LOST PUNK

Gallant Paul Tickell (words) and chivalrous Peter Anderson (pix) board the long boats and discover how Eddie Tenpole and his merry men create a world of their own, Boys Own

I'M SITTING DRINKING in the bar of Poole Arts Centre with Bob Kingston of Tenpole Tudor. He's the greasy haired one, the uppity little rocker from East London whose motorcycle fines run into four figres.

He contributed the incredibly choppy but rhythmic lead guitar to 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', that ragged-arsed ode to chivalry which in early summer completely STOLE *Top Of The Pops* during the weeks in which Spandau, Duran and co were handing out doses of foppish, mild nobility.

Eddie Tenpole himself, of course, is no stranger to scene-stealing. Subtract his 'Who Killed Bambi' sequence and Sid's 'My Way' from *The Great Rock 'N' Roll swindle*, and all you have is a film which the *Nationwide* team might have put together.

But tonight at the Arts Centre in Poole stealing in on the act isn't going to be too easy, mainly because the competition in the concrete cultural conglomerate is so unlikely. There are posters advertising oratorios; art college students from nearby Bournemouth are predictably ghoulishly dressed for a performance of *The Rocky Horror Show;* and a lone voice is given to shouting, "Gentlemen of the orchestra to the pit!" Meanwhile in another part of the building *Tarzan* — well, Bo Derek — is showing.

Apart from the sparse crowd out to see Tenpole, the atmosphere is oppressive and, worse, school-masterish. An official in evening dress tells a group of underage drinkers that they're lucky he isn't going to prosecute. Judgement and jury service obviously go with the bow-tie and magisterial position. In Paris, the Pompidou Centre; in Poole, the pompous pay their dues.

The usherettes (schoolmistresses?) wear full-length skirts and nylon blouses and laugh at the punks. When did they last look at themselves in the mirror?

"Not very rock 'n' roll this place," remarks Tenpole manager Jos Holland, as he looks at a poster telling you how to get in touch with Mrs E. Stubbings and The Friends Of The Poole Arts Centre.

Anyway, I'm in the bar with Bob Kingston before the gig and he's just said that he *isn't* Kim Wilde's boyfriend: they just get on well since bumping into each other in a bar in Germany.

Bit by bit we're joined by the rest of the band. Apart from Eddie. He doesn't talk before gigs. Or eat. He likes tucking into a nice ham salad afterwards. He nearly misses out on his meal tonight when, during his dressing room preparations, I assume the plate is 'free' — not being informed at that point of Ed's bio(gig)rhythms — and start to pick away. Eddie scowls, and I'm made aware of my error . . .

WHICH IS another reason I'm in that bar while the provincial cultural purgatorio goes on all around. Bassist Dick Crippen, formerly of a thousand loser bands, offers me a "Pleased To Meet You", followed by a ominous "Maybe" and then not much else. Gary Long, the drummer who founded Tenpole with Ed, talks about the Irish leg of their tour and about the massive ballrooms Sligo way, with facilities for showbands and little else.

"The promoters were using us as guinea pigs to check out venues."

Gary, together with Bob, goes on to discuss the two albums recorded with Alan producer of Madness, Teardrop etc) Winstanley.

Gary: "The first album we hadn't met him before. We didn't *not* get on, but we didn't get on either."

The second album, the recently released 'Let The Four Winds Blow', was a much more amicable affair.

Bob: "We saw a completely different side to him — like a big kid. Before he was more like a big toad — sitting in his studio chair, moving to twiddle a knob once every half-hour".

Munch Universe, the second guitarist, isn't saying much. He was recruited between albums — discovered working at a rehearsal studio which Tenpole used in North London.

"Gentlemen of the orchestra . . ." that voice starts up again.

"Concert — concept," says Munch cryptically.

"He just spoke!" says Gary. "Imagine that voice on that new cassette mag . . . *SFX*. It'll destroy a lot of people, when fans hear their idols for the first time — like when sound came to the cinema and some of the silent stars got blown out."

Mr Universe doesn't have a particularly funny voice, it's just that he keeps his mouth open (munching at something?) even when he isn't speaking, and hammers out the few phrases he does use like they are to be his last.

"Gentlemen of . . ." The announcement isn't for Tenpole, but they go off to do their set anyway in the Wessex Hall section of the cavernous arts complex.

IT IS SAID that the Wessex Hall is haunted by a legendary roadie. The place has a removable floor, and when it's out there's a 50-foot drop, and one day this roadie forgot and . . .

In the dressing room after the gig Eddie is haunted by something else: the show itself. He'll hardly speak to the fans shuffling sheepishly into the room, as he rips off his shirt and comes close to tears.

"You've just seen the worst gig we've ever given. We might as well go and wank in front of mirrors. Usually we make an art of being uncool, and that's what I call politics, the politics of performance; but tonight . . .

"Our group is about affection, total experience. I was born to be onstage, but tonight . . . we were merely professional . . ."

It wasn't *that* bad.

Ed fixes me with those crazy lovable eyes. Sneers.

"The press — never court them, Malcolm McLaren used to say, a brilliant subversive man. I've always gone for an up-yours attitude. at least it shows up those pretentious young men who hide their spots behind pancakes. Anarchy is just another word now like monopoly, but I will continue to reject bourgeois civilisation."

Spoken like a true middle-class rebel. Ed's mother was, in fact, an actress who forced standard English upon him; his father was . . . the flow cuts out: Ed decides he'll sign some autographs. There's been something primadonna-like about his indignation. The pique of a 'queen'?

"I'd always thought of myself as a king."

THE FOLLOWING day as Tenpole travel in their van from Poole to their next date in Chippenham, I'm meant to be continuing my acquaintance with Ed. My hangover (remember the bar?) prevents that, and winding roads and the supposed sighting of Prince Charles in a car don't help. I'm definitely very SICK — which seems to put Ed in a good mood.

"A lot of journalists keep their distance, very objective. But your approach is the opposite — right in there drinking, attack as the best form of defence and all that."

Ed knows all about these things. He learned to fence — theatrical swordplay — at RADA.

"It's an artificial world for two and a half years but a good one, much misunderstood and not as snotty and arty as you'd think. They take people with spark and not just acting ability.

"Mind. I never fitted in with the social side. Actors can be

very dull and wet. And false: *pretending* to be friendly. There's nothing to make you feel more lonely."

So now you know what Ed did after school and failed A levels at college in Chiswick. The post-RADA era (work in children's theatre, front person with punk outfit The Visitors, the *Swindle* and then the formation of Tenpole etc) is already well-documented.

After the van reaches Chippenham and the band have a cup of tea in their hotel, Ed continues in expansive vein and on dramatic themes.

"I'm a man of the stage, a grand performer in the old style. I've always had a burning ambition to do what we do now. If I had to put a label on it, it would be punk, because that seems to be a glamorous sort of imagery. Not that we play 'punk rock' and go in for tuneless thrashes, shouts and bondage gear. That's too artless for me.

"I'm more capable than that. What you do when you're multi-talented? You can't just sit at home. I could've been a painter, a cartoonist, a poet — I'm good at all these things. I can write brilliantly: I won essay competitions at school, not the scholarship boys.

"That was partly because I read a lot. Still do. It's like opium, a transformation of the world and its problems. I like reading biographies and becoming the person you're reading about."

EDDIE: THE great escapist. No wonder he thinks of the title track of 'Let The Four Winds Blow', not as the aural musical equivalent of *Carry On Frigging In The Rigging* but of *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*.The *Boys Own* and comic adventure yarn lyrics are tongue-in-cheek but also for real. Like that Tenpole heraldic stage back-cloth with the rather mangey lions.

But don't let's patronise Eddie too much, because who's going to draw the line between re-living your childhood (a daft thing to do) and re-capturing it at will (supposedly the sign of genius)?

Certainly Eddie sees the band as a *compensation* for his childhood made unhappy by his parents' divorce — though he won't say much about that.

"Tenpole is like a family to me. We don't get involved in negativity and pathetic personal squabbles which I can't abide. I've had enough of those with my parents. As a kid I used to time the rows: not a single day passed without one."

Eddie has found a brother clan of Merry Men and they're looking for Sherwood Forest.

"The whole pop business is geared to a quick turnover making it difficult for bands to grow. But bollocks to that: because Tenpole is long term and it takes years for acorns to grow into oaks."

Eddie Greensleeves — he likes to see himself as a latterday mummer or strolling player — is obviously a bit green-fingered too, or at least fond in interview of resort to nature/nurture imagery.

"When the furore around the band has died down, I'd like to make a long term relationship with a girl work. It's easier to get on *Top Of The Pops* than it is to do that . . ."

Do you believe your ears as Eddie goes on to bemoan the fact that the "art of conversation" is dying, but that he is trying to save it by keeping away from the TV and by making a point of parleying with friends in pubs without jukeboxes? Not for Eddie the clubs of the metropolis where he's "forced to be on duty as a minor pop star".

It's time for me to head back to London. I miss the train which photographer Peter Anderson catches. Sick again.

Tenpole go off to their gig. They're a little sick too because they've just learnt that their single 'Throwing My Baby Out With The Bathwater' (a rumbustious punkabilly croon C&W caterwaul — but at least it's intentional unlike the uptempo tracks on Elvis Costello's cloddish 'Blue' album) has started to go down the charts without entering the Top 40.

But Eddie won't feel down for long. Remember. He's a performer "in the old style" — of pantomime and burlesque: that takes big emotions. He puts me in mind of that actor in Shakespeare's day who hopped and somersaulted from London to Norwich. I can see Eddie now, quite happily dispensing with the tour van, skipping along in his hobnail boots and striped jester breeches, tossing the tenpole as he goes.

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·WHEN WE CAN'T MAKE LAUGHTER STAY·
·KNOWLEDGE· (CHAPTER II)

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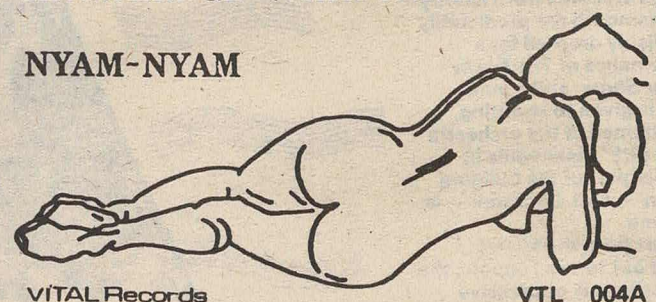

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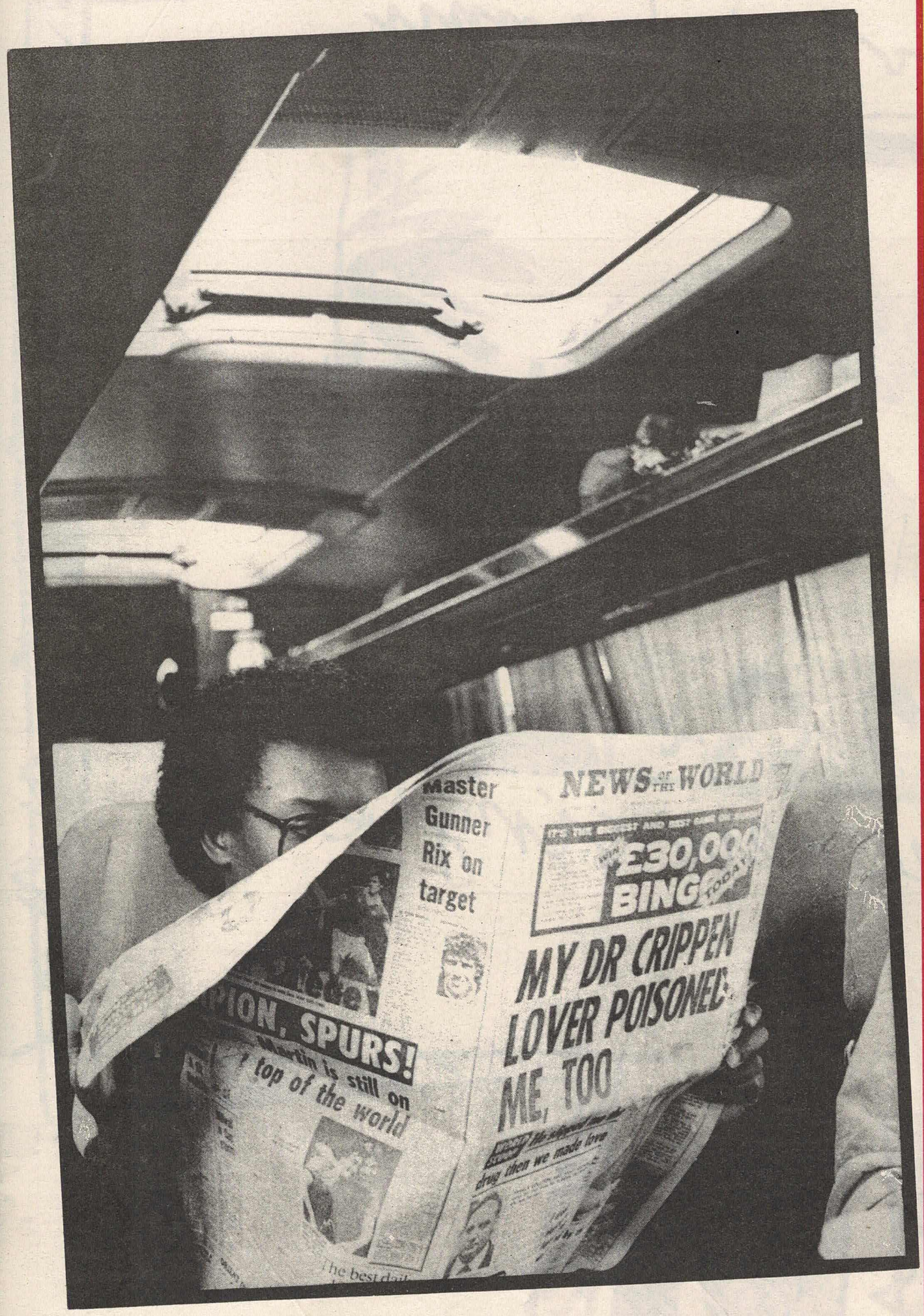

NEWS OF THE WORLD
Master Gunner Rix on target
ION. SPURS!
Martin is still on top of the world
MY DR CRIPPEN LOVER POISONED ME, TOO
BINGO

London soulboys Linx go on tour. Adrian Thrills goes on. Pennie Smith shutters up.

Dave catches up with the pros and cons of the Sunday press

RISE AND SHINE! It may be winter outside but, in the heart of the one-time soulboy up on a chilly Northern catwalk, it might just as easily be a hot August night out on the floor of The Lacy Lady in downtown Ilford.

David Grant skips across the stage of the Sheffield Lyceum and demonstrates his dazzling double shuffle with all the panache of a hard-bitten Hackney funkateer sliding over the varnished tiles of a surburban soul club.

But this ain't no disco. Sheffield's Lyceum is a typically quaint Victorian music hall: one of those places where the stalls slope steeply towards the footlights and DRINKS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THE AUDITORIUM BY ORDER OF THE MANAGEMENT. Around this time of year, it would normally be staging a traditional seasonal spectacular or even the local pantomime.

Tonight, however, the downstairs seats have been scrapped and the theatre transformed into a modern pop palace for the visit of the band built around the creative core of the fleet-footed David Grant and his bass-slapping partner from Plaistow, Peter 'Sketch' Martin.

Welcome to the party!

Together David and Sketch are Linx, and together — or rather with the aid of a motley seven-piece backing troupe — they can shine, even though this is only the fifth show on their debut tour. Beside a backcloth bathed in the pink and blue colour clash of their official band logo, they present one of the most accomplished and enjoyable homegrown soul shows yet seen on the British stage.

The sounds and sights of the group live are as diverse as their wide range of inputs and influences would suggest, fusing the spirit and camaraderie of the dance floor with a straighter showbiz impluse that is never too slick or mawkish. In some ways, Linx are more of a post-punk *pop* group, albeit one with their *roots* in soul, than a funk or jazz-funk outfit along the lines of the Beggar-Incognito-Light Of The World train.

They play for well over an hour, peppering the sequence of songs with their six superbly-crafted singles of the past year — the four hits 'You're Lying', 'Intuition', 'Throw Away The Key' and 'So This Is Romance', the one flop 'Rise And Shine', and the new 'Can't Help Myself', currently on the brink.

The show, perhaps unsurprisingly, leans heavily on their 'Intuition' debut LP at the expense of the superior songs on the recent 'Go Ahead' selection, although there is one very significant and successful cover in The Ohio Players' taut 'Skin Tight', a throwback to one of the inspirational funk'n'roll fusions of the late '70s.

With Sketch and Dave the two crucial characters on the stage, the capable session players behind them take care of business with just the occasional instrumental flourish.

The overall wall of sound — much harder live than the sandpapered veneer of the average Linx record — is still kept remarkably terse considering the number of musicians. The duo enlisted twin drummers (tartan clown Andy Duncan and his stooge Larry Tolfree), twin organists (the steady Spike Edney and Linx producer Bob Carter), a rock guitarist (the incongruous J J Belle, a diminutive dread dwarfed by his Flying-V), and a sublimely Sanbornesque saxman (Chris Hunter), all called up specifically for the tour.

The major coup, however, has been the addition to the band of the Soul Man of Streatham, the soon-to-be-great Norman 'Junior' Giscombe, on backing vocals. Junior, whose immense 'Mama Used To Say' single is one of the brighter moments on the *NME* Dancin' Master cassette, provides the perfect vocal counterpart to the sweet falsetto of Dave Grant. His deep and soulful voice comes more and more to the fore as the set progresses.

Junior's record company Phonogram were reportedly none-too-happy about him joining the tour only to play second fiddle to the Linx duo, but it would be hard for even the casual fan to overlook his contribution. For me, it was largely the spectacle of the two finest singers in British soul performing on the same stage that lifted the show to some of its most thrilling heights.

The other great contrast, of course, is the one between the Linx twins themselves.

Sketch is the ultimate obstinate bassman, imperturbable in his open-necked khaki shirt and casually-slanted beret. He cradles his black Sternberger bass like a machete, his playing all the more dynamic for its understated tug and flow and noticeable *lack* of the customary fretwanking funk bass solos.

Dave Grant — boundless energy and fancy athleticism — could hardly be a better foil for the steady Sketch. Trussed in a white tuxedo topped with a black bowtie, he is a sharp, dapper dresser. And if his stilted stabs at comedy are too corny by far, there is plenty of compensation in his breathless vocal phrasing and his dancing, a constant whirl of Cossack Choreography.

Sketch is the solid anchorman in Linx, David Grant is their unashamed showman.

A dozen rows back, the hometown butane boys, the ABC crew remain watchful until the motion onstage begins to filter through to the itching feet of the dancefloor voters. I wonder aloud why Martin Fry isn't burning up any calories.

"I'm too busy watching that man's every move."

I'd noticed!

"He's just brilliant! I've never seen a show move so fast — so much colour and action!"

Ironically, ABC had been offered the chance to support Linx on the tour, but had turned it down. Despite their high regard for the Linx corporation as a forward-moving kindred spirit, ABC reckoned it would have been a bad move for them to support *anyone*. Like Linx, they want to wait until they can present something really special before they undertake a big tour.

Or as David Grant puts it: "If Linx had been offered the support slot on this tour, *we would have turned it down!*"

MORE THAN any other band, Linx have thoroughly undermined the rock myth 'paying one's dues' of slogging around the clubs, concert halls and motorway cafes of Britain.

Sketch worms his way through a book

They made their first live appearance two weeks ago in an east London college. Yet they have been the main pretenders to the title of Britain's premier black act for over a year now, gaining the necessary exposure via radio and clubplays, the press and television. Their record company Chrysalis, have also marketed them primarily as a pop group rather than a disco act.

Dave Grant is pleased to be playing live at last: for the first time the group are meeting their formerly-faceless fans.

"It has been great 'cos we've reached a situation that a lot of groups would give their right arm for. We are big enough to be able to do a tour like this, but we're not *so* big that it has become some sort of phenomena. It's not out of control."

Not yet anyhow, although things could be pretty hectic by the time the tour climaxes in five sold-out shows in London's Dominion theatre this weekend. Dave had few preconceptions as to the audience the band would attract, but even those he did harbour have been shattered.

So what does a Linx fan look like?

"A lot of them are very young. There have been a lot of white kids, a lot of black kids and a lot of people who aren't kids at all! We get a pop audience and we get an older, late 20s audience, the sort of people that you might see at a Marvin Gaye show. We get some young groovers and we get the black R&B audience, the *real* soul audience."

It seems that some of the only people that don't go to Linx gigs are the hard-core jazz-funkateers, the habituees of the nocturnal soul scene that initially spawned the duo.

"A lot of my friends in that scene have said to me that they think what we do is good, but it's not *their* scene, it's not the jazz-funk scene. I think a lot of the kids in the clubs are almost scared to admit that they like us.

"Some of them have got 'Intuition', but they'd probably never admit to it. The only records that they'll admit to liking are obscure New York imports, say something by an obscure Ghanaian kazoo player who used to work with Herbie Hancock — as long as it's only available on a limited edition 12" blue vinyl import and they've got the only three copies of the thing in Britain!"

So what do Linx actually offer this remarkably diverse audience?

"That's the one thing that this tour hasn't really told me. I still don't know exactly what our appeal is! I think it's a combination of things. It's the fact that we write good songs. We're also the sort of people that a lot of kids could take home and not be disgraced in front of Mummy. We wouldn't nick all her expensive crockery ... well, maybe just the odd bit of cutlery!

"Seriously, I think we've probably got quite an intelligent audience. Maybe we present an upwardly-mobile intelligent attitude that a lot of young kids, black and white, can aspire to. Anyone who has read an interview or listened to any of our lyrics will know that there's more to our songs than *'Get on up and paaaaarty on down'*. I think we appeal to people who want to dance to something catchy, but we also appeal to people who want something a little bit more."

IN HIS SHEFFIELD Post House hotel room in the early hours of a Wednesday morning, the Linx vocalist's manner is forcefully frank and earnest. As a former assistant in the Island Records' press office he is very much his own PR man, although the subtle hits of mischief that permeate his mood are enough to deflate any signs of pomposity.

As the Linx lyricist, Dave says that the standard of their songs should always be the most crucial thing, and he is sometimes higly critical of his own writing. But he denies the charge that some of the love songs on the 'Go Ahead' album tend to wallow in sorrow and self-pity.

"I think a lot of the songs are very emotional. They are quite sombre, but not in a really tortured way. Some people might disagree. But I think you can be sombre *and* humorous at the same time.

"I think that 'So This Is Romance' is quite sombre and also quite funny. It is about that sense of doubt you might experience if your girlfriend goes off on holiday alone or with a group of girlfriends. In the back of your mind there is bound to be a trace of suspicion. It's the kind of thing that people worry about but hardly ever mention to each other."

Sketch, whose air of calm authority once again contrasts with Dave's more animated mood, begs to differ.

"With a bit of hindsight, I think there *was* too much self-pity in some of the songs on the last album. I can see what people meant when they criticised it, although I never noticed it at the time."

Dave: "But self-pity *is* an aspect of human nature, so why ignore it? Love is always supposed to be incredibly romantic but there are other aspects to it and self-pity is one of them.

"Some people will probably read this and think I'm spewing up a load of puerile rubbish, but I'm sure a good 60 per cent of people have been through that sort of thing. There are people who'll say that any self-pity is a thoroughly reprehensible thing and, obviously, there is such a thing as syrupy wallowing that is well over-the-top, but sometimes self-pity can be constructive. I know it's usually thoroughly destructive, but sometimes the only way out of a situation is to immerse yourself in it for a while."

ONE OF THE most powerful songs on 'Go Ahead' is the bleak 'Urban Refugee', a vivid view of the problems facing Britain's decaying inner cities. Written *before* the summer riots, its sentiments were beginning to prove prophetic during the week in July when it was recorded: *"We're encouraged to sit things out / But food for thought won't feed hungry mouths"*. According to Dave, it could now be the next single.

Sketch: "When we play that song, I picture a household who can see everything that is going on all around them, but are powerless to do anything about it. Yet they still feel any sense of injustice with the same strength and conviction as the rioters. They just don't express it in that way. That song is almost like their expression.

Dave: "To be unemployed at the moment is like being a refugee in the way that you are treated by society. People have a tendency to grade others in terms of their profession. But when you are unemployed, where do you fit into that scheme? You don't!

"Can you imagine the sheer hopelessness that accompanies that sort of situation? Chucking a brick through a window might be an expression of that hopelessness but it doesn't actually *help*.

"It won't make you feel better. The only thing that will make you feel better is getting your job back, getting back your *acceptability*."

Sketch: "The most worrying thing about the whole situation is that someone could easily spark a riot deliberately, or one could even start more or less by accident. And a lot of the real reasons for the riots are still there.

"All it might take is for some young guy to snatch a bag and run into a club being chased by a policeman. If he tried to make an arrest, the kids in the club would go for the policeman. The police would call for reinforcements and you'd immediately have the ingredients for a full-scale riot."

Dave: "I can see it all happening again. People seem to have forgotten that there were riots in this country just 150 days ago. That's not very long ago and the chances of them being repeated have got to be a virtual certainty."

LINX WERE born as a result of a chance meeting between Dave and Sketch in a London tube station three years ago, but their growth since has been no happy accident. Fuelled, but never constricted, by the inspiration of the American soul music they love, they have been the forerunners in forging a powerfully distinctive, indigenous UK sound.

Their contemporaries now are not so much the jazz-funk cliques alongside whom they first began to rise and shine. No, Linx are now one of the leading edges in a massive wave of crisp, soulful, intelligent British dance music ... the *real* new pop.

Dave: "Our initial aim was to get as wide an audience as possible by making songs that were very diverse but so good *as songs* that people wouldn't care whether they were funk, pop, reggae or rockabilly!"

What drives you both? What is the over-riding motivation?

Sketch: "I just feel a need to achieve. I never used to know what I was good at. I always used to stand in front of a mirror with an electric guitar pretending that I was Jimi Hendrix. In a way, the last week of gigs have meant that I've achieved part of that dream in that I've played in front of an audience. In a way, after we've played the London dates, I should call it a day and go on to something else.

"I feel much more restricted by the music business than I think Dave does. The music business these days seems to be more geared to a band's ability to manipulate the media and the industry than their ability as musicians. The song 'Tinseltown' on 'Go Ahead' is about that. It's about anywhere where substance is less important than the wrappings, where the contents are less important than the image. The music business is a case in point.

" 'Tinseltown' is our equivalent of Babylon. It's our word for Babylon."

Dave: "To me, the motivation is excelsior. I don't base quality on sales. I base quality on my ability to *strive*. I think I owe it to myself to discipline my abilities and be the best that I can be. If you can't achieve your full potential, then you might as well not bother.

"My heroes were people like Fred Astaire. At his peak, he would wake up and practice for eight hours a day. He was already the best, but he wanted to be better. He wanted excellence. This might sound very narcissistic, but that's what I'm striving for — to be able to work at my full potential."

An interesting group to compare Linx with are UB40. In some ways, Linx do for funk and soul what the Moseley minstrels do for reggae and dub — they present it in a palatable pop context without compromising any of the basic ingredients.

What is more, Dave and Sketch have allied their fingerpopping funky pop to a genuine awareness of what is going on around them. A sharp visual style and a social conscience need not be mutually exclusive.

Meanwhile, Dave Grant is still pushing, reaching out for that ultimate goal.

"I think what we do next will probably be radically different. It's no good holding ourselves back. We should be breaking all the stereotypes. Groups shouldn't be shackled. They should just go!

"I think we've got a responsibility to our audience to keep making better records. We want to take things further, stretch them out. Not that I'm ashamed of any of the records we've made in the past ... just that I know we can sit down and get better."

Dave and Sketch take a stretch

STRAIGHT TO THE INVISIBLE SYSTEM'S HEART

Conrad Atkinson, Britain's foremost political artist, talks to Cynthia Rose.

EARLY THIS year three American art galleries played host to a huge international triumvirate of exhibitions purporting to show the direction of art in the '80s. Only one British artist was invited to contribute: Conrad Atkinson.

The British Council refused him the usual automatic sponsorship offered to artists representing this country, however, "because of the sensitive subject nature" of his work. So the Americans paid, and it was left to the Left to celebrate a man generally considered the most politically effective artist in Britain.

Conrad Atkinson comes from Cleator Moor, a working class mining community in Cumbria. He was an exact contemporary of John Lennon; he attended art college in Liverpool with Cynthia Lennon — and he penned Lennon's obituary for *Arts Monthly*. Yoko Ono he met as an artist when he was 25 at an organisational meeting about performance art in Britain. "It was funny, but only four people showed up. The organiser, Yoko, myself and Man Ray."

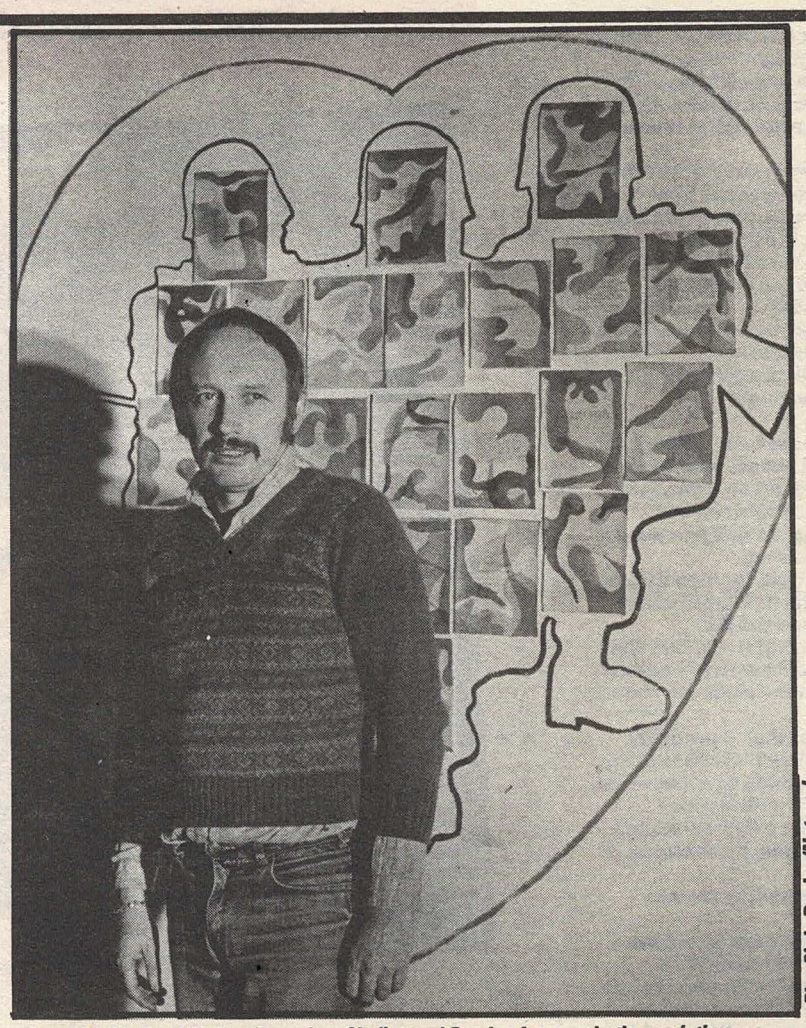
Atkinson's work — to create an installation explaining the truths of asbestos poisoning, a piece about Thalidomide or a particular strike, a simple series of photo juxtapositions on Northern Ireland or a project concerning the message of the Hiroshima survivors — is complex and must be experienced personally to achieve its full purpose.

"The thing I try to do," he says, "is to render visible the invisible things which control the way in which we see things." (It's no irony that the largest of his three current London exhibitions is entitled 'At the Heart of the Matter' and that the book on him out this week is called *Picturing the System*).

Atkinson has also had very personal experiences with 'the invisible'; between school and 'the escape' of art college he worked at Sellafield — more familiar to you and me as Windscale. "The only other choice was to go down the coal mines. We were frightened, even then, but we would still do things like taking off our helmets where we shouldn't or nicking bits of metal to take home and make ashtrays. It was sort of a macho thing, like standing on the edge of a cliff — except *we'd actually jumped off and there was no sign of it.*"

"We have a joke that we survived working there, but of course we don't know. I believe my father died as a result of having worked there; I believe my mother died as a result of him having worked there — he had a small moustache which held the dust and she kissed him every evening." (Atkinson's 1978 exhibit exposing the deaths of asbestos workers turned up many such examples of a workplace bringing its lethal properties into the home in similar ways).

It's customary to point out (like EP Thompson or Raymond Williams) as an upholder of the English radical shaped by artist-activists from Shelley to Christabel Pankhurst. It's true, of course, but the slight, mustachioed Atkinson has a laugh at the high-flown aura this evokes. "I was born about 12 miles away from where Wordsworth was born but I'd always been so hostile to 'high culture' that I never related to him as a poet, much less a radical. And the only thing I know in real depth about William Morris is that I was born on the William Morris Housing Estate."



Pic: Chris Davies/Network

Conrad Atkinson: Windscale worker, Shelley and Presley fan, aesthetic revolutionary

"But," he continues, "When I re-examined them, I started to understand that there *is* a very strong radical tradition there. Now, when the critics ask about my 'influences' and I say 'Wordsworth, Shelley, Morris, Dickens' they say 'Oh, what about the Russian constructivists?' or 'But what abou' the Mexican mural tradition?' And I can't actually relate to those things . . . I relate much more to the music and the pop culture of the '50s and '60s than to that."

"John Lennon was exactly my age and we're a generation that was brought up in the real austerity of the War years. But also from the mid '50s . . . from 'Heartbreak Hotel', which really was the most AMAZING sound I'd ever heard! The impact that had on kids in the North; you couldn't *believe* that somebody could be so absolutely revolutionary . . ."

"The Beatles may be a cliche now, but in the beginning of the '60s we'd never seen an orange, never seen a balloon, we'd never seen sequins; we had clothing coupons. Then — it's obvious — we thought by changing the style of the culture we could revolutionise society . . . we misunderstood the economics of the thing."

"It seems very clear to me that in Britain in particular," he says slowly, "style when it hasn't got content approaches fascism. Content without style is mendacious, it tells lies — so you have to balance the two, but the former is more dangerous, however 'Progressive' it looks."

Another thing Atkinson says he feels people in Britain don't always realise "Is that nothing's forever and what follows on from that is that there can be no timeless, placeless, eternal high 'Art' — art is *not* forever. Art is something much more like a strategy, a tactic for a particular time. If it lasts, that's a bonus. I'm not in the Shakespeare stakes."

There is, importantly, a lack of didacticism in Atkinson's work. Slogans, he thinks, are the height of political censorship whether they come from the Left of the Right.

"People often say to me, 'Well look, you're always beefin' about capitalism and you're always bein' critical of society; now you're on about our pet foods and the Third World, next you're attacking our notions of landscape, attacking our bowls of flowers . . . Christ, what DO you want?' And that's an important question, because as a group we've been so critical throughout the '70s . . . that now I, at least, feel a great need to celebrate the creativity of people and their own ability to picture their future."

Conrad Atkinson's installation 'At The Heart of the Matter' is showing at London's ICA until December 23 at Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (930-3647). On Wednesday, December 9, Atkinson will speak in the ICA's seminar room on 'Imaginative Practice: The Challenge of the Future'; tickets are £1 (ICA day membership 40p). The Cockpit Gallery, Holborn is staging an exhibition of Atkinson's work on the theme of Robert Tressel's book *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropist* until December 9 at The Cockpit Theatre, Gateforth St. And his 'Two Works: for Wordsworth, for Shelley/Active Passion-Passive Action' will be shown at the Pontonville Gallery until December 23.

This week also sees publication of Pluto Press' book 'Picturing the System', which documents Atkinson's work since 1970 (£3.95 from Pluto Press Ltd).

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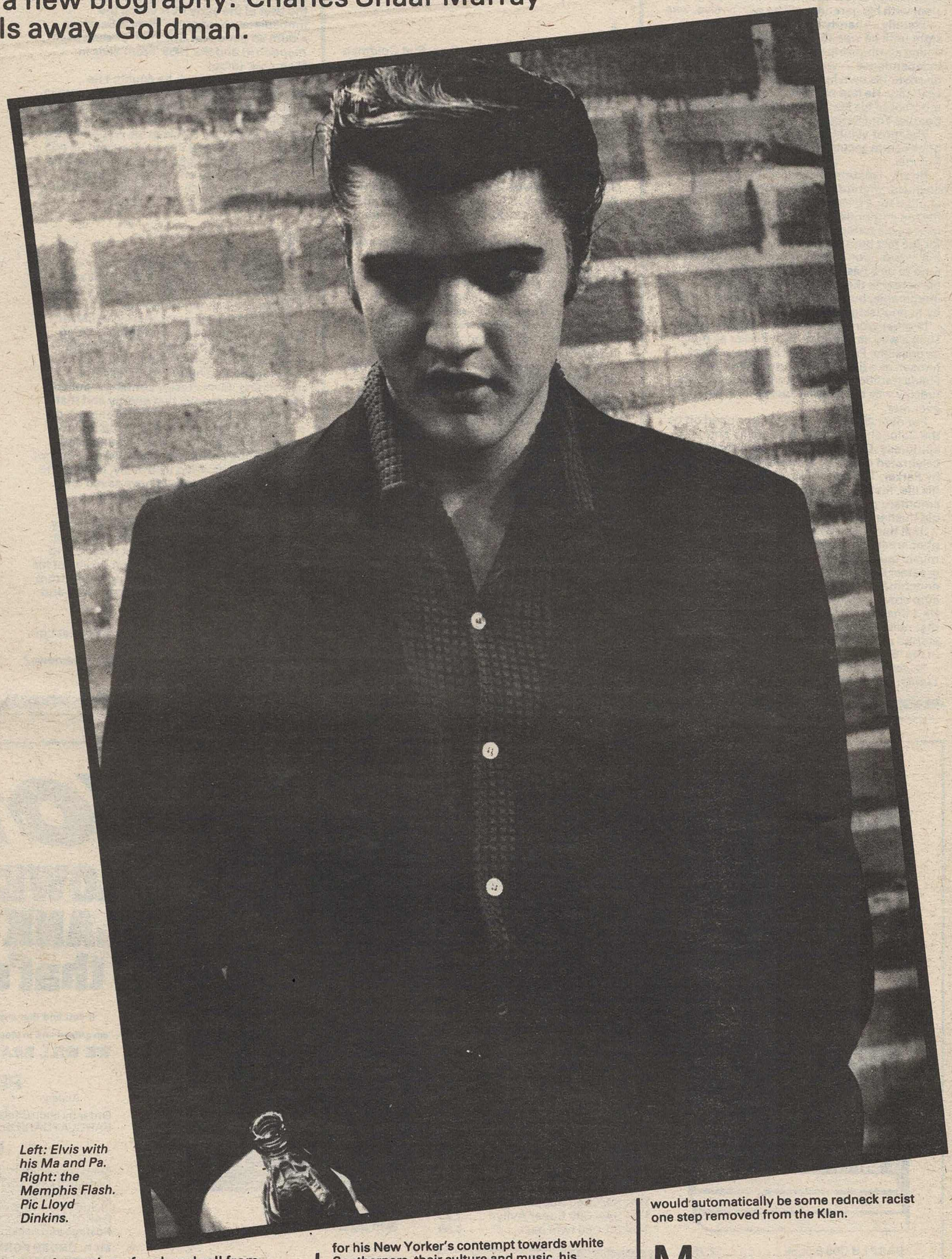
A REAL AMERICAN HORROR STORY

Pathologically polite, mother-fixated, a sexually repressed church-goer — author Albert Goldman rummages through the trash of Elvis Presley's past and wheels away his personal slice of the Golden Calf. It's called *Elvis,* a new biography. Charles Shaar Murray wheels away Goldman.

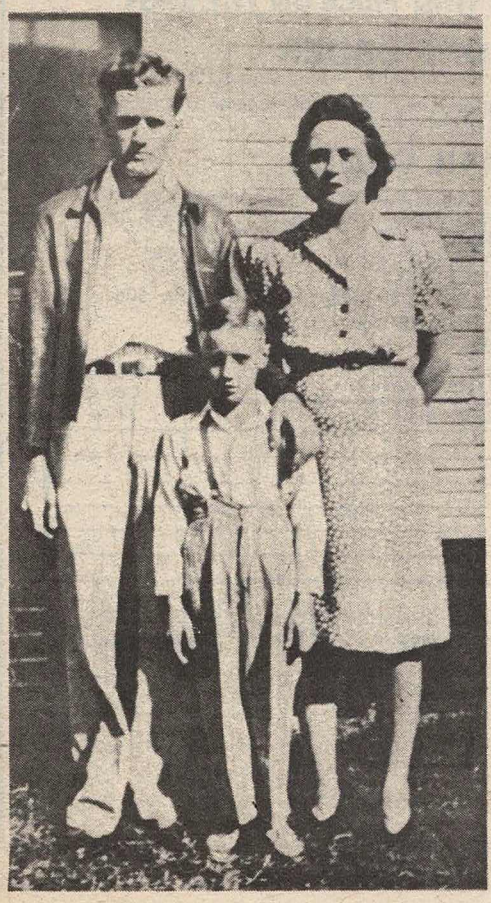


IN JOHN LANDIS' *An American Werewolf In London,* the hero's best friend contrives to have himself slashed to ribbons by the somewhat irascible beastie celebrated in the movie's title. However, this mishap fails to prevent him from making several reappearances over the duration of the film, each time in a more ostentatiously grotesque state of decay. The hero can't get rid of him: this putrescent bastard simply *will not go away.*

In remarkably similar fashion, the corpse of Elvis Presley still remains part of the furniture. A Great White Whale washed up on the beach of public awareness, it is a sorry sight. The progressively more appalling spectacle presented by Presley over the years was horrifyingly validated by the revelations that began to seep out in the last few months of his life, and those were in turn dwarfed by the flood of scabrous info unleashed by his death.

At the same time, the documentation of Presley's epic emergence in the '50s has swelled: the rockabilly mystique of the quiff, the standup bass, the Sun Records slapback echo and the rebel yell holds greater sway than it has for years. The Great White Whale of Las Vegas has an eerie doppelganger: beside that rotting, exposed hulk stands the Memphis Flash: lean, greasy and sullen, the prototype of the crazy kid living for himself. The Memphis Flash is perfect, quick-frozen in 1956 as Teenage Rebel Of The Week, the first figure in Rock's Rich Tapestry, heartbreakingly unflawed.

What is commonly regarded as the tragedy of Elvis Presley is his decline and deterioration: the long, slow horrifying journey from the sublime to the ridiculous. Bound up in this notion is the vision of a great artist strangled and corrupted by greed and cowardice, of the transformation of rock and roll from something ecstatic and liberating to something bloated, stinking and mindless.



Left: Elvis with his Ma and Pa. Right: the Memphis Flash. Pic Lloyd Dinkins.

Albert Goldman's gigantic *Elvis (Allen Lane £9.95)* is an attempt to demonstrate two basic propositions, the first of which is that no one quite realised just how revolting Elvis Presley was, and the second is that he was bloated, stinking and mindless all along and so — for that matter — is virtually all rock music.

In other words, Elvis Presley did not *become* a worthless shit: he always was. Furthermore, he did not decline after a period of brilliance and creativity: he was never that brilliant or creative to begin with. To support his case, Goldman supplies a mixture of painstaking research, pop sociology, sub-Wolfe hipsterese and a generous helping of his own prejudices.

In an essay printed in last week's *Time Out,* Greil Marcus — the finest rock writer of his generation and the author of 'Presliad', a definitive essay on Elvis that appeared in his book *Mystery Train* — took Goldman to task for his New Yorker's contempt towards white Southerners, their culture and music, his persistently insulting attitude to women, and his willingness to ignore or modify data that didn't suit him. Most importantly, he refuted Goldman's claim that Elvis Presley avoided black neighbourhoods and black musicians, preferring to cop his blues off the radio, by the simple expedient of phoning Memphis musicians who remembered Presley as not only being around black musicians but performing in black clubs and gaining the affection and respect of black musicians and audiences.

Furthermore, Marcus salvages Sam Phillips — boss of Sun Records and Presley's effective discoverer — from the implications of Goldman's casual mention of Phillips allegedly saying, "If I could find me a white boy who could sing like a nigger, I'd make a billion dollars." Marcus, by tracking down the Sun employee who was the source of the quotation, demonstrates that Sam Phillips never — *ever* — used the term "nigger".

It is typical of Goldman that he would assume that Phillips, as a white Southerner, would automatically be some redneck racist one step removed from the Klan.

MARCUS' DIATRIBE does not, however, render Goldman's book utterly invalid. Even when one discounts Goldman's sexism, his loathing for the rural working class and a series of musical judgements based entirely on the notion that white rock music is nothing more than a worthless appendage to black music, a picture still emerges which is more piteous and horrifying than any vision of Presley seen or imagined to date.

The most frequently cited portions of the book are those which describe the awful depths to which Presley sank in his last years. To join the now-familiar tales of cheeseburgers and opiates, violence and paranoia, extravagance and neurosis, we have tales of impotence and voyeurism and the final indignity: the regression into babyhood and the huge nappies that he had to wear when he lost control of his sphincters. We've heard about how he spent years on end doped to the eyeballs to shut out the fact of the

Continues over

ELVIS CONTINUED

horror of his existence, how his attitude towards the Sanctity Of Motherhood meant that he couldn't even bring himself to fuck his wife after she got pregnant . . . all the Grand Guignol stuff, the special effects, the gruesome *Exorcist* aspects.

But the real horrors come in his youth. Presley's mother has always loomed fairly large in his myth — *what a nice boy, he really loved his mother* — but the extent to which her domination screwed him up is horrifying. He slept with his parents until he was twelve, was — literally — hardly ever out of his mother's sight until he was 15. Elvis Presley — who ended symbolising youth, freedom and independence — was never, ever free to discover his own humanity or even his own sexuality. He had somebody on his case every moment of his life: either his mother or Colonel Tom Parker.

The most valuable aspects of Goldman's book centre around his investigation of the Colonel.

Briefly, Goldman has it that Parker — an illegal immigrant from Holland who never applied for a passport, never quarrelled with the tax authorities in case they found him out, kept all his money in cash and invariably went for the fast buck, not only always worked on the assumption that Elvis could turn out at any time to be a flash in the pan and therefore ran his career in the most cynical manner imaginable, but kept the hapless singer in line by hypnotising him.

In other words, Presley's career was run in such a way as to enrich Tom Parker as much as possible. Parker always liked to present himself as a likeable con artist in the W. C. Fields tradition, but the secret was that Elvis Presley was the biggest sucker that Parker had ever met.

For over 20 years, Presley was ripped off by the Colonel: artistically, financially and spiritually. Goldman even reveals that Elvis' celebrated ordeal in the army was engineered by Parker. The poor bastard was trussed up all his life, first by his mother's insane, smothering protectiveness and then by the fat old hustler's greed.

Just think! The whole Elvis Presley phenomenon — and, indirectly, all of the rock music that it inspired — was nothing by the greatest scam ever pulled off for the enrichment of one man! Albert Goldman can't stop crowing all the way through the book. He's finally destroyed the whole myth about that noisy blurt of teenage eruption that started off in the Southern States of the USA in the '50s.

He explains it all in an interview in *City Limits:* "Everybody thinks that youth culture began with rock'n'roll — that's nonsense. The first highly articulated youth culture came in *my youth (italics mine* — CSM) — that's the late '30s and early '40s, the swing era . . . the music of swing has really a highly sophisticated music. It was polished, it was performed by very professional musicians who were old enough to be these kids' fathers. Benny Goodman looked like your father, really! It represented a kind of upward aspiration . . . you wanted to be a swinging adult in New York City!"

IT IS HARDLY surprising, then, that Goldman resents a kind of music that made kids want to be a pale, greasy Southern rocker in pimp clothes and a DA. Why, that meant they wanted to be like Elvis Presley rather than a swinging adult in New York City like . . . like . . . ALBERT GOLDMAN!

Oh, *shit!* How *awful!* No wonder that Goldman is as anxious as anybody to wipe out the Memphis Flash, to make sure that the Great White Whale is stripped, not only of his dignity — of which he had precious little after his initial impact — but of any artistic validity at all.

So let us leave Mr Goldman, then, to wheel away his personal slice of The Golden Calf. He's worked very hard to let us know that Elvis was an arsehole, that Sam Phillips was a racist, and that any contributions made to Western Culture by Mr Presley and his successors were more or less negligible. I think he deserves a round of applause.

(Applause).

What remains even after this most thorough debunking, though, is Elvis Presley's music, and the fact of the existence of the Memphis Flash. This latter was a construct born of the real Elvis' desperate unhappiness and his search for solace in the image of Urban Juvenile Delinquency (a look based on a 1948 Tony Curtis flick) and the sound of black rhythm and blues.

Like Bowie's Ziggy Stardust, Elvis may not have been The Memphis Flash, but he could create the part. That persona — cool, tough, sexy, mean — was what Elvis, the pathologically polite, mother-fixated, sexually repressed churchgoer, wanted to be, and others — inspired by him — lived that role more thoroughly than he ever did, and in living it found themselves in a way that Presley himself never did.

If he was first what his mother wanted him to be and found release from that by attempting to become the Memphis Flash, and then found the Memphis Flash co-opted by Colonel Parker, then where was there for Elvis to find some psychic space that he could call his own? Where was his humanity? Where was the joy and freedom that he could give to others but not enjoy for himself?

It's right where Albert Goldman is too prissy to look for it — and where Greil Marcus found it: *in his fucking music.*

Elvis was truly alive for only a few short years — the rest of the time he was, as Mr Dylan would have it, busy dying — but in those years he made some of the most totally *living* music recorded in any idiom since the end of World War II. Not just the Sun stuff, but the best of the early RCA years, the immediately post-army 'Elvis Is Back' (an album so good that Goldman doesn't even *mention* it) and the 1969 'From Elvis In Memphis' (ditto).

The rest of the time, he couldn't be bothered. His career had been stitched up in such a way that there was no stimulus for him to pull it out and create like he did when he started, and sure, that was his responsibility because he allowed it to happen, but he put his trust in people who screwed him and he drifted hopelessly off course. Whenever Presley was in touch with his own humanity, he created powerful, living music.

THAT'S THE rock dream. It's not — ultimately — sex, though it can be. It's not rebellion — though it can be — and it's not even youth — though it can be.

What it is is a sense of energy, of life, of growth; a feeling that something is being created and experienced and celebrated — *here, tonight.* From his panic and his introversion and his weird, fucked-up upbringing, Elvis Presley somehow pulled it together to personify that energy and that excitement. He wasn't powerful enough or centred enough to control and maintain his energy and the forces which he unleashed, and — being an all-American sucker — he got conned into throwing it all away. Maybe one honest companion could have saved him. Who knows? Speculation is pointless, anyway.

Still, it's *that feeling* that renders Presley inseparable from the great bluesmen who came before him and the great rockers and post-rockers after him. Hear him on any of his *great* records and you can't take it away from him. Or from anybody else who heard it and *got* it.

Wee-e-e-e-e-e-llllll . . .

(Now just hold it. Ya'll don't know what I'm gone do yet).

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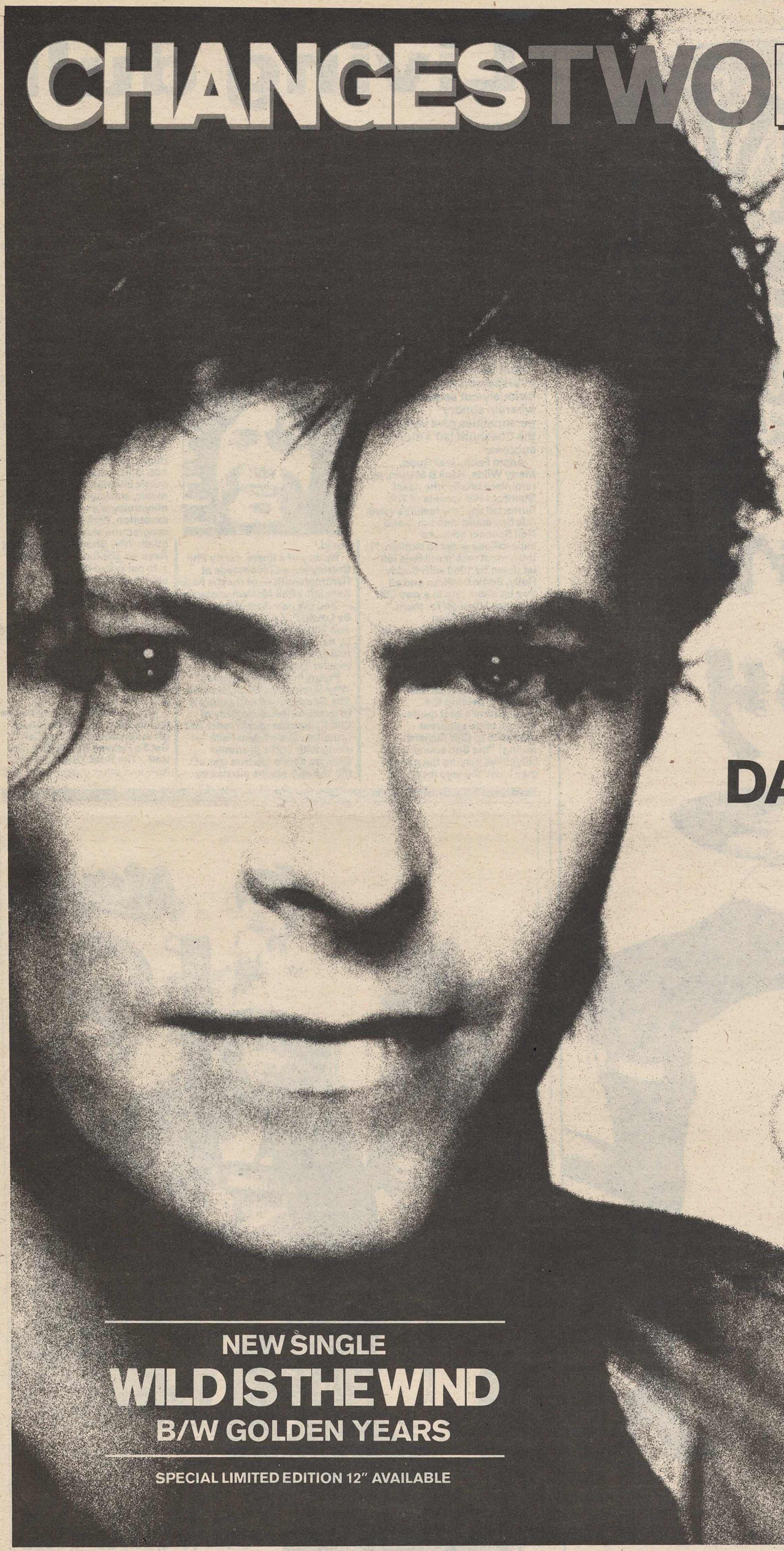

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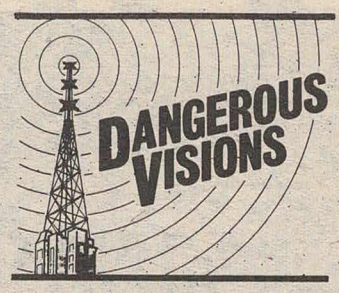

PENNY REEL watches Cliff go from juvenile to puerile

PERSONALLY I would rather bury my nose in a book than look at television, but am prevailed upon to take in a private screening of the first two **Cliff** (BBC2) shows and make judgement thereof.

In the first of these, *Rock'n'Roll Juvenile*, we see Mr Richard attired in red leather jacket and black leather trousers go through his paces at the Hammersmith Odeon earlier this year in illustration of genre classics such as 'Shakin' All Over', 'Blue Suede Shoes, and 'Great Balls Of Fire', interspersed with some furiously-cut sequences wherein sundry personalities give voice to the Cheshunt lad's diurnal success.

Adam Faith, Jack Good, Marty Wilde, Hank B Marvin, all reminisce briefly; the nasal Stamford Hill accents of Tito Burns tell us, "my feelings were this boy could step out"; and Neil Spencer adopts a supercilious sneer to explain, "I think most rock'n'roll fans felt let down by 1960 with Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran and all that lot dead, and in a way Cliff was also killed off for them."

Further clips from Hammersmith; clips from *Oh Boy, Expresso Bongo, The Young Ones;* Cliff at the *NME* annual awards show receiving trophies from a discreet Derek Johnson; a bearded Carl Perkins providing the programme's best quote — though of no apparent reference to Cliff Richard — saying: "the Sun sound was hillybillies playing the music they knew the way they best could."

By way of a finale, canny Phil Everley joins Cliff onstage at Hammersmith — or maybe Nick Kent joins Phil McNeill onstage — and the pair duet 'When Will I Be Loved?', 'Long Tall Sally' and 'Rip It Up'. Mr Everley fired by nervous energy; Mr Richard role-playing, the patron saint of regular features.

Programme two is entitled *Why Should The Devil Have All The Good Music?* and purports to examine the dichotomy of Cliff Richard as rock'n'roller and Christian. Even Adam Faith — along with Cliff's drummer Graham Jarvis the true star of the show — seems puzzled by this question as he sits in the soda fountain at Fortnum and Mason sipping tea; while later in the same show Cliff himself says, "I am not a schizophrenic, I'm a Christian rock'n'roll singer."

The basic fault of the documentary is this original premise. In the first place, there is nothing untoward in Cliff Richard's professed Christianity, except where it leads him into the embrace of right-wing causes such as the Festival of Light movement, but a rock'n'roller he never is, though he gives a passable imitation of one on his early singles like 'Move It' and 'High Class Baby'. Cliff is a *pop* singer — as in Craig Douglas!

Secondly, there is absolutely no evidence that Satan does have all the good music, unless one counts Led Zeppelin and The Rolling Stones as good music, which I personally do not. In my catalogue, good music invariably *is* righteous music, although Cliff's own minstrelsy is a notable exception. Perhaps the programme should have been titled: Why Should Cliff Richard Have All The Indifferent Music?

In pursuit of the unanswerable then, we join Mr Richard onstage at the Manchester Apollo for a set of spirituals. Prior to the performance he sits at rehearsal wearing a red-and-white-hooped Fred Perry and five o'clock shadow and says, "I hope they'll say, Hey this is a rock'n'roll concert, and have a ball."

For the actual performance he stands there pigeon-toed and gives renditions of 'You Can't Get To Heaven By Singing Like Hell', 'The Rock That Doesn't Roll' and other gospel puns. His

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'Black, British and Now..' The Face
'It's a gem..' Music Week

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Illustration: Mark Fairnington

Cliff — an eternal summer haloday.

'Son Of Thunder' song is not as good as Doctor Alimantado's lyric of the same name, though the storm effects are considerably more impressive.

As in *Rock'n'Roll Juvenile,* various music business people utter pleasing noises for the camera: Mike Read, Olivia Newton John, Dave Lee Travis, Andrae Crouch ... Kenny Everett provides embarrassing irritance in his role as the fool: "Cliff never says a naughty word," he tells us, "he never does anything offensive, and yet he's never boring. I don't know what he's on, but it seems to work."

Cliff sports a Me On Tour pullover. Cliff sports a red and blue suede jacket. He addresses a students union in Sheffield and condemns Nazis.

"On a personal level," asks a wag in the audience, "where do you go from here? St Cliff?"

"You giving me a choice?" with a Yiddisher shrug.

Pat Boone pontificates: "I really credit Cliff with introducing Christian songs to the pop market," he says. Pat Boone never hears of Elvis Presley. Pat Boone also never hears of R&B, even though he builds his career making black music palatable to white teenagers.

Cliff Richard suffers similarly. He calls rock'n'roll "a fusion of white innovation and black soul". Later, he visits the New Bethel Church of God in Christ in Washington, and like Patti Smith at a Tapper Zukie concert takes the pulpit midway through the proceedings to lead the negro congregation in hymn, oblivious of his dampening effect.

Monty Smith sorts out the small screen

Thursday December 3

GORGO (Directed by Eugene Lourie 1962). What's this? A Eugene Lourie 'season' within the Beeb's 'Monster!' 'season'? Following Euge's *Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* comes a pint-sized prehistoric creature Gorgo, star attraction at Battersea Fun Fair. Short (75 minutes) and sweet (Mommy comes looking for him). **(BBC2)**

Friday December 4

HELLO-GOODBYE (Jean Negulesco 1970). Thanks — no thanks. Sappy Michael Crawford contemplates woopsies on the carpet with Genevieve Gilles. Very pretty and pretty awful. **(BBC1)**

Saturday December 5

FRANCIS (Arthur Lubin 1950). Great idea: Donald O'Connor as the world's most stupid man with an unhealthy attachment for talking mule called Francis. It ran for seven films and was then turned into a TV show called *Mr Ed.* People got for paid for making them. **(BBC2)**

I, MONSTER (Stephen Weeks 1970). Boring Dr Jekyll variation with Christopher Lee going all silly under the watchful gaze of Peter Cushing. Sensibly, Susan Jameson averts her eyes. I not amused. **(ITV LWT)**

Sunday December 6

MANDY (Alexander Mackendrick 1952). What *is* this? A BBC 'season' of films with first names for titles? Mind you, *Mandy* is in a class all its own, a sober study of a profoundly deaf child who, not unexpectedly, causes mum and dad (Phyllis Calvert and Jack Hawkins) all kinds of heartbreak. **(BBC1)**

THE HEARTBREAK KID (Elaine May 1972). Not a sequel to *Mandy* but a heartless, hilarious comedy of embarrassment with an acerbic script from Neil Simon and cruel direction by the great Elaine May. It's her daughter (Jeannie Berlin), by the way, who's subjected to most of the abuse, and there are other fine performances from Charles Grodin and Eddie Albert. **(BBC2)**

EXPRESSO BONGO (Val Guest 1960). At last! The chance to see, in the privacy of your own front room, the angriest statement ever made by British youth! Cliff Richard is Bongo Herbert, Laurence Harvey is Johnny Jackson, and together they take on the world! Most noted, of course, for the famous 'Do You Realise I Can See Your Drawers Through Your Dress, Mrs Hempleticks?' (reprise featuring entire cast). A cracker! **(ITV LWT)**

Monday December 7

ALONG CAME JONES (Stuart Heisler 1945). Ah, the Beeb must've known it was me mum's birthday; why else would they be showing this cosy little western spoof starring her fave Gary Cooper as butterfingered cowpoke Melody Jones? Thanks, Beeb. And happy birthday, mum. **(BBC2)**

Wednesday December 9

THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION (Stanley Kramer 1957). Must've looked good on paper: Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren and a bloody big cannon versus Napoleon in Spain. Unfortunately it's one of the stupidest movies ever made and watch how far Sinatra stands away from the cannon — scared of it blowing his wig off, he was. **(BBC1)**

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(You can read his reactions to the Tensai in IM this month.)

HFS will be there, too, to pick up the pieces (and, no doubt, the tab).

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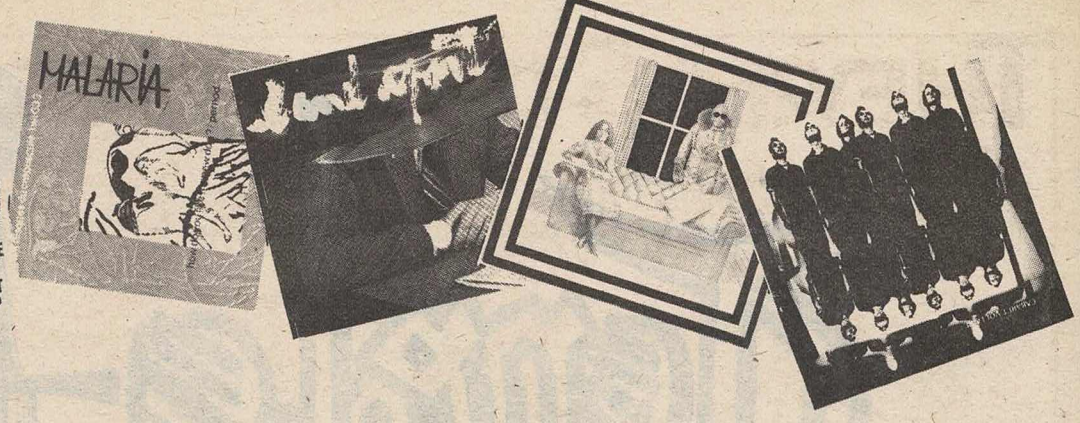

In order of running, jumping and standing still . . .

THE BIG LEAGUE

THE ROLLING STONES: Waiting On A Friend (Rolling Stones Records)
Yes, but wasn't 'Start Me Up' fabulous . . .

THE POLICE: Spirits In The Material World (A&M)
Spiritually immaterial, worldly as ever (as in "bent on gain"), but galaxies beyond that glib little magic thingammy — the faintest ghost of a sting in the tale . . .

ROD STEWART: Young Turks (Riva)
An uncomfortable but riveting anthem to young golden blow-dried zombies everywhere (California uber alles) — a minor classic of the genre and brazen compendium of pop references, from the unnecessarily brisk, Moroderish beat to the dire swimming-pool straits guitar fills to the unbelievably grotesque chorus of *"young hearts run free"* . . . Ah, children of mouthwash and gasoline, you'll never be hung up, hung up like my Rod and me . . .

IN THEIR OWN ELEMENT

LOS MICROWAVES: Time To get Up / TV In My Eye (Posh Boy)
From the brilliant 'Life After Breakfast' LP, this is a different story of California altogether. 'Time To Get Up' travels way beyond any condensed electro-pop satire you've every heard. Into this savage soapsodden vignette of the working girl who simply refuses to get out of bed has been driven, as into a black hole, all the repressed inertia and despair of the New Amerika.

The phone dialogue between employee and workmate is hysterical — *"I'm not getting out of bed! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!!!"* screams our dial-a-dream anti-heroine. But the extraordinary power of David Javelosa's synthesizers — not simply stark but actively stalking their prey — allow little room for sideline chuckles. No "come-a-long-way" Virginia-slim liberated lady in Bergdorf and Goodman slacks *here:* this is a sunstroked mademoiselle Ubu-doll for your next consumerist, consumptive decade.

'Time To Get Up', together with the flipside's even more desperate 'TV In My Eye' — a thing of profound beauty — is essential to further enlightenment. It leaves Devo flagging at the half-way mark. Simple but . . . bursting with pain.

THE WITCH TRIALS: The Witch Trials (New Rose 12")
To conclude the saga, this higness Jello Biafra in person. 'The Witch Trials' comprise, in electronic form, four science fiction parables drawing on everything from Siegel's *Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers* to Stan Lee's *Marvel* masterworks. Who programmed the noises I know not, but the balance between tempo and texture is impressive, certainly a radically more stimulating enterprise than The Dead Kennedys. Sickest and best of all is 'Humanoids From The Deep', a delirious fantasy of chemical pollution, real-life drive-in monsters, and the horrible fate which awaits the *"beautiful young rich"* of Marin County, with their *"organic electric fences"*.

The crowning inspiration is the whole thing turning into a (real life) Roger Corman movie. Enchanting.

THE PASSAGE: Taboos (Cherry Red 12")
An awesome revelation: the constrictive pedagoguery of Dick Witts giving way to one of the year's mightiest sounds, an enormous, gothic 124 bpm cacophony whose massed frenzy of keyboards pile up like a mountain of Bavarian Wurlitzers. If you can imagine a gigantic dance floor in some space-age Gothic cathedral, with Wagnerian avalanches of tympani, pipes and chimes (almost beyond 'River Deep, Mountain High') then this would be its DJ's *piece-de-resistance*. *"Whoever wants to dance with me must abandon traps and trickery,"* challenges Witts, and the sound does nothing if not bear him out.

I shall refrain from attempting lucid description of the other side's 'Taboodub': to call it an "instrumental" seems slightly futile.

The Passage risk high excess, but as a blast of pure apocalyptic madness amidst the predominantly tight-fisted native scratchings I've had to sort through that's not exactly unwelcome. As with The Associates' 'Kitchen Person', you either take the plunge or hide in a zoot suit.

GAYLE ADAMS: Love Fever (Prelude, import)
Another Prelude goodie (shortly due to UK Epic release), though not another 'Body Music'. A slow, tense stomper, like Taana Gardner's 'Heartbeat', and one of the hottest gay floor-fillers of the moment. No great compositional shakes, but fabulously thick with sucking moog bass pulses, glinting guitar runs, and bubbly synth quiffs to decorate. *"I think I'm burnin' up,"* breathes Gayle in the height of her fever, and at this ultimate metaphor for dance intoxication, foreheads break out in a thousand subterranean hunk-funk grottoes. When the sweat streams out of the speakers, you know you've got a winner.

MALARIA: How Do You Like My New Dog? (Crepuscule)
Where banshees fear to tread, Malaria march in leather jack-boots. These elegant girls threaten to become the most rampantly teutonic of all the new Berliners, so watch out. The high camp schlock-stock in 'How Do You Like My New Dog?' is perhaps a little too overtly thrusting at first ingestion, but persevere . . . there's genuine depravity in the air.

ASSORTED AMERICANA

Trash — Aesthetic or Ethic? (Calling out West Coast)

BLACK FLAG: Louie Louie; AGENT ORANGE: Everything Turns Gray; STEPMOTHERS: Guardian Angels (all Posh Boy)
A handful of slamming hardcores from LA, all of them, like Los Microwaves, on the local Posh Boy label.

Black Flag's 'Louie Louie' coincides with their first UK visit, but it's a pretty paltry rendition even by maximum distortion standards. See 'Metallic KO' for the only *possible* punk version of this sacred song ("punk"?) The flip's 'Damaged I' is more horribly worthwhile, a slow, bone-crunching nightmare dragged out of some freeway pileup, with feedback running riot between every chord.

Agent Orange are a mite more accommodating, but what might have been a smog-bound retort to the New eco-Order is too clean and swift by half. I prefer the reverse side's version of The Chantays' 'Pipeline', which Johnny Thunders used to open his impeccable solo album 'So Alone'.

The Stepmothers are great, they sound like The Sweet, and on Kim Fowley's 'American Nights' (flipside), ex-Runaway Lita Ford sings a glam-rock heavy metal pastiche of Aerosmith (which could also be a gay edition of Springsteen on Santa Monica Boulevard . . .). Splendid.

Long distance operator, calling . . .

THE PANTHER BURNS: Train Kept A-Rollin' (Rough Trade)
Real live trash from Memphis, Tennessee, birthplace of rock 'n' roll. Tav Falco's insane group commence their boogie where chronic alcoholism ends and total disintegration of grey matter sets in. Daft bull fiddle (periodically inaudible), chaotic drump traps, and scatterbrained guitar solos from Falco and the legendary Alex Chilton . . . as an investment, it makes no sense at all.

Taste — Ethic or Aesthetic? (Shutting down East Coast)

KONK: Sola-Loka-Moki (Konk)
St Marks Place's purportedly more primal answer to Pigbag. Primally devoid of winning melody or coercive structure, the claim, unlike the music, possibly stands up. What there is of a beat is indifferent, and even the brass is a trifle sagging in the gut.

BAND APART: Jaguar / Strainer / Eve Ryonne / Le Mont Des Des Olives (Crammed Discs 12")
Medor Mader is a French exile musician teamed up with American singer-lyricist Jayne Bliss in NYC, and this is their first offering. Of the four songs featured, 'Jaguar', which is like Suicide with all the heartache, mystery, and sheer pristine trash taken out, could tickle the odd earlobe. And 'Eve Ryonne' is worth hearing purely for Raybeat Don Christensen's sublime imitation of a drum machine. Otherwise, the on-beat echo-mess of guitars, etc, is both ponderous and over-familiar.

The duo's name presumably comes from Godard's gangster movie *Band A Part* in which at one point we read the words "out of respect for second-rate thrillers, they won't do the job until nightime . . ." I'd say this job wasn't worth waiting that long out of respect for anything.

SHOX LUMANIA: (I Have) No Shoes (Rumble)
A new outbreak of camp and comparative outrage on the New York circuit they may be, but on this evidence Shox Lumania on the ordinary domestic hi-fi is a bit dodgy. A spectral marriage of glam and doom, safe inside big, bright production — fairly adept electronics, cocktail piano, and tassled drum rolls — '(I Have) No Shoes' is still lightweight stuff. Still, Lenny Kaye rates them . . .

ON HOME TURF — RETURN TO BASE

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Eddie's Out / Walls Of Jericho / Jazz The Glass / Burnt To The Ground (one 12" + one 7" Rough Trade)
A laugh and a half, good VFM and all that. 'Eddie's Out' is heart-stoppingly hammy, Mallinder barking unintelligibly through a vertiginous volley of pre-menstrual sopranos, imploding electronics; in other words, a guided tour round the nooks and crannies of Western Works, and a rather self-indulgent waste of time and energy. 'Walls Of Jericho' is crisper, more incisive: the synths leak like diarrhoea but with such craft, such medicinal industry, and all at the service of our sad pre-fab hearts . . . let your desires drip away in the glow, these are you supermen.

On the pink infant single which comes in tow, 'Jazz The Glass' is a more abandoned exercise, with Mal whooping crazily like Adam on 'Prince Charming', but 'Burnt To The Ground' wins out hands down over all of them. A tribal procession through some unspecified neon jungle (psychedelic mecca?), an elephantine trombipulation, a humid dance of the seven mosquito-net veils, and, well, this could have made a truly bacchanalian 12-incher, actually.

DURAN DURAN: My own Way (EMI)
An inspired and zestful string arrangement is marred by the usual forlorn guitar crudities, and I think we've had our fill of them from the Brum beaus. Still, I found even 'Girls On Film' started to grow on me after a few hearings, and possibly this will do the same. What it lacks for a hook it makes up for in arrangement, and Colin Thurston is an infinitely better producer than Richard James Burgess. Which, in the territory of glam disco, counts for a lot.

THE STRAY CATS: Little Miss Prissy (Arista)
Raucous but routine blues, could use a crisper beat. Heavy guitar chops and slide, and I'd swear the bass was electric. On reverse we have live versions of 'Sweet Love On My Mind' and Cochran's 'Something Else'.

THE HIGSONS: The Lost And The Lonely (Waap!)
Talking Heads in tango as tandem. As in sultry but soured romance. Play after 'Ay Ay Ay Moosey', then throw up the Pina Colada.

VICE SQUAD: Last Rockers EP (Riot City)
THE OUTCASTS: Programme Love (Outcasts Only)
THE BUSINESS: Harry May (Secret)
Return to basix. Vice Squad's Beki Bondage is a clear, articulate singer and for that reason 'Last Rockers' rises assured over most of today's spiky stuff. Added to that, at several points the rhythm actually changes.

Nevertheless, a real reservation about pOInk is the continuing sense that no matter how worked up these bands sound, there's no real emotion in their anger. Flux's 'Neu Smell' was a rare and breathtaking example.

There's emotion, too, on The Outcasts' 'Programme Love', but at the risk of forfeiting certain vital stigmata of punk itself — by no means a fault! The song is a tour-de-force of stabbing, chugging, nosediving guitars built around an extremely solid rhythm section and it's sung, well, emotionally. However, if that sounds a bit risky to potential hardcore embracers, they may rest assured that peace and contentment are to be found on the rest of the EP: 'Beating And Screaming' (Parts 1 and 2!) and 'Mania'. Fine upstanding stuff. As for The Business, 'Harry May' is a paean to that liberal Oi band's Bermondsey landlord.

Not my pint of piss, but there we go.

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Ant Rap (CBS)
A disagreeable idea but a healthy enough percussive outing for Terry Lee, Merrick, and whoever else is banging something. 'Ant Rap' is about Adam And The Ants.

ELECTRIC GUITARS: Work (Recreational)
Busy, vibrant, and throbbing. Recorded "with" Dennis Bovell but not apparently produced by him. Search me. Unremarkable composition, but playoff of bashing tubs against pippy electronics, scratch guitars, and wraparound bass makes for fair freakout on independent bedsit dancefloors.

RHYTHM OF LIFE: Soon / Summertime (Rhythm Of Life)
Half of ROL is ex-Josef K Paul Haig, one very great songwriter and not a bad singer into the bargain. These two haunting, even-tempered "folk" songs would really be great — up there with the Ronnie Lane of 'Tell Everyone' — if they weren't let down by such a drab, listless production.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

INERTIA: Tempus Destruendi (L'Invitation Au Suicide)
Saga of over-education called 'Thinkin' Stuff, Feed Stuff' notable only for its inclusion of a badly translated excerpt from D'Annunzio's ridiculous *Trionfo Della Morte* (Triumph Of Death).

HUNNY BUM AND THE Q.T. BUM FAIRIES: Didums (Cat Tracks)
Utterly obscene nursery rhyme about buttocks and genitalia.

RED ASPHALT: Red Asphalt (Egg and Anvil EP)
From San Francisco. Two excellent, highly original songs, 'Red Asphalt' itself and 'Phone Call From God'

EYELESS IN GAZA: Others (Cherry Red)
I think the new term must be Pre-tension.

OK, so this week's winners are 1) Los Microwaves (Posh Boy), 2) The Passage (Cherry Red), 3) The Witch Trials (New Rose), 4) Gayle Adams (Epic), 5) Malaria (Crepuscule). So go and hunt the bastards down.

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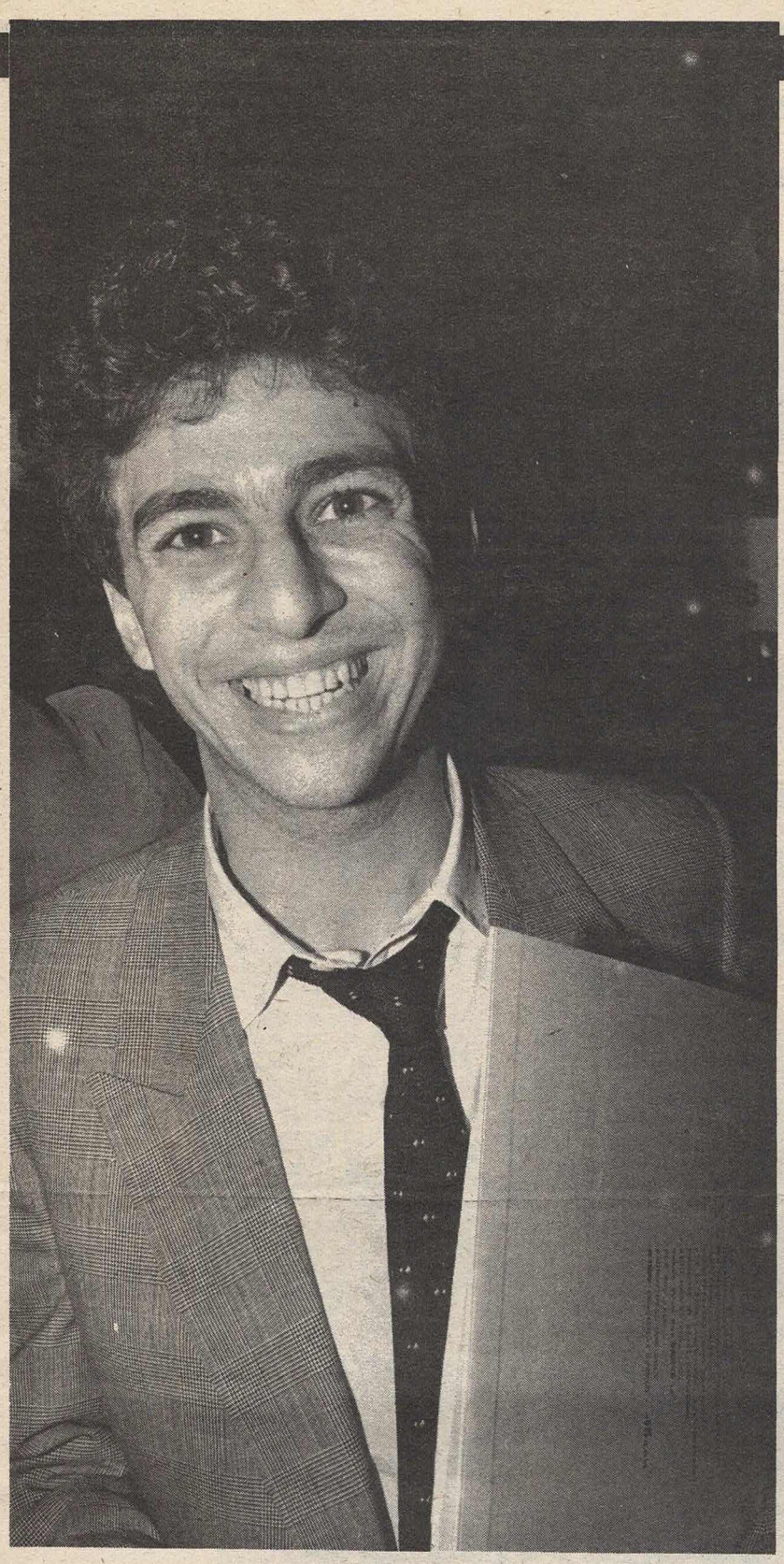

WHY IS THIS MAN HIP BUT A COMPLETE FAILURE?

Paul Rambali meets Mr Ze, Michael Zilkha and learns how the music on his label has made him fashionable but broke.

1980 WAS SUPPOSED to be the year of ZE Records. So was 1981. But Modern Romance had the hit Kid Creole was meant to have with 'Everybody Salsa' and ZE Records is still so hip it hurts.

It hurts Michael Zilkha for a start.

"I don't give a *damn* about having the hippest record label in the world," he declares. "I'd much rather have the hits!"

Michael Zilkha is the founder of ZE records. He's in Britain to mix a ZE Records Christmas album at Island Records and to deliver the tapes of an August Darnell solo album. Next year, he promises, will be the year of ZE Records. It has to be. From now on, he says, commercial criteria are going to dictate.

"Obviously it's a matter of necessity, in any business, to sell. But quite apart from that, I never set out to have the hippest label in the world. And it wasn't, initially. When I released my first ten 12 inchers everyone sniggered. Kid Creole was considered pretty weird. The reason we became the hippest label is that people who dictate fashion are, generally, ahead of everyone else, by definition almost, and our records are very sincere. I'd like to think that's it, but I don't know . . ."

All the admiration his records have won from the critics has been flattering but not gratifying. Because, he says, hardly any of the pundits have come near to communicating what the music is really about.

Was (Not Was), for instance, were greeted with a plague of lame puns involving the parenthetical Not Was, and praised more for their eclecticism than what they achieved with it. Zilkha cites the third verse of their 'Out Come The Freaks':

"Detroit Johnny don't wear no tie/Cuz he says it hurts his neck/He's got a chick from Ecuador tonight/She wants to talk about the moon/Says it used to be her friend/But the doctors put an end to all of that/A part of me is lost for good/Do you really understand?/I do says Johnny/As he grabs her hand."

". . . You've got all the post-acid disillusionment, all the opportunism and selfishness, in that lyric. The fact that the only time you ever hear the words *'I love you'* on that album they come from a radio. That's such a picture of desolation!

"And I would hope people are responding to that. But I don't know if they are. I don't know why we're the chicest label in the world. I know why *I* like my records. I like my records because I find them about as *harrowing* as any other music that's out there right now. 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' is an almost unbearably *sad* record. Do you know what that record's about? It's about alienation, not having a home, not belonging . . . But there's hope at the end, and the message at the end is the message I like to think all my records have, and that is: I can't go on, I'll go on!"

MICHAEL ZILKHA is 26 and admits to having, when it comes to music, "basically a white hippy sensibility". Since this sensibility has been, indirectly, much feted by many of the writers on this paper it seems worthwhile to find out what shapes it, and what shapes the output of ZE Records.

Zilkha is an Iraqi-Jewish name, linked somewhere along the line with the Mothercare chain.

"My family moved to America in the '30s, and my grandfather, who was a banker in the Middle East, sent one son to Paris, one son to Egypt, and one son to London. I'm the grandson in London."

Michael — that's him on the back of the first Kid Creole album perusing the Manhattan Yellow Pages — went to Westminster School and then to Oxford, where he did economics for a year and then switched to French, because he wanted to read Balzac in the original form. He names Simenon as one of his heroes, along with John Cale and Neil Young.

"There's a book of his called *L'Affaire Donadieu* which I think is as good as anything Balzac has written. It's a superb black comedy of manners."

After Oxford, he moved to New York, "because life here was so very comfortable for me". He got a job writing theatre reviews for the *Village Voice* by submitting a review on spec.

"I was expecting to write about rock and roll but I didn't get on with Robert Christgau. He rejected the first piece I did for him."

Even now, Zilkha reckons his instincts, by which he seems to set great store in the running of ZE Records, are better for the theatre than they are for rock and roll. He says his ambitions lie, like August Darnell's, in the theatre and Hollywood. Broadway producer Joseph Papp plans to stage a version of 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' with Darnell and the Coconuts early next year, while Zilkha already owns five per cent of a movie called *Maniac*.

"It pays the rent," he says apologetically. "It was the third biggest grossing movie for about three weeks when it came out. I was depressed one day and somebody called me out of the blue, some one I didn't know, and asked if I wanted to invest in a film. I thought, well, nothing I'm actively involved in seems to make money so I'll try this."

Zilkha sees nothing dishonourable about making money.

"I would *love* not to have to make money." he protests. "But since I've chose to be in business, my family's not going to support me. I had a trust fund which went into ZE at the beginning, all of it. And if it had been bigger, more of it would have gone in, and I'd have been less efficient. As soon as I had to make ends meet, I did. But it can be frightening. We had 200 dollars in the bank last week. But then all the advances on August's record came in."

Ze Records was started by Michael Zilkha, John Cale, his manager Jane Freidman, and Michel Esteban, the owner of a thriving T-shirt business in France. Zilkha was on a business training course with the publishers Conde Nast at the time.

"But I loved rock and roll, and I'd always been very good at spotting the hits before they hit. I saw Bruce Springsteen in 1972 with an acoustic guitar and thought he would do it. I was the first kid at Westminster with a Rod Stewart album! So I thought I might as well go into this."

Zilkha, however, soon fell out with Esteban (the E in ZE) and Cale over what they should be producing. He felt that instinct should over-ride commercial considerations.

"When I first arrived in New York I was sort of lonely," he recalls. "So I used to go down to CBGB's because it was full of misfits. I watched Television and Talking Heads take off, and eventually I saw The Contortions, and I was staggered by them. The music they were doing was like nothing I had ever heard in my life. It was so *raw!* It was right after *Saturday Night Fever* and I knew there had to be some sort of punk equivalent of dance music, and here it was!"

He persuaded James Chance to take a chance and invent a disco version of The Contortions for the fledgeling ZE.

"He came up with James White and his Blacks, which I thought was a bit of a cheap shot so I changed it to The Blacks."

At the same time he found a song called 'Disco Clone', which he went in to the studio to record with his girlfriend Cristina and classical actor Kevin Kline. 'Disco Clone' was sold to Island Records. "The most expensive single Island ever made," according to Chris Blackwell.

It was while he was making 'Disco Clone' that Zilkha first met August Darnell.

"In February of '79 Cristina had this feeling that jungle music was going to be the next big thing, so I called up August and said I need a song called 'Jungle Love'.

IT WAS THE start of a fruitful but fraught and as yet frustrating partnership. No one else, says Zilkha, would have put a dozen musicians on salary to form a group playing weird salsa music . . . But Kid Creole and The Coconuts failed to explode, though they may, with luck, have lit the blue touchpaper. ZE, somehow, failed to collapse under the strain.

"I think of ZE now as an agglomeration of bass guitarists/producers," says Zilkha. "Namely: August, Bill Laswell from Material, and Don Fagenson from Was (Not Was). Laswell I leave pretty much to his own devices. The only stipulation I make is that the rhythm should go boom-chuck and there should be black vocalists on the record.

"I work closer with Fagenson than with anyone else. We spend about five hours a week on the phone. The problem with Was (Not Was) was that here were these kids who'd never been able to do what they wanted before and suddenly they could so they put the whole packet in at once!

"And August . . . his new solo record was made solely for me. He had no real desire to make it, although he did enjoy it once he started. But it was done because we needed to bring in some money. I don't think August had selling records in mind when he made 'Fresh Fruit', I think his main priority was to get on Broadway, which he's done. But his solo album was made purely to sell records. Each song stands on its own and makes sense. There a song called 'No Fish Today' that's wonderful, except once again I think it's a little bit too cute. If he'd just come out and dot his i's, instead of making images . . . but he wouldn't be August and I would never ask him to do that. 'Fresh Fruit' was really August pursuing his dream, and I'm a bit of a sucker for artists pursuing their dreams . . ."

NOT SO ZE PART ONE

ZE RECORDS is, like, Savoy, Blue Note, Minit, Motown, Atlantic, Stax and Island have all been at one time or another, a record label with an identifiable sound and a definite aesthetic: cool, sharp, weird, intelligent and funky.

Their biggest selling record to date in any one country has been, surprisingly, Alan Vega's solo album, which sold 40,000 copies in France. But every ZE record is assured of selling at least 50,000 copies worldwide, because it's a ZE record, and it bears, somewhere, the imprint of Michael Zilkha's taste.

"I'm not a great one for movements," he admits. "So long as there's one record I want to listen to a hundred times I think the state of music is fine . . . I like Visage and Spandau Ballet, but they don't glue me to the chair in the way that Was (Not Was) and Prince's 'Dirty Mind' do.

"When I heard Was (Not Was)'s 'Wheel Me Out' I was blown away because it was everything I'd wanted to do with James Chance! I realised that you have to approach it knowing music really well, which he doesn't! And I felt totally washed away, the way I feel when I hear 'Dear Mr Fantasy'. That's a key song for me. 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted' is another. 'I Want You' by The Troggs. 'Strawberry Fields Forever'. I think that's the best piece of pop music ever! And "Sunny Afternoon', 'Dead End Street', 'Death Of A Clown' . . . The whole of the 'Tonight's The Night' album . . . I saw Neil Young at the Rainbow with Nils Lofgren playing accordian and he did a version of 'Helpless' that was one of the most staggering things ever! The audience started booing in the middle. It kept seeming like it was going to break down and yet it somehow pulled through.

"But none of my records are that good yet. I'll probably make my favourite record of mine next year with Cristina. It'll have everything Was (Not Was) have and it'll have everything she has.

"She's in very heavy vocal training at the moment so she'll be able to sing by then too!"

Other than music, theatre, Hollywood, and making Cristina a star, Michael Zilkha has only one ambition.

"I'd like a book publishing company that didn't have to make ends meet. But then I'd try and make it *make* ends meet!"

Over the page meet COATIMUNDI, Ze's only hit act — and only just.

NOT SO EZE PART TWO

THE GEORGE RAFT OF THE LEISURE CLASS

ADRIAN THRILLS GIVES YOU ONE REASON WHY 'ZE SHOULD BE HUGELY SUCCESSFUL — COATI MUNDI, AKA ANDY HERMANDEZ, AKA THE JAMES DEAN OF THE MUSIC SCENE. PROFILES: JOE STEVENS

THE NEW YORK AT DAWN SHOW

THE MIDTOWN CLUB Interferon might not be Manhattan's most fashionable nightspot — less chic than the Mudd, less calisthenic than the new Bowling Club and certainly less spectacular than Studio 54 — but it remains one of the best. A place to spend Saturday night tumbling headlong into Sunday morning.

The club is built on three separate levels. I take the elevator to the top tier coffee lounge and spend the night working my way down through the middle floor discotheque to the bottom storey band room — the arena chosen by Andy Hernandez for the most ambitious solo show of his musical career.

Andy Hernandez is 'Sugar-Coated' Andy is the lapsed vibes player of Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band is August Darnell's wide-eyed sidekick is the orchestrator of Kid Creole And The Coconuts is Coatimundi the dapper rapper of 'Me No Pop I' is . . . *Sir Guestlist?*

Sir Guestlist is the diminutive Andy's latest guise and tonight he is opening the show — his debut stage appearance and the first time his mentor has attempted anything as adventurous.

Decked out in dark shades, black wig and a ridiculous tartan suit, this latest alter-ego looks like the perfect pantomime spiv. But he isn't entirely a figment of the vibrant Hernandez imagination: Sir Guestlist is the hapless soul on the other end of the line every time one of Manhattan's jaded clubland cookies phones in to leave his or her name "plus one" on the complimentary checklist.

New York City — far more than London or Manchester — is a place where no-one who is anyone actually pays to get into the clubs, a scenario ripe for the sort of satire presented by a sit-down comic like Sir Guestlist.

As a comedian, Andy Hernandez is not spectacularly funny. As a stage debutant, however, Sir Guestlist does his job with verve and aplomb. He gets the laughs and provides an admirably alternative preamble to what comes next — the 'rainbow' rap of Coatimundi.

After an interlude so brief it hardly gives him time to disgard his suit 'n' shades and set the backing tapes in motion, Andy is back on the same platform. Only this time he is Coatimundi and the stage, darkened during Sir Guestlist's warm-up spot, is suddenly ablaze in a maze of technicolor costume.

Coatimundi is the supreme showman. With a face like a football, eyes like darting tadpoles and a mouth like a mangled melon, he shuffles and showboats, steppin' to the music like Fred Astaire. You dig? You would if you could see him dance. What an entertainer!

With the animated assistance of his startling female back-up team — Coconut chanteuse Lori Eastside and Susie Sidewinder — Coati goofs and grins his way through his four songs with infectious enthusiasm.

He performs the single 'Que Pasa/Me No Pop I'. He plays 'I Am' and 'Musica Americana', his two credits on the 'Fresh Fruit album. And he previews the currently-unrecorded gem 'Oh That Love Decision', one of a cluster of new Hernandez songs set for inclusion on an eventual solo album.

"THE GROOOOVE EEEEZ SO MIGHTY REEEEAL!!" croons the self-proclaimed George Raft Of The Leisure Class and James Dean Of The Music Scene as he crouches on the lip of the stage.

And it is too. This is a music that springs from a crazy clashing of cultures. It is a rap-ho melting pot of rhythmic cross references and Anglo-Hispanic racial miscegenation. The point where salsa dissolves into swing and funk meets flamenco.

It is a groove that will defy anyone to ram it into a neat pigeon hole, although Coati himself does give it a tag: he calls it "Rainbowic Spanglish Music" — and *that* is about as close as anyone is going to get.

What really matters is that it is here and it moves. And moves fast.

Andy completes an astonishingly kinetic set and retires with his colourful cohorts to the upstairs coffee lounge. He flakes out a happy man.

THE TEARS OF A CLOWN

SINCE FIRE reduced his own apartment to a charred shell in the summer, Andy has been one of Manhattan's nomads, migrating between a friend's flat on the Lower East Side and his sister's home in East Harlem. Both neighbourhoods are predominantly Hispanic and certainly not opulent by New York standards, although Hernandez still has a great affection for them.

"I always stay in touch with East Harlem," he smiles as we stroll in search of a deli and some refreshment. "I'll always stay in touch with *the streets*. That's where my songs come from. And the people dig that too. Take 'Que Pasa' — there are a lot of people in Spanish Harlem who really dig that song."

From an afternoon spent with Hernandez in Harlem, I can vouch for that — barely a block goes by without someone coming up to compliment the chap who rapped 'Me No Pop I'.

When we finally find ourselves a shaded sidewalk table, Andy orders some lemon tea. I settle for coffee and click on the cassette recorder. The tape that I later transcribe is strewn with all the sounds of the New York street bustle: the scream of the Paramedic vans, the screech of the yellow Checkers and shrieks of the homeward-bound schoolchildren. Where's *your* table manners?

Andy has just returned to Manhattan following an autumn sojourn in Latin America. He had been promoting 'Que Pasa' on television in Venezuela and Brazil as well as playing select dates with a small backing band. The trip was an unqualified success. By the time he left the continent, the single was top of the Venezuelan chart and was selling well in Brazil.

So was he disappointed at its failure to hit harder and higher in the British chart last summer?

"Not really. It went top forty and as far as I'm concerned that qualifies it as *a hit*. So it made a noise, I'm satisfied for what I have rather than for what I don't have. That was my first record and for a first record I think it did alright. Sure it was frustrating, 'cause it could have done a lot better with better promotion, but it did alright. I don't get so worked up about it that I start hating people."

'Que Pasa' is not a new song, but an amalgam of five old tunes selected and combined by Coati after August Darnell suggested he write something that mixed English and Spanish lyrics.

"The thing was that I could never write songs until I fell in love. Then I fell in love with this girl that I'm no longer in love with and that experience gave me the inspiration to write songs. So I wrote all these lyrics downing her and downing love. It took a broken heart to give me the inspiration to write!"

But the mood of 'Que Pasa' is far from melancholic, Coati's wounded pride manifesting itself in a barrage of bitter wit, a rama-lama-rap to do her mental harm:

"When I came from the VD clinic/I thought our love was finished/How could you be so crude/Making love to so many dudes?"

Aha! So what it *really* took to inspire your songwriting talents was a dose?

"No, not so much that! I didn't get VD, although a friend of mine once died because he never bothered to go to the clinic! The song just disguises my heartbreak by trying to sound happy. There's a certain schizophrenia in that song. It feels happy, but there's a certain sickness in there too 'cause I'm downing things all the way, downing love and asserting myself — just because this girl broke my heart doesn't mean that *I'm not a man!*"

Whatever Coati's motives for writing it, 'Que Pasa/Me No Pop I' stands as one of *the* singles of 1981, a torch to shine alongside 'Ghost Town', 'Chant', 'Tainted Love' and 'Wheels Of Steel'. It has already been voted the best single of the first six months of the year by the *NME* collective in a mid-term straw poll.

Considering that it was released at the end of January, its magnificent melange of Latin rhythm and funk fury did seem to set a certain tone for some of the year's more interesting musical fusions — check anyone from London's Blue Rondo and Ariva to The Bronx's Mean Machine whose Sugarhill single 'Disco Dream' is a salvo of Spanish rap almost as potent as 'Que Pasa'.

"A lot of people don't take my songs seriously," reflects Coati. "But there is a certain seriousness in there too. And a certain sensitivity. I can be a very emotional individual and that should come through in my music."

HARD TIME (THE WORKING CLASS HERO)

THERE IS A STORY which claims that Andy Hernandez was born on board the ocean liner SS United States during a journey from the tiny Caribbean isle of Puerto Rica to New York. In fact he was born one of five children into a Puerto Rican family in East Harlem 31 years ago. His mother was white, his father black, he a mulatto.

"Sometimes I get bored with telling everybody the truth," he grins mischievously. "So I say I was born on that ship. It's a matter of emotion and heart. My father worked on that ship as a merchant marine for years, travelling all over the world. That image has always seemed really romantic to me, so rather than say I was born in some Manhattan hospital, I say I was born on that boat."

As a youngster at Rice High Catholic School, Hernandez remembers being captivated by the fire and flash of '50s rock 'n' roll and later by the sound of the vibes players in local Latin bands. His two main preoccupations, however, were performing on the sports field and acting the funny man.

"During High School, I was always regarded as the class clown, making jokes, goofing around and entertaining people. My ego felt a need for attention 'cause I was one of the smallest kids in the school and that was one

Continues page 59

DAVID BYRNE

NEW ALBUM

SONGS FROM

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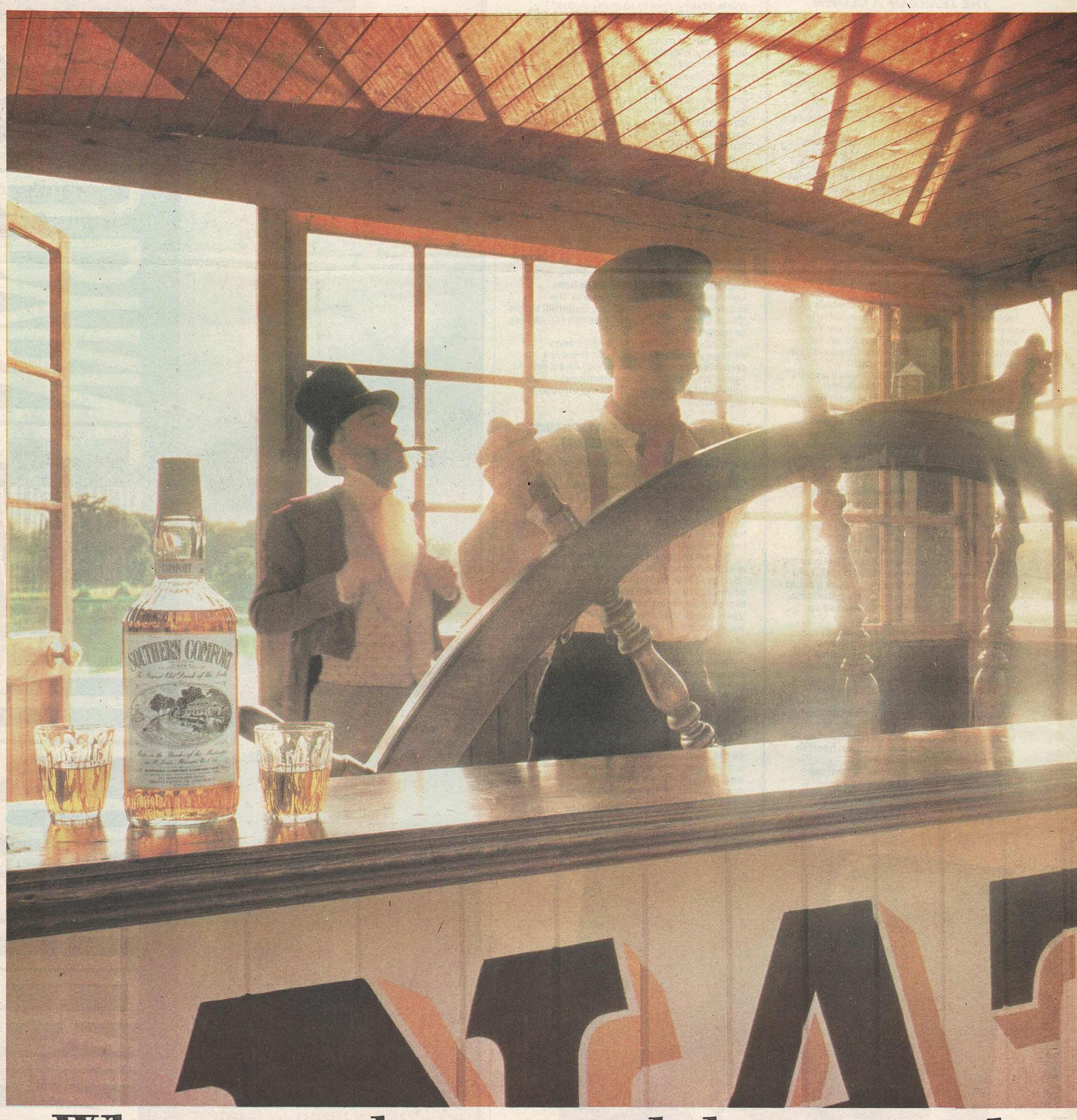

When steamboats raced, they stopped on Coal, wood and Southern Comfort.

If there was one event that could capture the imagination of the whole of the Mississippi it was a race between two great riverboats.

In 1870 such a race was organised between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez.

It was to start at New Orleans and finish over 1,200 miles upstream at St. Louis.

As the day of the race approached, each steamer would be stripped of all excessive and unnecessary weight.

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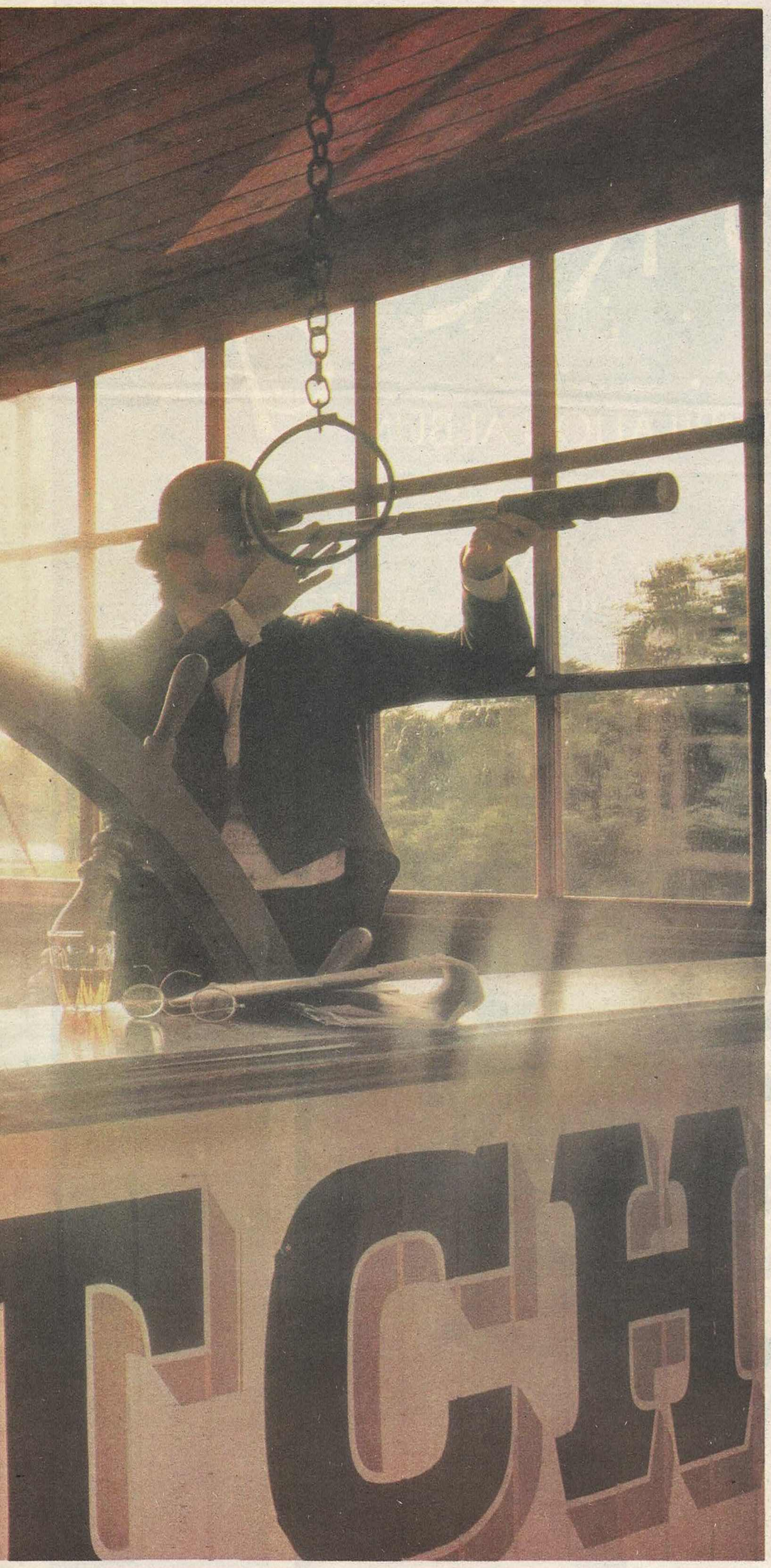

ly to take on vital fuel.

refreshment. Just enough to ensure as few stops as possible during the race.

The refreshment could well have been a bottle of Southern Comfort.

Because it was for just such an occasion as this that a citizen of New Orleans had invented Southern Comfort.

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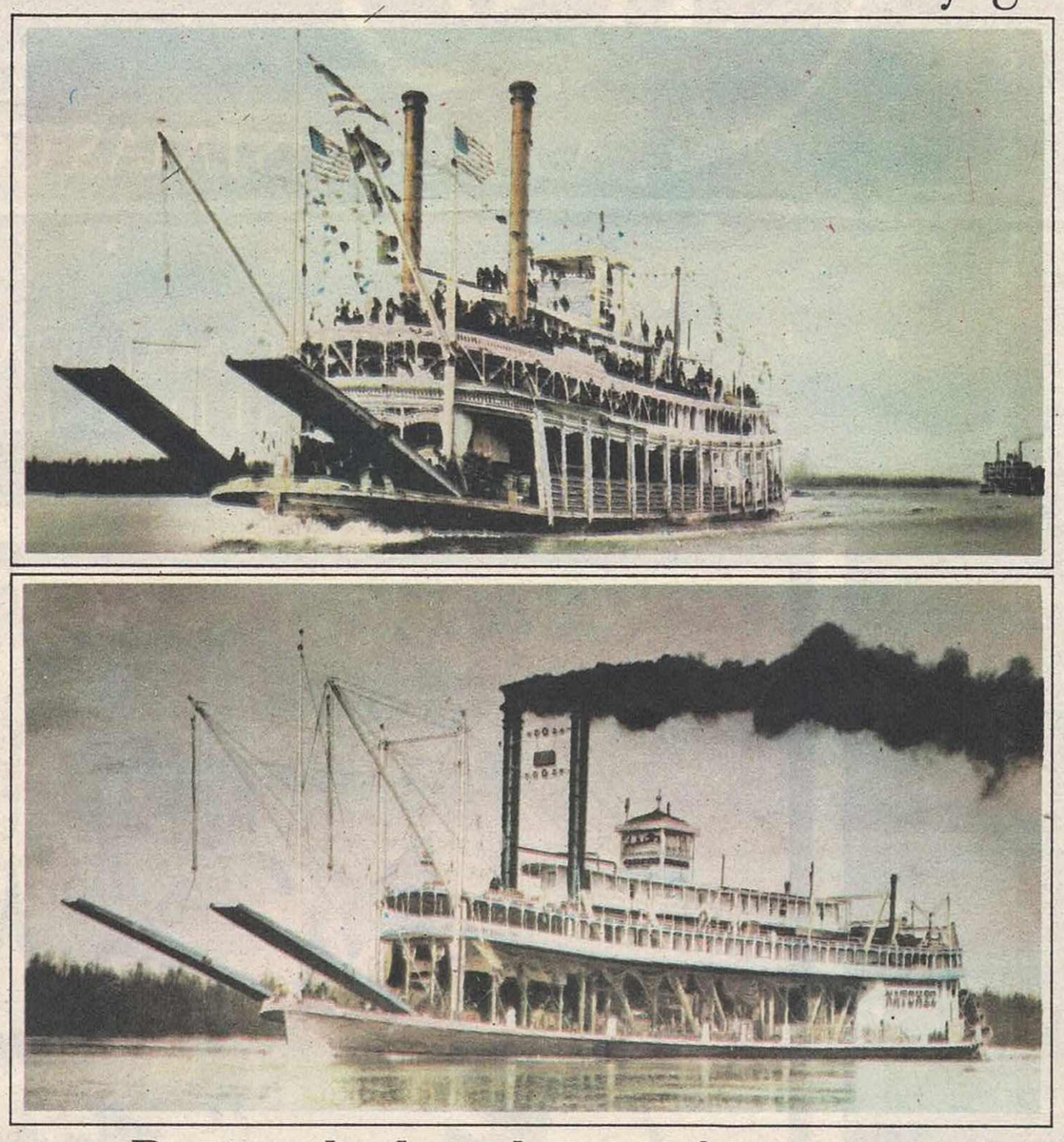

During the long hours of concentration, a careful pilot could gain a valuable lead over his competitor.

And even if it was only a matter of a few dozen yards it was reason enough to be refreshed by a glass of Southern Comfort blended with ice and soda.

On the 4th July, the Robert E. Lee arrived at St.Louis in a record-breaking 3 days 18 hours and 14 minutes. The Natchez arrived 6 hours and 36 minutes later.

Could the Natchez have run out of bottles of that invaluable golden liquid?

Or could they possibly have taken on board one too many?

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ILLUSTRATION: IAN WRIGHT

DAVID BYRNE
Songs from the Broadway production of "The Catherine Wheel" (Sire)

DAVID BYRNE, "commissioned" to write music for Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation's "Catherine Wheel" seemed simultaneously the ultimate highbrow accolade and ultimate certification of him as a spent musical force. This kind of patronage by the "serious" artistic community confirmed lurking suspicions about his real musical designs.

Nothing wrong with writing for dance, no need to get paranoid, but Byrne's drift of late seemed bound to wind up in such a cosily cultural band. His songs, words, and voice have inevitably become assimilable, identifiable and predictable, and when they are seen as fitting accompaniment to expensive, minority, highbrow art, maybe there is a danger of homogenisation.

From all accounts, "The Catherine Wheel" was a highly imaginative production. As a kind of balletic soap opera — cast was family, maid, pet, poet, leader, and chorus — it was obviously tailor-made for Byrne's neurotic patchwork observations of domestic rigmarole — painfully diffident observation elevated by Talking Heads music as the subject of Tharp's ballet was elevated by her choreography.

As an album, however, Byrne's music unhappily reflects its incorporation into higher culture. The two polarities of Byrne's output — experimental non-vocal music and Talking Heads "Songs" — are taken to extreme but seem to have no meeting ground. Both are undone by having been encouraged, "Commissioned" to exemplify themselves.

Thus, compared to "Bush of Ghosts", the experimental stuff is a sham, while the songs are uniformly hollow reformulations of the classic Talking Heads blueprint. The instrumental tracks, which feature the likes of Brian Eno and Jerry Harrison (on vibes Profit Scream, and Large Drum), would require some idea of their choreographic use if they were to sound like anything more than outtakes for a mid-European road movie.

On 'Two Soldiers', for example, Adrian Belew brews in the background while synthesisers whirl like clouds over quirky coiling bass — nothing very startling.

"Cloud Chamber" really takes the biscuit, though: "David Byrne: Kitchen Metals; Jerry Harrison: Large Drum; Twyla Tharp: Water Pot."

As for the big songs the best, "His Wife Refused" is virtually a direct continuation of "Once in a Lifetime" while compared to some of the glories on "More Songs", and "Fear Of Music", "Big Business" and "What a Day that Was" are cynical crystalisations of Byrne's entire intellectual position. The more sophisticated and academic his musical ideas become, the feebler his lyrics seem to get. "What a Day that Was" is especially full of the catchphrases which always seem to say the same thing.

Lines such as *"I'm dreaming of a city/It was my own invention/ And I put the wheels in motion/ A time for big decisions"*, verge on self-parody.

I find Byrne's voice now inescapably grating and wonder whether his musical career shouldn't henceforth be confined to such respectable ventures. 'Songs from the Catherine Wheel', although featuring some highly competent musicians — Yogi Horton's drumming is outstanding — suggests that David Byrne's particular strength is fading out of his own reach.

Barney Hoskyns

Dury

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS
Jukebox Dury (Stiff)
CHAS JANKEL
Chasanova (A & M)

AT LAST, an Ian Dury compilation. It must've been designed for people like me, who although liking Dury's stuff, and going to a few of his shows, never actually bought any of the records. It didn't go with the image y'see, people might not've thought it dread!

I don't need props now, so I can be proud to own this set. 'Sex'n' Drugs', 'Inbetweenies' and 'Glimpses' are here, so too is 'Wake Up' and 'Reasons To Be Cheerful'. It's only a single though, which is bound to start a lot of people whining about why isn't this or that on it. But doing it this way has the advantage of displaying the very best of each of Dury's different styles without overplaying one or having to resort to filler. Also, it won't cost you more than £3.99.

This ruthlessly selective collection makes for one very attractive proposition, and will perhaps be able to convince a few people that Ian Dury And The Blockheads are about the most competent, confident and consistent outfit these shores have spawned in the last ten years, rather than just a collection of rock'n'roll lunatics who hit lucky from time to time.

Chas Jankel's solo album is a different matter. Even though it is one of the best I have heard for ages, ultimately it flounders. Although it is Jankel's solo project, it is perfectly kosher to weigh it up alongside The Blockheads, as most of them are involved, and he does write most of their music.

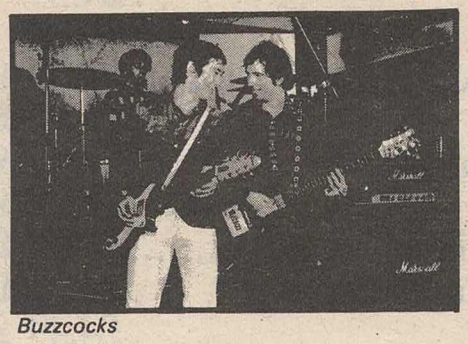
Dury penned the lyrics on this set, too, and that's its stumbling block, for Dury's words are written with Dury in mind, and so lose a lot when delivered by anyone else. Jankel just isn't special enough to keep them alive, and seems to have played the vocals down on the final mix, which makes them sound even weaker.

Shame, as musically this is The Blockheads' strongest offering. Given the chance to indulge himself, Jankel concentrates on only one aspect of Blockheadity — the funk (clearly his first love). He is one of the few Englishmen to understand, and be able to utilize, the throwaway intricacy of his US counterparts, as he builds each track on various planes. His combination of unusual effects and instrumentation on skintight rhythms is masterful; meticulously planned, but still sounding like a careless studio jam.

More lead instruments instead of vocals would have saved it; only instrumental cut, '3,000,000 Synths', will testify to that, and Jankel would've got the acclaim he seeks/deserves. Please try again though, as a kick in the pants from the 'World of Rock' would surely shake up some of Britain's self-styled soulheads.

Lloyd Bradley

Siouxsie



Buzzcocks

Everybody's happy nowadays (compilation)

BUZZCOCKS
Singles Going Steady (Liberty)

PETER SHELLEY is pleased with this record, as well he might be. This is the best Buzzcocks long-player to be realised, enshrining eight singles and their B-sides in a compilation which at a stroke helps to forgive the querulous inconsistency of their other albums and clarifies the enormous debt which post-Buzzcocks pop owes to this frail practitioner.

'Homo Sapien' sounds like assurance of Shelley's survial; it would indeed be a tragedy if he were allowed to fade into the distance. The familiarity of the Buzzcocks sound — that 'buzzsaw' guitar, the primary colour of punk which they alone always made into a lustrous finish instead of a sludge, the perennially unsettling rhythms of John Maher, the uncertainty of Shelley's vocals — grew irritating as it was closed by their imitators. The insincere flattery seemed to make their spirits sag, and an art founded on the indecisiveness of love caved into its foregone conclusion on 'A Different Kind Of Tension'.

'Spiral Scratch' and 'Orgasm Addict' were awesome enough in their time although their vision was diffused by Devoto's love of viscous thinking; but it was 'What Do I Get?' that altered everything. 'What Do I Get?' is the first modern pop record. The burgeoning new thinking had already thrown up its nihilists, revolutionaries and guttersnipe heroes; when Shelley unleashed his first and purest projectile in January 1978 the reconciliation between the dictates of formalist pop and the iconoclastic striding forth, between feeling vulnerable and feeling the need to tell it in raw sound, was mastered in one record. *"I just want a lover like any other, what do I get? . . . I don't get you."* In concern and execution, 'What Do I Get?' is the forerunner of all today's significant romantic pop.

It was Shelley's achievement. As time passed and we became used to the breathless examination of his perplexing encounters with the real world (crystallised here in 'Something Goes Wrong Again') and the trembling reaching after love's dream it began to be obvious that the Buzzcocks were a limited vehicle for Shelley's way. Not because it was so widescreen that it demanded some grandiose design to bring it off; it was its very fragility — like Shelley's own slight appearance, a breath of wind might have blown it away — that doomed it to eventually be cut to pieces on the razor rocks of Buzzcocks music.

If Devoto was the wrong companion for Shelley's stardust thinking, then Steve Diggle was even less appropriate. 'Going Steady' contains his one moment of greatness, the fabulous chromatic statement of intent of 'Autonomy', as well as the attempt in 'Harmony In My Head' to induce a changing of perspectives. Diggle always seemed in Shelley's shadow, a hard man improbably overtaken by a gentle one; it was a curious match.

Shelley never again quite captured the perfection of 'What Do I Get?' but in 'I Don't Mind'. 'Ever Fallen In Love?', 'Promises' and 'Lipstick' he came very close. Employing the most traditional of beat group formations and turning their attentions to the most elemental considerations,

● CONTINUES OVER

● FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Shelley and the Buzzcocks created pop of such intense truthfulness it literally hurt. 'Singles Going Steady' chronicles that course. It should be lauded accordingly.

Richard Cook

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Once Upon a Time / The Singles
(Polydor)

I'M TEMPTED towards sarcasm on sight of this record. For artisans so dedicated to bypassing the procedures inherent in, in the words of Mr Morley's brief sleevenote, *"the quaking rocks of a fragmenting pop culture"*, the gesture of a hits package shaped up for the Christmas market seeps with nefariously disguised (calling it 'The Singles', a designation as some religious adjunct to the Banshees album collection; and plastering the back cover with childishly sinister dolls' faces, the by now obligatory nod to their obsession with menace in the nursery) commercial intent. Let me not be Scrooge this week, though.

'Once Upon A Time' has to stand on its contents: from 'Hong Kong Garden' to 'Arabian Knights', nine A sides (including the faked notoriety of 'Love In A Void,' which now sounds like a Cramps-type thrash) plus 'Mirage' from 'The Scream'. The tune is a bitter one, unsweetened by a charming melody or blandishments of forgiveness. Sioux and her troupers have never been ones to make it easy for their public. Or have they?

I listen and listen and I hear the sound of pretence. Pretending is a primary element in pop's illusory game — how else can feelings be interchanged so readily? — and the Banshees have never turned it away. All of these songs play tag with Nightmare, alienation, the cruel and the unnatural; they never embrace them. This is the stuff of which pop hits are made, not the awful scouring of the soul.

Perhaps that particular joke is on us, though laughs are not to be found in abundance here. The oppressive seriousness is one thing that weakens this collection — a po-faced delineation of strangeness which almost creaks on 'Mirage' and 'The Staircase (Mystery)'. The sheer greyness of the playing is another. Again, the early Banshees seemed to be only toying with some transfixed madness which they found impossible to articulate — this wasn't thrillingly enigmatic, only indigestibly obtuse.

All that changed, of course, with the exit of McKay and Morris. Any of the tracks on side two, starting with the intriguingly open - ended 'Happy House', beat the first side's maundering guitar - churn hollow (with the honourable exception of 'Hong Kong Garden', a two-chord enchantment that fluked by on self - determination — the Banshees' debut was going to be so brilliant that it very nearly was). 'Christine' and 'Israel' showed how much they'd learned about space. Everything sounds glassily clear; instead of the miserable opacity of the Mark I Banshees, every strand is definable. In 'Spellbound', with its pelting cascade of acoustic chords, they found a song of almost glamorous quality. 'Arabian Knights' is not quite so good, but it is scenting after something greater — an aspiration I could never hear before.

After all, they now have a musician of some excellence in their fold. Few could match the insistent intelligence and diversity which John McGeoch brings to these few tracks. Even the singer, still tied up in her role of Snow Queen in a netherworld of suppressed emotions, has progressed to expand on an idea of singing which once choked on its own privacy.

The Banshees' history to date, a significance over - emphasised. It does show a growth from a calumny of wilful unattractiveness to an almost wistful foreboding. Whether you see it as a palliative in any way might depend on how much faith you place in prestidigitation. Let's pretend. **Richard Cook**

Material. Pic: David Corio.

Dream drive into the nightmare

ALAN VEGA
Collision Drive (Celluloid)

AS THE MERCURIAL 'Jukebox Babe' starts to make its steady impact as a 12-inch, here is an even grittier reinterpretation of The Great American Rock'n'Roll Dream, featuring this time not the mysterious Phil Hawk but a full garage-style rockabilly band, replete with drums and bass guitar.

Vega wastes less time getting to the heart of rock'n'roll than practically anyone still producing the stuff. Dragging it out of truckstops, barn dances, and abandoned waysides of the great lost rural America, he reprocesses it as a synthetic-nostalgia 80's urban curio, but thereby only adds to its resonance and mystery.

He is one of the great rock'n'roll singers, his voice a theatrical but melancholy combination of Vincent, Cochran, and a whole emporium of unknown rockabilly legends. He is also a mesmerising producer, and in the spartan semi-echo of 'Collision Drive' — hear the amazing 'Rebel' — he gives us a kind of minimalist Sam Phillips Cramps. Which *can't* be bad.

Most hypnotic is the magnificent new version of 'Ghost Rider', whose splendour and serene distance could drive one over horizons for the rest of eternity, but there's also a highly original 'Be-Bop-A-Lula', the only significant version I've heard of this song in ages, and a great folk-hero anthem in 'Outlaw'.

For those of you who recall the heartbreaking diamonds of 'Cheree' and 'Sweetheart', side one's closer, 'I Believe', is one of the simplest, most startling ballads Vega's ever written, giving his voice room to go to agonising lengths it's never known before. After the pure electric concentrate of 'Magdelena' (versions '82' and '83'), the 'Frankie Teardrop'-style magnum opus is saved for the closing 'Viet Vet', a gaunt, mammoth voyage through scattered myths and damaged brains, and Vega's most extraordinary nightmare vision yet. 'Viet Vet' is as harsh and disturbing as 'Harlem' on the second Suicide album, and it's twice as long: a kind of funeral march of forgotten souls risen from the blood and ashes of an imperialist holocaust. Forget 'Apocalypse Now', put yourself through 'Viet Vet' and learn the truth.

Like, say, Warhol, Vega gets to the essential substance of his subject by using its distortions. There's no pretence to transcendental morality, more just a writhing and twisting on the surface of madness. Sitting like a possessed child inside the playpen of horror, Vega matches up the bizarre, phantasmal building blocks of pop mythology.

Inevitably, the seemingly endless picaresque odyssey of the ghost rider collides with some more tangible disturbance, and in 'Viet Viet', Vega has journeyed further into the night than ever before.

Barney Hoskyns

Funky

MATERIAL
Memory Serves (Celluloid)

AS YOU must already know if you're familiar with 'Discourse/Slow Murder' and the 'Temporary Music' EP's, or if you caught them at The Venue or Heaven, the free-floating collective which works around the name Material is a rather different enterprise in its essence from the mega-disco powerhouse behind the superb 'Bustin' Out'. In fact, a very much

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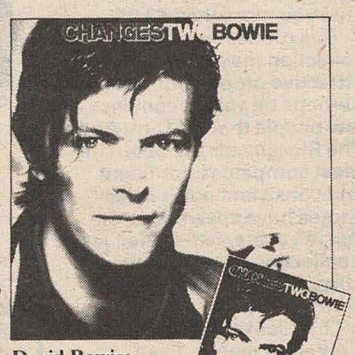

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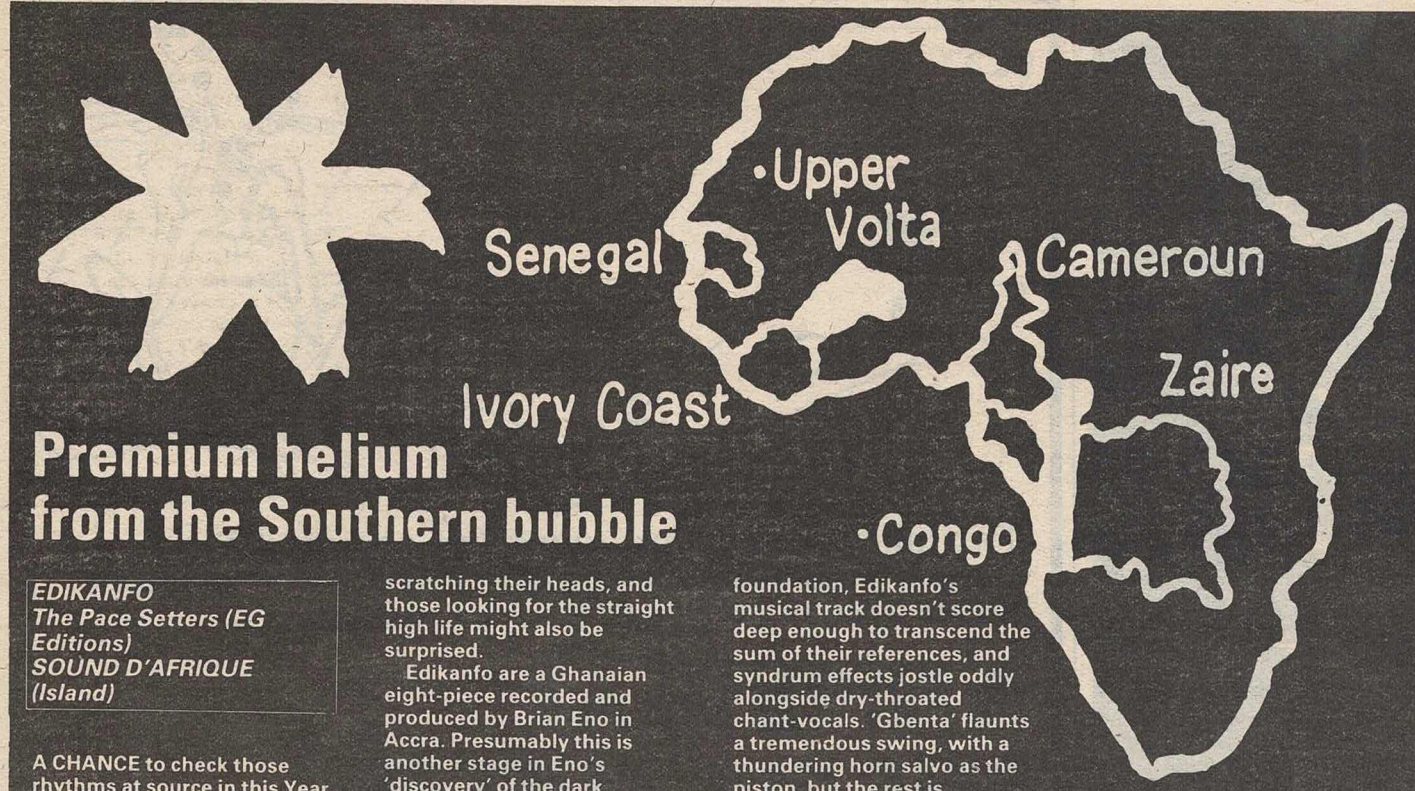


Premium helium from the Southern bubble

EDIKANFO
The Pace Setters (EG Editions)
SOUND D'AFRIQUE
(Island)

A CHANCE to check those rhythms at source in this Year Of The Drum, 'The Pace Setters' and 'Sound D'Afrique' both bubble with a rough enthusiasm tempered by trebly production concerns. Africa stand alone? There's enough influences here to have pigeonholers scratching their heads, and those looking for the straight high life might also be surprised.

Edikanfo are a Ghanaian eight-piece recorded and produced by Brian Eno in Accra. Presumably this is another stage in Eno's 'discovery' of the dark continent, though African music probably needs him as much as the south needed Cecil Rhodes. It's not very clear why he wants to showcase this group; adept at hustling rather weary horn riffs over a jiggling rhythmic foundation, Edikanfo's musical track doesn't score deep enough to transcend the sum of their references, and syndrum effects jostle oddly alongside dry-throated chant-vocals. 'Gbenta' flaunts a tremendous swing, with a thundering horn salvo as the piston, but the rest is pleasantly ordinary. Still, they probably sound like worldbeaters in a steaming high life dancehall.

'Sound D'Afrique', six tracks from as far north as Upper Volta and as far south as Congo, is far more interesting. Both more sophisticated — most of the tunes are centred around guitar lines of sometimes bedazzling virtuosity — and more honestly pleasurable in the way the vocals take a joy in slinking around a pretty melody or the most simple of harmonies, the groups involved all delight in taking their time (about six and a half minutes, on average) to show what they've picked up: the infiltration of shavings of disco or Cuban rhythms or soul bro' vocals sometimes peeps out, a vaguely incongruous case of cultural *deja vu*. This is where it all came from in the first place.

The only track to deviate from the helium lilt and crisply-strung, twinkling guitars is my favourite, Etoile De Dakar's 'Jalo' from Senegal. A tougher, almost bluesy vocal is set within a captivating waltz-time theme; and a saxophone appears half-way through as if someone just found it and decided to have a blow.

The differences between these regional groups glimmer through after a number of plays — just as the varying flavours of, say, Texas, Mississippi and Alabama country blues show up with familiarity — yet the hypnosis in the rhythm eventually seems to melt the music all into a piece. Imbibe it at your leisure or on your feet, and find out how those skins should be played.

Richard Cook

stops, sho'nuff

more "serious" musical concern altogether.

So "serious" are Material that last week they succeeded in disappointing just about everyone in London who saw them. Perhaps too many imagined they would be seeing Nona Hendryx on stage, but there's no doubt that as a serious, avant-garde jazz-funk outfit Material don't exactly stun their chosen genre into renewed life.

'Memory Serves' will therefore prove as big a disappointment as their live show. The opening title track is tough, and marginally enlivened by one of Michael Beinhorn's periodic and sketchy vocal additions, but from then on in it's a loose, frantic, but above all uninteresting stream of funk-consciousness, veering from tumbling highbrow jazz ('Disappearing') to more relaxed funk blues ('Upriver') and back again. 'Upriver' is a typically eclectic fusion of bluegrass fiddle (Billy Bang) matched against a suitably grinding beat and various swarming, crosscutting horns.

What gives Material the extra density in the middle register is Michael Beinhorn's synthesizers. as you will of course recollect from 'Bustin' Out'. Though these will occasionally — for example on 'Metal Test' — rise over the rhythm and freeze into virtual silence the warmer effusions of Sonny Sharrock (guitar), Henry Threadgill (alto), Olu Dara (trumpet), and George Lewis (trombone), their role is more that of a central textural blanket than an aggressive solo instrument. But this crucial weight in the centre cannot alter the simple ordinariness of the more flexible instrumentation.

Side Two's opener, the literal antithesis of 'Bustin' Out', a condescending critique of dance itself sung in flat, enotionless voice. And as alternatives to conformist rhythm, numbers such as 'Unauthorised' and 'Disappearing' frankly don't stand the test of the group's supercilious position, though 'Square Dance' is a slightly starker challenge. Here the guitarist is Fred Frith, who punctuates the rhythm section of Bill Laswell (bass) and Fred Maher (drums) with chalky splinters of sound that do shake things up a little.

'Memory Serves' has its fair quota of funky stops, starts, and shocks, but really Material aren't breaking any new ground here. All they're doing is adding a somewhat self-conscious (in the light of current trends) funk beat to the free jazz-rock forms which have been heard on the NY jazz scene for many years. And that's really no guarantee of excitement.

Barney Hoskyns

RAY CAMPI
The Rollin' Rock Singles Collection
(Rondelet/Rollin' Rock)
RAY CAMPI
Rockabilly Man
(Rondelet/Rollin' Rock)

TWO HELPINGS of slap-bass, bop and boogie from veteran Campi and mentor Ronny Weiser, would-be rockingest Roman of 'em all.

The singles span 1971-78 and emanated from Ronny's front room Dokorder sessions, with the result that recording techniques often fall a well-down-the-track second to enthusiasm. But the music is finger-clicking enough, as the Texan picks his way through an eight-to-a-bar dobro instrumental (who said that rockabilly holds no surprises?) and huffs and hiccups industriously through backward-glance originals and greased-up oldies like 'My Baby's Left Me' and Merle Kilgore's neglected 'Wild One'.

'Rockabilly Man' features Weiser's more recent efforts to become Hollywood 81's answer to Sam Phillips — which means that he's now got an eight-track and shifted his sessions to the garage. Campi, inspired perhaps by such afforded luxury, rings the changes with even more aplomb, whistling a solo on Fat's Domino's 'Don't Come Knockin',' turning plain country on 'Don't Let The Bad Times Get You Down' and the Tennessee-Three-sih 'Little Love Lies', and calling the assistance of sax-appeal on 'Hollywood Cats' and 'Soul Sister'. No rockabilly by remembered numbers here — all is authentic and unblemished by the passing of the years. Campi was good, is good. And if you imagine I'm going to knock anyone who renders Cactus Pryor's 'Can't Yodel Blues', then you want your headlights testing!

Fred Dellar

What a load of frolics...

JON ANDERSON-ROWAN ATKINSON
ELVIS COSTELLO-20TH CENTURY COYOTE
IAN DURY-CHAS & DAVE-NEIL INNES
GRIFF RHYS JONES-CHRIS LANGHAM
ALAN PRICE-NICO RAMSDEN-MEL SMITH
PAMELA STEPHENSON-THE SFX BAND

Present FUNDAMENTAL FROLICS
Introduced by Alexei Sayle

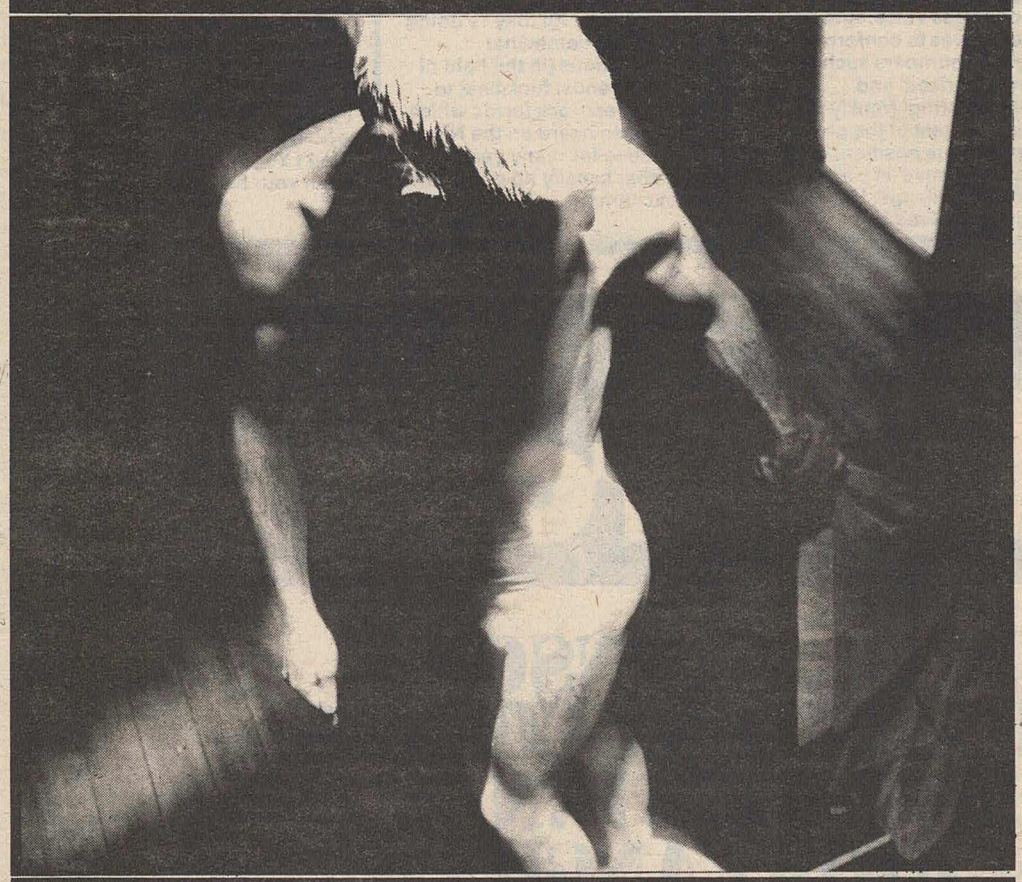
On record and cassette

Album: REB 435 BBC records & tapes Cassette: ZCF 435

AND COMING SOON ON BBC VIDEO...
The official videocassette of 'Fundamental Frolics' Cat. No. BBCV 7000

Recorded at the Apollo Theatre, London, on 1st June 1981.
IN AID OF MENCAP — THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

AFRAID OF MICE



NEW ALBUM
'AFRAID OF MICE'
INCLUDES CURRENT SINGLE
'POPSTAR'
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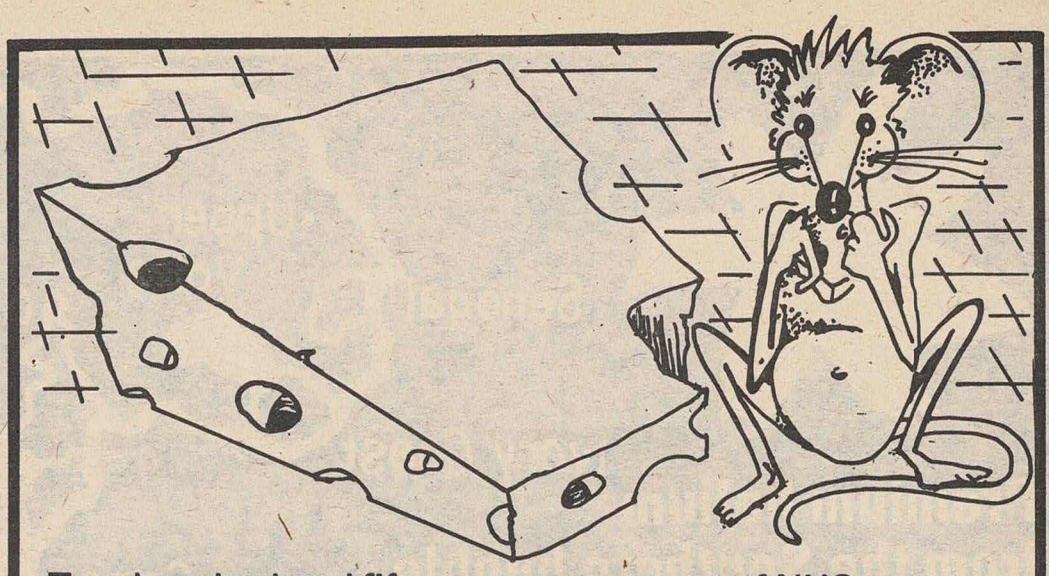
FLEXI DISC AND POSTER
IN ALL GOOD
RECORD SHOPS

CHARISMA



Two hundred and fifty groups, two sets of NHS standard replacement ears, and five Dansette diamond heads later, the Ghost Of Punk brings you . . .

A NIBBLE AT THE BIG CHEESE

A FANFARE PLEASE for the still-flourishing hordes of indie-land hopefuls, that determined and occasionally inspired battery of ever-readies hoping to spark off some kind of national recognition for themselves and their output.

Some, will enthral, most will stumble, stall or just fall by the roadside already littered with rusting projects and the rotting hulks of discarded ambitions.

Check the seat-belts, ignition ON and a green light immediately for ENDAF EMLYN, a gaelic gangster whose 'Dawnsionara' (Recession Records) is a tour-de-force of funk, sweet and low, cool as a hydrant flush in New York summer or hot as Central park do-nuts. Nary a word is in English but that doesn't block the rock. Caernarfon is BURNING!

By-passing on the hard shoulder CITIZENS BANNED's 'Wall To Wall' (Chesnut Records) — music for silly truckers — may I draw your attention to some dodgy bodywork? 'The Body Album', well-oiled and gleaming, is on closer inspection a passport to pointlessness, a polished excursion to early 70s virtu-oh-so-pompous rock.

Mr Ron Warren Ganderton is the driving force behind SOUND CEREMONY's 'Precious As England' with its tongue-in-cheek dedication to the Royal Wedding. Not the gross national product you may have banked on — Ron threads up like a would-be punk but sings like Van Morrison. Obviously satirical sleeves aren't really tailor-made for him and Celestial Sound Production Records should transport him up-market immediately — he's packaged for the wrong punters.

Don't invite STRESS to your party — their single 'Playing Games' (Hologram Records) is in admit-one ticket to the corner of the room where the drinks go flat and the ebb and flow of clown time is viewed from afar. Stress will always be left with the washing-up. Let's meet some of the other dancing debs instead shall we? SILENT GUESTS have just "come out" — with 'In My Secret Garden' (T. W. Records) and in that undisclosed location they've obviously spent a lot of their time Byrd-watching. Eight miles high is a long drop.

ADICTS have toured extensively with UK Subs — a fate they richly deserve to endure for all eternity if they insist on assailing the ears of '81 with the sounds of '77. On 'Songs Of Praise' (Dwed Wecords) no real insight or solution is allowed elbow-room in the aggressive argy-bargy or Neanderthal nagging and slagging. No praise for these pushers of dreary drones — I don't wanna be hooked!

POPULAR MECHANIX are purveying a suspect product too. 'Western World' (Dollartone Records), an interesting and far from mechanical performance, is marred by a production so flat you could wipe your wing-mirrors on it. The instruments seemed to be huddling together for solidarity. Specialist ideas deserve specialist engineers.

THE DEEP FREEZE MICE offer the quaint 'Teenage Head In My Refrigerator' (Mole Embalming Records). Wild and wacky walkabouts in the world of geraniums and digestive biscuits won't thaw this slip-stream frozen face into appreciative smiles. I'll leave them alone with YELLOW DOG and their 'Strangers In Paradox' (Escape/Spartan). The YDs flirt wearily with electronic quirkiness but keep it all slick and frictionless. Jerky rhythm played smoothly — no paradox, just peroxide — their dark roots have been bleached out of reach.

We have a musical message from the USA — the various bands on 'Southern New England's Best Rock From JB 105' (Starsream Records) offer only soporific boogie music — travel long distances in a daze (preferably away from Southern New England). The only signpost out of mediocrity city is the ZAITCHIK BROTHERS slanderous ode 'South Boston' — *"They say that they will slit your throat/Just to get your overcoat/In South Boston."* Maybe so boys, maybe so. Hurry on home now, you hear?

MOON TUNES ONES (Shark Promotion Records) is a different fish, a compilation 12" single from the Home Counties with shimmering ultramarine seabed/sandbar romance and dance floor drifting from the likes of BIM, REFRESHERS and TRANZISTA. Something stirs in the real South — just watch the big guns fish for these ones (grown!) They must have already passed through 'East Of Croydon' (Nothing Shaking Records) leaving the local wildlife a shell-shocked shambles. Only CALLING HEARTS shake a limb or two on 'In The Jungle', *"It's true blue in the jungle/Oh me oh my/The dead here in the jungle are zombified/Marching round and round."* The usually exuberant NORMIL HAWAIIANS sound almost sulky on 'Dark World' while JANET ARMSTRONG and LOCAL HEROES SW9 have to battle through the undergrowth. There are few creative creatures here.

That radio is humming! In and out of tune — 'In And Out Of Town' (Out Of Town Records) — the station is Stockport and there's non-static reception. CINEMA ELUMINARE, OBJET D'ART and MARQUIS DE SADE and all turn in similar sprangled steps for the modern romantic measure and where the Objets look like Norman Normals, the Marquis boys are velvet clowns in search of a circus — pierrots pirouette in and out of fashion. Cinema Eluminare elect to remain out of the glare — perhaps they appreciate the dividends of mystery. Gold stars too for STRESS ('The Real') and REVUE ('Jody'). The aptly-named AIRPLAY turn in a Radio Two turn of quite chilling professionalism on 'The Last Time'. Sure you haven't switched stations one me?

'A Warped Sense Of Human' (Peartree Records) is largely financed by Police chief Copeland. His money could have been better employed. Seven good intentions and a bunch of rotting fruit. 'So You Think We're All Farmers' (SMT) at first seems much healthier — fairly straight-furrowed rock from the Anglian region but a little judicious pruning reveals only four tracks of real merit — BUCKSHEE's 'Soap', THE BRAND NEW FOOL's 'Don't Panic', SMARTIES' '01-7942' and TONY PHILLIPS' 'Working In Pyjamas'.

The bleak emptiness of those Eastern flatlands however is caught in freeze-frame focus by IAN ELMS on 'View Of A Room'. Cold comfort Ian, I can understand why the 'Ten From The Madhouse' (No Peer Records) opt for cosiness. They all sound remarkably well-adjusted young patients, sure of their direction and complacent in their competence. Well-insulated all round in fact, pretty noises untainted by passion or purpose. We should enjoy such asylum these days. FREUDIAN SLIP, CHANTING IN TIBET and 21 MILES dare to approach emotion while the other inmates scale the walls to glory and achieve only dullness. More sad cases to file under D.

Onto cassette, a rootier route — 'Gaining Momentum' like PORTION CONTROL (In Phaze, 14 Emmot Avenue, Ilford) Bip bip bam bam tsk/Electrobop don't stop/Ian and John of PORTION CONTROL/Make little headway — you know why?/They can whisper, toast, chant and drone/But they won't throw their machine-heads back and SING!/Reticence has no place on a cassette/You should know that by now oh supermen. Portions registered, the rest was a second-class delivery.

MARINE GIRLS have come prepared with their own crayons and pausing just long enough to scribble in a hasty border of guitar, bass and unidentifiable percussion for 'Beach Party' (In Phaze) they splash a zesty, polka-dot collage of words and whispers onto the tape and depart with a breathless giggle. A picture of a beach party where the games are collecting sea-shells and paddling in a rock pool — not a sophisticated place to promenade but the marine sounds are *soooo* captivating.

Where Marine Girls duck and skip clutching crayons, the BONADISH girls and boys are armed with spray-cans and they march with a much more purposeful air, etching out impressions and issues with a caustic and biting/violin sound. 'On C30' (In Phaze) is a call-to-arms written in large, bold letters, uncompromising and unafraid. A challenge — and speaking of challenges . . . With A Ha! I Brave WAHIB's scorn but a year ago their three 'Hits From Heaven' (available from Top Flat, 132 Cowrey Road, Oxford) would have been described as fairly unimaginative post-modernist material. However, they're still developing in their track-training and in time could easily be major hurdlers at the Bunnymen hop.

Let's stay in the warren for a minute and examine THE SPUDS' 'What Would Mrs Grundy Say?' (tel 075-175927) Common as muck this lot, even in excellent stereo. Tight-lipped, buttoned up in sensible coats and potato-pale of face, they tackle with a certain swagger the twin tyrants of apartheid and military might ('Apartheid' and 'Uniform') emerging victorious by virtue of their non-patronising crispness. And they don't deny that boys cry, *"As teardrops slowly slide down my cheeks/Mixing with the rain that's falling/I wander alone on a faraway hill/I hear myself shouting and calling."* Mrs Grundy would approve.

Forward button on for the last time . . . and it's the IDEAL HUSBANDS (on Discovery Records, 69 Regent Street, Leamington Spa) who play host but ideal or not, keep an eye out for practival jokes — their polite and mild-mannered music hides an acid wit and a delight in the follies and futilities of human behaviour ('Town Planning' and 'I Don't Want To Blow Your Head Off'). Their exhibition of insights is saved from snidenes by the compassionate 'Life In The Trenches' and 'Job Satisfaction'. All the same, I wouldn't trust them in my house . . .

Julian Wilde

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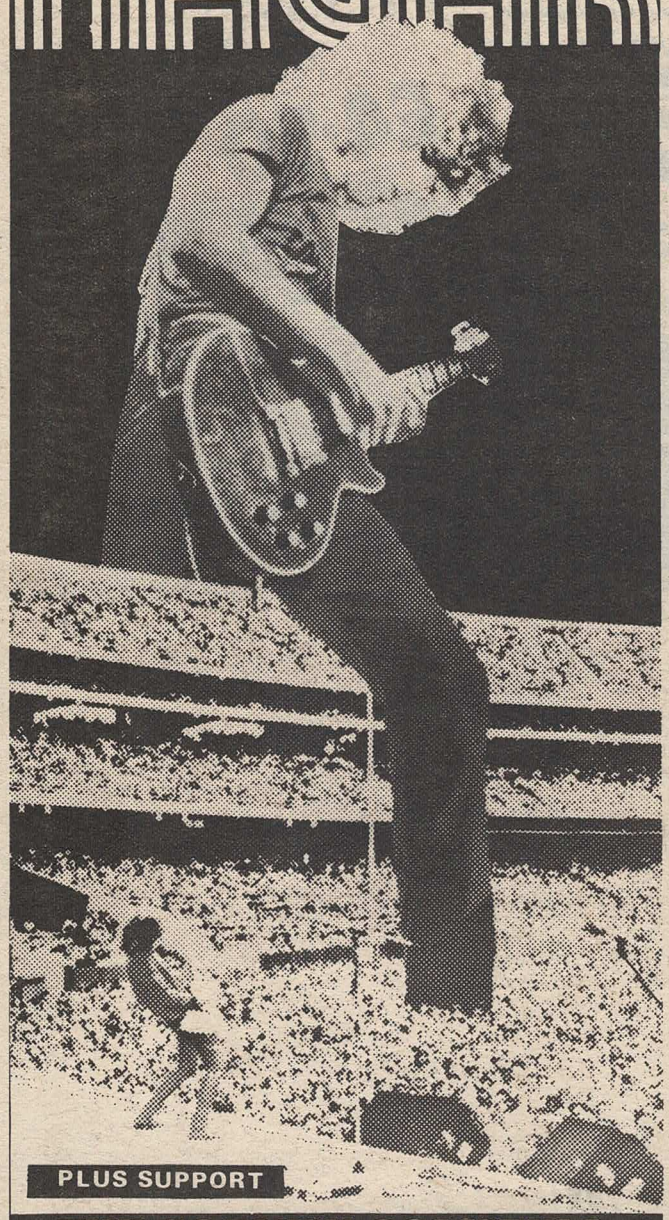
SAMMY HAGAR



PLUS SUPPORT

THE CORNISH COLISEUM
SAT. 23rd JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. Par 4261

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
SUN. 24th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4, £3.50 and £3 from box office tel. 0703 29772

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
MON. 25th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0272 291768

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
TUES. 26th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0742 735295

GLASGOW APOLLO
THURS. 28th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 041 332 6055

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRI. 29th JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0632 20007

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
SUN. 31st JANUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 051 709 1555

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
TUES. 2nd FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 021 643 6101

IPSWICH GAUMONT
THURS. 4th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0473 53641

LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
SAT. 6th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 0524 65201

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUN. 7th FEBRUARY 7.30pm
tickets £4 and £3.50 from box office tel. 061 273 1112

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUES. 9th and
WED. 10th FEBRUARY 8pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

RECORD NEWS

THE SECRET IS OUT

TOP SECRET are a band of five youngsters (aged 17-23) who've already built up a considerable following on the London gig circuit, and by way of their recent UK tour with David Essex. Now they've been taken under the wing of noted producer Chas Chandler, of Jimi Hendrix and Slade fame, who rates them the most exciting prospect he's encountered for years. Their debut album 'Another Crazy Day', just out on Chandler's Cheapskate label, is a concept about a kid who tried to make it in rock'n'roll — and almost succeeded! Amazingly, the LP took just five days to record — and it's already been snapped up as the basis of a TV special, on which shooting begins in February for spring screening.

● **Sonny Burgess** and the late **Warren Smith,** both vintage rockers from the near-legendary Sun label in the '50s, emerged from semi-retirement in 1976 to record one-off albums — 'The Old Gang' by Burgess and 'The Last Detail' by Smith. These are now issued in the UK by Charly Records, whose December releases also include a 16-track set by **Gene Summers** titled 'Dance, Dance, Dance'.

● The soundtrack album from the new horror movie *The Burning,* now on general release, is issued by Phonogram — it features music composed and performed by **Rick Wakeman.** And on the Charisma label, there's Wakeman's single 'Robot Man', taken from his LP '1984' and featuring Chaka Khan on vocals.

● **Manhattan Transfer**'s latest single is the wartime oldie 'A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square', taken from their current LP 'Mecca For Moderns' and issued by WEA this weekend.

MODERN ROMANCE have their debut album 'Adventures In Clubland' issued by WEA this weekend. It contains ten songs written by Geoffrey Deane and David Jaymes, including the hit singles 'Everybody Salsa' and 'Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey'.

DAVE EDMUNDS has a 'Best Of' compilation released by Swansong on December 18. The 14 tracks span his solo career from the 1968 'Sabre Dance' to this year's 'Almost Saturday Night'. One of the songs, 'The Race Is On', features The Stray Cats. Edmunds will have a new LP and single issued by Arista early in the New Year.

STEVIE WONDER looks an odds-on bet for a No. 1 chart spot early in the New Year, on the strength of an album which Motown are at present compiling for February release. It is 'Stevie Wonder's Greatest Hits'.

● **The Yobs,** who invariably rear their heads at Christmas time, release a segued medley of season songs under the title of 'Yobs On 45'. It's on Fresh Records.

● 'Pass The Kouchie'/'Party Time' is the new single by **The Mighty Diamonds,** issued by Rough Trade next Monday (7). Both tracks are taken from their newly released album 'Changes'.

● Gary Numan's former backing band **Dramatis** have their debut album 'For Future Reference' issued by Rocket this week. One of the nine tracks is 'Love Needs No Disguise', on which Numan sings lead vocal — also available as a WEA single.

● This weekend, Flicknife Records (through Pinnacle) release a 12-inch EP by **Hawkwind as The Sonic Assassins,** recorded live on Christmas Eve, 1977, when Robert Calvert was still singing with the band. Titles are 'Over The Top', 'Free Fall' and 'Death Trap'.

● **Theatre Of Hate** have a new single called 'Do You Believe In The Westworld?' issued on December 9 through their own Burning Rome Records label, with an album of the same title to follow in January. The single comes in both 7" and 12", and the B-side is 'Propaganda'.

● **Spider,** who support Slade on their UK tour starting this Sunday, have signed a long-term deal with the new Brilliant label — a division of PVK Records, distributed by Spartan. Their single 'That's Right, Talkin' Bout Rock'n'Roll' is released on December 18, and an album is scheduled for late January.

● 'I'll Find My Way Home' is a new **Jon & Vangelis** single, issued by Polydor this week. And it gives the duo another chance of chart status, following their Top Ten hit 'I Hear You Now' last year.

● **John Cooper Clarke**'s set in last weekend's Poetry Olympics at The Young Vic was recorded, for possible inclusion in his next album, for which studio tracks will be cut in January with Martin Hannett producing. A new single with the working title of 'The Face Behind The Scream' will be issued by Epic early in the New Year.

● **Black Roots** release their single 'Chanting For Freedom'/'Confusion' on their own Nubian Records label, through Revolver Records. There's a bonus track 'What Them A Do' on the 12-inch version.

● This weekend sees the release by New Hormones of the debut album by **Ludus,** titled 'The Seduction'. It features eight tracks drawn from different stages in the band's career, and documents the changes in their sound, approach and line-up. With a playing time of 55 minutes, it's packaged in the form of two 12-inch 45rpm records in a gatefold wallet.

● **Showaddywaddy,** currently touring Britain, have their latest album issued by Bell records this weekend. It's called 'Good Times' and it includes their recent single 'Footsteps', as well as their versions of classic rock'n'roll hits.

● **Aneka,** who scored a No. 1 hit in the late summer with her single 'Japanese Boy', has her debut album issued by Hansa (through Ariola) this weekend. Not surprisingly, it bears her name as its title.

● The new **Rod Stewart** single, out on Riva Records tomorrow (Friday), is a track from his hit album 'Tonight I'm Yours'. Titled 'Young Turks', it comes in a full colour picture bag, and it's already a Top Ten hit in the States.

● The plan to release a boxed set of four of **Status Quo**'s best-selling albums, reported two weeks ago, has been shelved for the time being — along with other projected box sets from Phonogram including **Rush, Thin Lizzy** and **Dire Straits.** It seems that, in the limited time available, they wouldn't have been ready in time for the Christmas market.

● **The Dance Band** have their latest single 'No Soul'/'Peter Gunn' out on Cool King Records. The A-side was written by former Meal Ticket vocalist Willie Finlayson, who makes his debut on the single as the band's new lead singer.

● CBS/Epic have signed a worldwide licensing deal with Streetwave Records, the label owned by Morgan Khan, whose most recent successes have included Savanna and Imagination. First release is the single 'I Just Wanna (Spend Some Time With You)' by Alton Edwards. Upcoming is material by New York Skyy and the Salsoul Orchestra.

● **Annette Peacock** has launched her own Ironic Records label, with distribution through Virgin and Rough Trade, and her single 'Sky-Skating'/'Taking It As It Comes' is out this week. A solo album is scheduled for early New Year, with a UK tour to follow in February and March.

● **The Bush Tetras** have their EP 'Rituals' — recorded in New York during the summer, with Topper Headon of The Clash producing — released in 12-inch form by Fetish Records (through Rough Trade and Pinnacle). Also available is their seven-inch single 'The Bullrushes'/'Automatic Doors'.

● **The Lulu Boys,** formerly known as Mistress, have a three-track cassette available at £1.50 (including p&p) from P Walker, 6 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs FY1 5LG. All the songs were written by the band's bassist and vocalist Denny Gibson.

● European cult outfit **Univers Zero,** who describe themselves as a 'Rock In Opposition' band, have their third album 'Ceux De Dehors' out this week. It's on South London label, Recommended Records.

● The Compact Organisation launches its Easy Listeners label with the **Tot Taylor** single 'Don't Spy On Me'. **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations** are currently recording a single called 'Beat The Beat' for January.

Stones, Images singles

THE ROLLING STONES rush out a new single this week, in time for the season of goodwill and free spending. It is 'Waiting On A Friend' coupled with 'Little T And A', both sides taken from their hit album 'Tattoo You'. As usual, it's on their own Rolling Stones label.

ALTERED IMAGES, determined to maintain the momentum achieved by their recent chart successes, are bringing out a new single this weekend through Epic Records. Produced by Martin Rushent, it is 'I Could Be Happy' — a brand new track which isn't included on the 'Happy Birthday' album. And our many Irish readers will be pleased to know that the band have added Dublin Trinity College (December 11) and Cork Savoy Theatre (12) to their current gig series.

SUZI-Q's HANDFUL

SUZI QUATRO returns to live action during the build-up to Christmas, and is confirmed for a handful of dates — at Hatfield Forum Theatre (December 17), Nottingham Rock City (18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19), Croydon Fairfield Hall (20) and London Victoria The Venue (21). It's likely that a few more gigs will be slotted in beforehand, in which case they'll be announced next week.

☐ **THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS** and **Lonnie Donnegan,** who've recently worked together on a BBC-TV film and a now-released Virgin EP, bring their partnership into the live arena by playing two nights at London Camden Dingwalls on December 14 and 15. Both acts will be doing their own sets, plus one together.

☐ **TRAPEZE** play one of their rare London shows when they headline at the Rainbow Theatre on December 19, supported by Atomic Rooster and Chicken Shack. It aids promotion of their new album 'Live In Texas — Dead Armadillos', out this week on Aural Records.

☐ **SCARS** are anxious to resume gigging, but they can't until they find a new vocalist as replacement for Robert King, who has left the band as the result of personal differences. Anyone interested in filling the vacancy should phone 01-607 9571.

☐ **MOOD SIX,** self-styled leaders of the Regency set, are playing a 'Christmas Ball' at London's Cafe Royal, Regent Street, on December 23. Tickets at £2.50 are available from The Emperor Napoleon, 41 Alderbrook Road, London SW12 — make cheques and POs payable to "Twist and Shout Records".

☐ **VARDIS** play Wakefield Unity Hall (this Sunday), London Marquee (December 10) and Chadwell Heath Greyhound (11), plus one or two more pre-Christmas gigs currently being finalised. They preview the band's new stage show, with which they'll be touring extensively in the New Year.

☐ **THE LOOK** are back on the road with dates this weekend at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (Thursday), Sheffield University (Friday) and Newport Harper Adams College (Saturday). More gigs are being set and will be announced shortly.

☐ **NINE BELOW ZERO** have switched their gig in Newport next Monday (7) from Caerleon College to the Stowaway Club. And their show at Weston-super-Mare Old Pier moves from this Sunday to December 8.

☐ **THE IVORY COASTERS** (December 7) and **The Cobras** (14) are the first bookings for a new Monday-night club opening in London next week. Called Pink Monday, it's located at Gossips in Dean Street, W1.

☐ **THE FALL** have a one-off pre-Christmas date in London at The Venue next Monday (7), and this will be their last gig for some time, as they are about to closet themselves in the studio to record a new album.

☐ **THE WAY OF THE WEST** support their current Phonogram single 'Drum (It's Just A March In Time)' at Portsmouth Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Exeter Tiffany's (Friday), Retford Porterhouse (December 12), Coventry General Wolfe (18) and London Southgate The Rox (19).

Subway travel

VIC GODARD & Subway Sect have lined up another series of gigs, in addition to those reported last week — at London Club Left (tonight, Thursday), Bournemouth Exeter Bowl (December 10), Aylesbury Friars (11), London Brixton The Fridge (12), London Lyceum Ballroom supporting The Pretenders (13 and 14), London Strand King's College (15), Brighton New Regent (16), Bristol Trinity Hall (18), Derby Blue Note (22) and Manchester Eden (23).

10cc are back in business: 19 dates

10CC have announced plans for their first UK tour in almost two years, a 19-date schedule starting in mid-February. Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman — who, of course are the nucleus of 10cc — will be joined on this outing by Paul Burgess (drums), Rick Fenn (guitar) and special guest Vic Emerson of Sad Cafe (keyboards). The band's new single 'Don't Turn Me Away' and album 'Ten Out Of 10' have just been released by Phonogram.

Tour dates are Birmingham Odeon (February 19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Liverpool Empire (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Preston Guildhall (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Aberdeen Capitol (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (28), Newcastle City Hall (March 1), Manchester Apollo (2), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (5), Southampton Gaumont (6), Croydon Fairfield Hall (7), Brighton Centre (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (10 and 11), Oxford Apollo (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14) and Ipswich Gaumont (15).

Promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises, who is likely to add one or two more dates later. Meanwhile, tickets for the above gigs go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at all venues — except Bristol, where postal bookings are now being accepted, but the box-office doesn't open until January 25. Prices are £5 and £4 everywhere — execpt Croydon, where it's £5.50 and £4.50.

Seven more UFO shows

UFO have now confirmed another seven dates for their UK tour in the New Year, for which the first 11 concerts were reported two weeks ago — and this latest batch climax in two major London shows. The extra gigs are Derby Assembly Rooms (January 21), Bradford St. George's Hall (22), Preston Guildhall (23), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (24), Gloucester Leisure Centre (25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27 and 28). Tickets will be on sale at all venues within the next week or so — check with the respective box-offices for details. As already announced, the band's new album 'Mechanix' will be issued by Chrysalis to coincide with the outing.

JOHN HOLT was forced to interrupt his UK tour, in order to return to Jamaica for family reasons. But he resumes in the UK at Nottingham Palais (December 7). Birmingham Odeon (14) and Reading Central Hall (18). Tickets are £5, £4.50 and £4 (Birmingham); £4 only (others). More dates are being set, including Brighton, Aylesbury and Manchester.

DAVE EDMUNDS headlines a special one-off concert at London Victoria The Venue on December 22, with a band that includes John David (bass), Dave Charles (drums), Geraint Watkins (keyboards) and Mickey Gee (guitar). It ties in with the release of the LP 'The Best Of Dave Edmunds' — see Record News.

BAD MANNERS, who've just completed a nationwide tour, have now slotted in six more pre-Christmas gigs — at Tolworth Recreation Centre (December 11), Margate Winter Gardens (14), Poole Wessex Hall (16), Salisbury Technical College (17), Swindon Oasis Centre (18) and Stroud Leisure Centre (19).

ANOTHER BATCH BY LINDISFARNE

LINDISFARNE, whose new single 'I Must Stop Going To Parties' is out this week on the Hangover label (through Sparan), have lined up a string of ten shows for the first half of this month as a prelude to their Christmas season at Newcastle City Hall. Their date at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (5) was announced last week, but newly confirmed gigs for their 'Christmas Preview' tour are Dunstable Queensway Hall (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff University (Friday), Slough Fulcrum Centre (Sunday), Swansea Top Rank (December 7), Bristol Locarno (8), Chippenham Goldiggers (9), Newcastle Polytechnic (10), Sheffield Polytechnic (11) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (12).

The band have now added a ninth show to their Newcastle series — on Tuesday, December 29 — which is a record, even by their standards. Tickets for this extra concert are £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (platform), available by post from Lindisfarne Christmas Concert, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT — make cheques and POs payable to "LMP Limited" and enclose SAE. On top of this, a tenth concert will be staged on Sunday afternoon, December 27 — it's a free show for handicapped and underprivileged children, organised by the Variety Club of Great Britain; organisations, hospitals and special schools are invited to apply for block bookings to the same address.

□ **EURYTHMICS** have added two more dates to their UK tour, reported last week, which supports their new RCA album 'In The Garden'. The first is at Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic on December 12, and the second is four days later at London's new venue, The Fridge in Brixton (16).

□ **OK JIVE** have added three more dates to their December schedule — at Derby Blue Note Club (17), London Herne Hill Half Moon (18) and London Highgate Jacksons Rock Club (19).

Scorpions returning

THE SCORPIONS return to the UK in February for a major tour, for which 12 dates have been announced — and to coincide with their visit, they'll have a new album titled 'Blackout' released by EMI. The band's drummer Herman Rarebell has just had his debut solo album issued on the Harvest label.

Confirmed dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (February 11), Newcastle City Hall (12), Bradford St George's Hall (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Manchester Apollo (17), Hanley Victoria Hall (19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (March 1) and Southampton Gaumont (2).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues — except Bristol, where the box-office doesn't open until February 1. Prices are £4 only (Bradford, Hanley, Derby and Leicester); £4 and £3.50 (elsewhere).

THEATRE OF HATE BENEFIT STILL ON

THEATRE OF HATE are going ahead with their gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Central Polytechnic, announced last week, even though their drummer is on the point of leaving — this will be his final date with them (see separate story) and, as a result, the band have cancelled all subsequent gigs for the time being. The rest of the line-up has changed since last week — it now features UK Decay, The Meteors and Zounds. Tickets are £2 (students and unwaged); £2.50 (others).

The concert is a benefit for No Nukes Music, who are hoping it will alleviate a financial crisis, caused in October when they ran up a £700 phone bill organising 54 CND gigs — and donations are also sought to No Nukes Music, 9 Poland Street, London W1.

Teardrops tickets

TICKETS for the three Club Zoo nights starring The Teardrop Explodes — at London Hammersmith Palais on January 3, 4 and 5 — are now on sale at £3.50; however, 400 tickets per night are being reserved for club members at £3 each, and these may be obtained by post from Kiltorch, P.O. Box 281, London NW5 — one ticket per application, enclose SAE and membership number. As reported, the Teardrops are also playing a number of Club Zoo dates at Liverpool Pyramid during the build-up to Christmas, and admission here is £2 (members) and £2.50 (others). More information on the club's activities may be obtained from 051-227 1024.

TOUR NEWS

1982: STEVIE WONDERING, DIANA SURE

STEVIE WONDER has so far made no definite plans for a British visit next year — a point we stress after receiving numerous enquiries from readers, following a report in London's *The Standard* suggesting that he was set to perform here in May. Barrie Marshall of Marshall Arts, who promoted Wonder's most recent UK appearances, told *NME:* "I'm sure Stevie will be here at some point in 1982, specially as he deliberately omitted Britain from his European tour this year. I'm in regular touch with his office, and I've been assured that Stevie will consider my offer when he's ready — but that time has not yet arrived."

DIANA ROSS now looks virtually certain to play her delayed UK concert tour in the early spring, either April or May. She was originally scheduled to come here this year, coinciding with Motown's 20th anniversary celebrations, but the project was dropped when she left Motown for Capitol. Diana was in London two weeks ago, and confirmed plans for a spring visit, adding that three top promoters are bidding to stage her concerts. Her representative arrives in London in January for discussions with all three, after which a final decision will be taken.

THE JACKSONS were also the subject of a recent ill-informed national Press report — which stated that they, too, were in line for a May visit. *NME's* enquiries indicate that the group can confidently be expected to play Britain in 1982, but it's more likely to be in September or October.

□ **OTWAY & BARRETT** climax their current gig series with a Christmas Eve headliner at London Victoria The Venue. Other newly confirmed dates for the duo are at Bangor University (December 10), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (11), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12), Coventry General Wolfe (17), Hitchin The Regal (18) and Oxford Scamps (21).

□ **HUANG CHUNG** are supporting The Human League on a number of their tour dates, including London Rainbow (December 6), Aylesbury Friars (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Brighton Dome (11) and Derby Aseembly Rooms (12) — and TV21 are not now appearing, as originally announced. Huang Chung will have a new album and single issued by Arista in the New Year.

□ **THE CHEATERS** are playing a string of December gigs to promote their album 'Sweating It Out', newly released on Manchester's Revo label. They visit Manchester Lamplite Club (8), Wakefield Bretton Hall (11), London University College (12), Preston Clouds (14), Sunderland Fusions (15), Blackpool Jenks (16), Dundee Barracuda (17), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (18) and Perth County Hotel (19). Special Christmas shows in London and Manchester are being lined up.

Tattoo beat gig retreat

ROSE TATTOO have cancelled their major UK tour, which was due to open tomorrow night (Friday). This is because lead singer Angry Anderson has been forced to return home to Australia to face legal problems — which were believed to be of a personal nature, until Anderson observed at the airport: "My past has finally caught up with me!" Anyway, they are of sufficient importance for the authorities adamantly to refuse a deferment. It's hoped that he'll be back in London in time for the band to play Hammersmith Odeon on December 19, which was intended as the final date of the tour. A decision on a prompt re-scheduling of the other dates is still awaited, and will be announced next week — meanwhile, people who have already booked are advised to hold on to their tickets.

□ TENPOLE TUDOR have been forced to postpone their major London show at Hammersmith Palais next Monday (7), which was to have climaxed their autumn tour. This is because they're obliged to fulfil European commitments, which have unexpectedly been brought forward. The gig will be re-scheduled as soon as possible, and existing tickets will remain valid for the revised date — though cash refunds may be obtained, if desired.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
The JAMES BROWN Revue
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET
SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £5·50, £4·50, £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 AM– 3·00 PM, MON-SAT.
TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6
MON TUES 7th 8th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £6·50, £5·50, £4·50, £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE.
TEL: 748 4081. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371.
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £4·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOP RANK SUITE BOX OFFICE TEL: BRIGHTON 25895 OR BRIGHTON: VIRGIN RECORDS, POLYSOUND, SUBWAY RECORDS, CRAWLEY, CLOAKS, OR £4·00 (INC. VAT) ON NIGHT

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NASHVILLE TEENS
Plus the Mode & Jerry Floyd

Friday 4th December (Adm £2.00)
COBRAS
Plus Exposure & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 5th December (Adm £2.00)
HUANG CHUNG
Plus the Bats & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 6th December (Adm £1.50)
PLAZA
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 7th December (Adm £1.50)
PARK AVENUE
Plus Operators & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 8th December (Adm £1.50)
INNER CITY UNIT
with special guests Robert Calvert & DJ Jerry Floyd

Wed 9th December (Adm £2.00)
DENNY LAINE
Plus guests and Jerry Floyd

Thurs 10th December (Adm £2.00)
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THUR 3
★ MARI WILSON ★ WITH THE IMAGINATIONS
£2.50
FRI 4
THE FORCE
x MOTOR BOYS MOTOR £3.30
SAT 5
MICKY JUPP BAND
x B.M.T.s £3.30
MON 7
THE LEAP
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SOLAR CORONA
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FROM CANVEY ISLAND. ONE NIGHT ONLY
DOCTOR FEELGOOD
x CITY KIDS £3.30
WED 9
ONLY LONDON SHOW! FROM J.A.
★ LONE ★ RANGER
TONY TUFF
x BLACK ROOTS £3.75
THUR 10
RED BEANS 'N' RICE

TBA International presents

the stranglers

with special guests
TAXI GIRL and featuring Mr. Spratt's 20th Century Popular Motets

RAINBOW THEATRE
Friday 4th December at 7.30pm
All tickets £4.00 from the Box Office
01-263 3148 and usual agents.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS LIVE
100 CLUB
TUESDAY DEC. 22

Derek Block in association with TBA presents

Nils Lofgren

+ GRAND PRIX
+ Grand Prix
Sunday 20th December at 8pm DOMINION THEATRE W1
Tickets £4.75, £4.25, £3.75 — Available in advance
From Box Office 01-580 9562 and usual agents

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BILLY COBHAM'S Glass Menagerie

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £4·50, £3·50, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

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METEORS
UK DECAY
ZOUNDS

Central London Polytechnic
New Cavendish St (Oxford Circus Tube)

FRI 4th DEC
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with Steve Waller
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The occasional blues, featuring Little Stevie Smith — harmonica player to the greats.

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+ Masked Orchestra

Wednesday 9th December £1.00
MAINLAND
+ The Extras

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featuring the Qlimatators, Blue Midnight, Dick Heley & The Cornets, with Sir Alias Sound & Random Pulse Light
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Available from B O Tel: 021 643 6101
RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON
WEDNESDAY 16th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4 00 Available from B O Tel: 01 263 3148
CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON
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TUESDAY 15th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

EDINBURGH ODEON
CLERK ST.
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 12·00 AM—7·00 PM, MON-SAT. TEL: 031 667 3805. OR ON NIGHT

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
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tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 0705 24355
LEEDS QUEENS HALL
THURS. 10th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 from
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H.M.V. Bradford, Virgin Sheffield, J.A.T. Records Wakefield
Sound Effects and Red Rhino York, Piccadilly Manchester
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
FRI. 11th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.00 from box office tel. 0524 65201
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
SAT. 12th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 051 709 1555
MANCHESTER APOLLO
SUN. 13th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 061 273 1112
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MON. 14th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 0632 20002
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
TUES. 15th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 031 667 3805
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS. 17th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 021 643 6101
BRIGHTON CENTRE
SAT. 19th DECEMBER 8pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 0273 202881
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
SUN. 20th DECEMBER 7.30pm
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from box office tel. 0533 27632
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE
MON. 21st and TUES. 22nd DECEMBER 8pm
tickets £5, £4.50 and £4 from box office tel. 01 836 8108 and usual agents
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WED. 23rd DECEMBER at 6pm
tickets £5 and £4.50 from box office tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

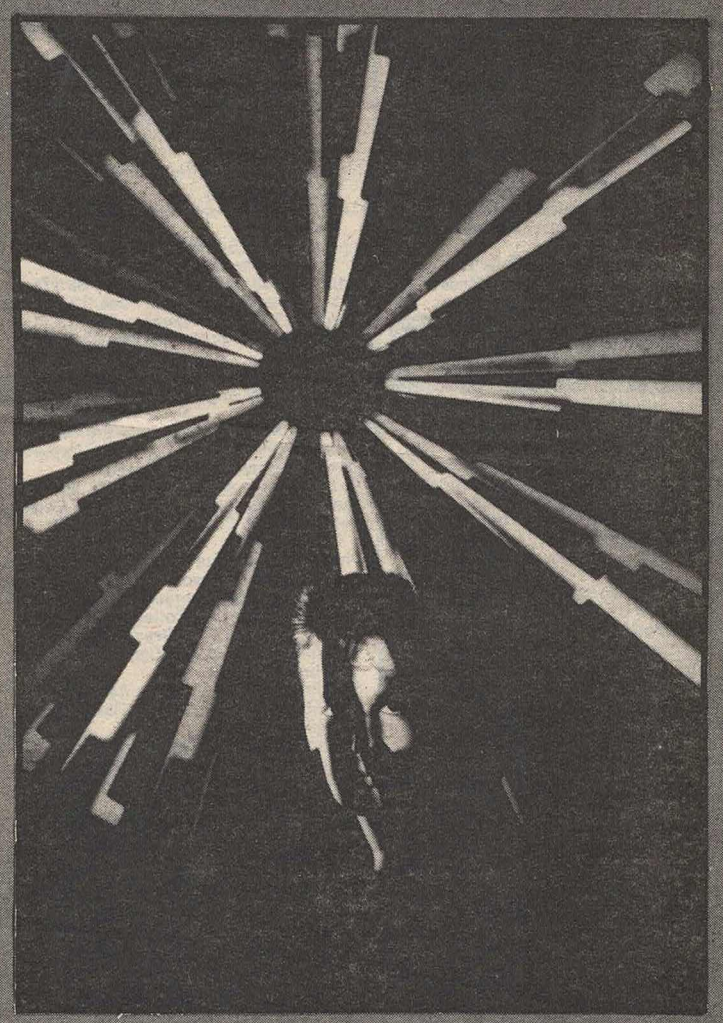
Nationwide Gig Guide

David Sylvian. Pic: David Corio

ALTHOUGH practically everyone and their cousin seems to have been on the road this autumn, still more tours are getting under way during the next few days — notably by ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, who begin their seasonal caper in Canterbury on Friday; and DURAN DURAN, who kick off in the same city on Monday. Down in the West Country, JAPAN set out on a festive jaunt in St. Austell on Monday.

JAMES BROWN arrives this weekend for his delayed visit and, together with his full revue, plays Birmingham (Saturday), Hammersmith (Monday and Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday). Also worthy of note are tours by STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL and SLADE, who swing into action at Manchester (Friday) and Sheffield (Sunday) respectively.

But that's not all. Among other acts venturing onto the circuit are HAWKWIND, EURYTHMICS, ASWAD and BUCKS FIZZ. Fresh from the Eurotour, STYX fly in to play their replacement gig at Stafford on Sunday, while BILLY COBHAM plays a one-off with his Glass Menagerie outfit at Hammersmith on Wednesday.



Les Bunnyman. Pic: Anton Corbijn

Thursday 3rd

Teardrop Explodes: Liverpool

Aberdeen Amatola Hotel: **Mafia**
Bath Pavilion: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
Bedford Civic Theatre: **Talos/Dibbdo Gibbs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Fast Relief**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackpool The Inn: **The Lulu Boys**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford University: **Wah!**
Braintree Essex Barn: **The Cruisers**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Vice Squad**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fruit Eating Bears/The Holidays/The Shimmy Queens**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnones**
Coventry Bulls Head: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Babylon Rebels**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Exciters**
Denham Express: **The Attendants**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Inversions**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **Tenpole Tudor**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Slits**
Glasgow The Waterfront: **The Plastic Flies**
Gravesend King Charles: **007**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Gillan/Budgie**
Hastings Downtown Saturdays: **Funkapolitan**
Herne Bay Kings Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Keele University: **Alan Price**
Kilmarnock Sandriann: **All The Rage**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **Squeeze**
Liverpool Pyramid: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Human League**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Whispers Club: **Kinetics**
London Barons Court Tavern: **Ginger**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Big Stuff**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **True Life Confessions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Pinkies/The White Brothers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Terry Smith Blues Band**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Deptford Southern Stars: **The Mekanix**
London Euston The Golf Club: **First Priority**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Alex Harvey Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Waves/Drastic Measures**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Cobras**
London Gt. Portland St. Albany: **Room 13**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Pleasure Dome/The Inerrpropriates**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Cure**
London Hampstead Giovanno's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **The Empty Vessels/The Siberians**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Demon Preacher**
London Kensington Commonwealth Arts Centre: **Oshama**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Motor Boys Motor/Parting Shots**
London Marquee Club: **The Nashville Teens**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chicken Shack**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Emotional Spies/The Masked Orchestra**
London Tottenham-Court Road. The Horseshoe: **Virtual Image**
London Twickenham Maria Grey College: **Rio & The Robots/tons tons m'assai**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Zap/Red Performance/Silent Scream**
London W1 Boulevard Theatre: **Diagram Brothers/The Inevitable**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Flying Colours**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
Manchester Henri's: **13th Candle**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Precautions**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Frantic Elevators**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Verba Verba**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **The Rhythm Methodists**
Newcastle City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Vital Disorders**
Norwich Gala Centre: **The Higsons/The Crabs/Twin Seven Seven**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Rory Gallagher**
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Hot Gossip**
Nottingham University: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/Random Hold**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Escha**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Preston Warehouse: **UK Decay**
Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: **The Mirror Crack'd**
Sheffield Cats Club: **The Cardboard Cellar**
Sheffield Limit Club: **TV21**
Sheffield Marples Club: **They Must Be Russians/3D**
Sheffield University: **Tracks**
St. Austell Cornwell Coliseum: **Ralph McTell**
Tonbridge Hugh Christie School: **Chris Barber Band**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Star Belgrade**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Look**
York University: **Department S**

Friday 4th

Linx: London Dominion

Aberdeen University: **Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Ashington Technical College: **Chris Barber Band**
Ayr Glenafton Club: **All The Rage**
Basingstoke Buckskin: **Red Star Belgrade**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Botanical Gardens: **Bill Nelson & Richard Jobson**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Iganda/Desperate Dan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Wah!**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **Rory Gallagher**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Bodmin Garland Ox: **Martin Carthy/John Kirkpatrick/Howard Evans**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol**
Bradford College: **Tandoori Cassette**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Brighton Sussex University: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Nico**
Bristol University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Samurai Rock Band**
Canterbury Kent University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Sam Apple Pie/After Dark**
Chatham Central Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Sub Zero**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crawley Technical College: **Rio & The Robots**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rockola**
Dartford Polytechnic: **The Newmatics**
Derby Mickleover Youth Club: **Avoid/Total Loss**
Derby Trent Club: **Colin Staples R & B Band/Rob Harding Group**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Edinbrugh Playhouse Theatre: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Chick Corea & Gary Burton**
Embo Grannies Heilan Hame: **The Dolphins**
Ewell Polytechnic: **True Life Confessions**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Animal Magnet**
Gosport John Peel: **The Time**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **The Graphics**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Harlow Square One: **Ministry Of Pleasure**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Vice Squad**
Keele University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Bert Jansch & John Renbourn**
Kidderminster Rose Theatre: **Talisker**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Escha**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Dr. Feelgood**
Leeds University: **Department S**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Human League**
Liverpool University: **Natural Scientist**
London Beaufort College: **Ginger**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Force/Motor Boys Motor**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate/The Meteors/UK Decay**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Phillip Jap**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Gatecrashers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lee Kosmin/What's Noys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Julian Stringle Swing Band**
London Dorchester Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The 45's/Xena Zerox**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Lines/UT**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Grand Prix**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Outcasts/The Reactions**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Chefs/The Gymslips**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Decoy Ave/The Amber Squad**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk/First Priority**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wreckless Eric**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Bimble & The Beez**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Marquee Club: **The Cobras**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **The Mekanix**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford**
London Putney White Lion: **Danny Adler & The Deluxe Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Stranglers/Taxi Girl**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **Q-Tips/The Beatroots**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Mickey Jupp/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Linx**
London Trent Park Polytechnic: **A Blue Zoo**
London Twickenham Winning Post: **Noel Murphy/Nick Pickett/Fyfe Brothers/Dave Thomas**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Body Heat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias**
London Wembley Arena: **Electric Light Orchestra/Voyager**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids/UT**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **A Bigger Splash**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Killer Wales**
Maesteg Town Hall: **Max Boyce**
Manchester Comanche: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Manchester Rafters: **Siam**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Howdy Boys/One Million Fuzz-tone Guitars/Carmel/The Dials**
Manchester University: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Norwich Gala Centre: **Black Roots/Blackheart**
Nottingham Astra Centre: **Lethal Dose/Cute Cuts**
Nottingham Green Youth Centre: **The Stumble**
Nottingham Rock City: **Aswad**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **TV21**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Peterborough Wirrina Stadium: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Plymouth Royal Naval Engineering College: **The King's Singers**
Reading Caribbean Club: **A1-Vegetables/Wrong Chemicals**
Retford Porterhouse: **Maximum Joy**
Rochdale A.F.C. Social Club: **Body/Outer Edge**
Saffron Walden Newport Grammar School: **the Work/Vigour Of Speech/3 Minute Warning**
Sayers Common Childrens: **Funkapolitan**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre:

MORE DATES OVER

THIS IS the final reminder that, because of our special Christmas printing arrangements, all Gig Guide copy covering the holiday period must be submitted within the next few days. As usual, a double issue of *NME* will be published in the week before Christmas, and there'll be no issue at all during Christmas week itself. This means that the Gig Guide printed in *NME* dated December 19 will list two weeks of dates, and the period involved is

DECEMBER 17 to 30

If you have any gigs you wish to be included in the *NME* Christmas issue, please post them right away — to *Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.* And remember that they cannot be accepted after next Wednesday, as that's the day the Gig Guide goes to press. To put it another way, for the two-week period mentioned above, the absolute

DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 9

Because of our holiday printing schedule, we shall also need to receive gigs for the first week of the New Year before Christmas. We'll detail this next week, but here's an advance warning that dates for the Gig Guide covering the week December 31 – January 6 must arrive by not later than Wednesday, December 16.

Nationwide Gig Guide

CONTINUED

Showaddywaddy
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Discharge/G.B.H.**
Sheffield University: **The Look**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Mainline Dance**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Southend Hankwell Clements Hall: **Sweet Substitute/Pete York's New York**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Dangerous Girls**
Stourbridge Art College: **The Mood Elevators**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Flight 19/Dead To The World/Lovers Of Fire**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Stun The Guards**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **UK Decay**
Wokingham Angie's: **Kissing The Pink**

Saturday 5th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Andover Leisure Centre: **Max Boyce**
Barwell Three Crowns: **Martin Carthy/The Watersons**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Spring Offensive**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Lost Cause/Doll Drums**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **James Brown Revue**
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Blackpool Gaiety Bar: **TV 21**
Blackpool Squires: **Natural Scientist**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Sam Stephens/Anne Lennox-Martin**
Bradford University: **The Slits**
Brighton Alhambra: **Attila The Stockbroker/The Newtown Neurotics/Beverley Clare Band**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Samurai Rock Band**
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: **Chris Barber Band**
Cambridge College of Technology: **Rico**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Cuddly Toys/La Force Tranquille**
Chesterfield Hasland Club: **Dawn Fury**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack& The Heart Attacks**
Cinderford Rugby Club: **Red Star Belgrade**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Eurythmics**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Chefs**
Cranbrook School: **Remipeds**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Damned/Anti-Nowhere League**
Croydon Cartoon: **Talk Like That**
Croydon The Star: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
Cwmbran Oldbury Hall: **Smashed Peacox/Scissors/Attacked By Crows**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ronnie Lane Band**
Edinburgh Nite Moves: **Animal Magnet**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Glasgow Cafe Vaudeville: **Del Amitri**
Guildford Surrey University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Haverfordwest Market Hall: **UK Decay**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Cheaters/Kenny Porter Band**
Huddersfield Sports Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Lancaster University: **Joan Armatrading**
Leeds Univeristy: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Leighton Buzzard Vandyke Road Youth Centre: **Dancing Counterparts/Zapweeds**
Letchworth College: **Discharge/G.B.H./Erazerhead/10 Yen**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Squeeze**
Liverpool University: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Brixton George Canning: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **This'n'That**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Killer Wales**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hipnosis/Competition**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm Boys**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Mekanix**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Dolly Mixture/Rimshots**
London E.7 Norwich Road Church Hall: **Poison Girls/Mikardo/Rubella Ballet**
London E.C.1 The Loft: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor/The Creamies**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Adicts/Special Duties/13th Chime**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Sphere**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bim**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Rocket 88**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Cobras**
London NW1 The Cellar: **Tony Rose**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **the Harlequins**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Human League**
London Richmond Duke of York: **Ginger**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Department S**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Wreckless Eric**
London Stoke nNewington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Linx**
London University Students Union: **Wah!**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Body Heat**
London Victoria The Venue: **Lindisfarne**
London Wembley Arena: **Electric Light Orchestra/Voyager**
London West Dulwich All Saints Crypt: **Tahiti Syndrome/The Architects/Jed**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mirage/The White Brothers**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Stargazers**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Newmatics**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Loughborough Town Hall: **The Bird Dogs**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Fuse/52nd Street**
Margate Kokomo: **Naughty Thoughts**
Melton Mowbray Colles Hall: **Shud Bee Band**
Newport Harper Adams College: **The Look**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Vice Squad**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Pencils**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Oxford Westminster College: **The Gents**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Contraband**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Reaction**
Pontardaiwe Dynevor Arms: **Ohibo Paronti**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Alien Kulture**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Siam**
Retford Porterhouse: **Grand Prix**
Sheffield Hurlfield Arts Campus: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Aswad**
Sheffield University: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Strides**
Southport Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Brooklyn Dukes**
Stirling University: **The Cuban Heels**
Stockport Warren Bulkeley Cellar: **The Still/Party**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Hawkwind**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Rory Gallagher**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Another Dream**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Mood Elevators**

Sunday 6th

Slade: Sheffield

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Pallas**
Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **The Precautions**
Beverley R.F.C.: **Fault**
Bingley Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **TV21**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bournemouth Moat House Hotel: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pedestrian Arms: **The Star-Beats**
Bristol Hippodrome: **The Pretenders / The Flying Padovanis**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Scarlet Party**
Colne Municipal Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gene Pitney**
Doncaster Yarborough Club: **Androids Of Mu / Rock Goddess**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **John Holt**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Aswad**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Moontier**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Kinsey-Dankworth Orchestra**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Rockafellas: **A Certain Ratio / The White Brothers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Squeeze**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Brian Leake Trio**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Who's George / The Kasuals / Mirror Co**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Billie Jo Spears**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Peter Green**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ginger**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hidden Charms / The Routine**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ol Band**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Diz & The Doormen**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **The Mekanix**
London Parsons Green White Horse: **Double Image**
London Putney Half Moon: **Rocket 88**
London Putney White Lion: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Human League**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Damned / Black Flag / Anti-Nowhere League**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime) / Trimmer & Jenkins (evening).**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Linx**
London Trafalgar Sq. St Martin's Crypt: **The Watersons / Martin Carthy**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Juice On The Loose / Joe Concord Band**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Lee Kosmin**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Corporation**
Maidstone Ship Wine Bar: **Why This**
Mansfield Langworth Club: **Dawn Fury**
Martlesham The Black Tiles: **The Clues**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Premises: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Reaction (evening)**
Poole Arts Centre: **Echo & The Bunneymen**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Therapy & Gerry Hallom**
Reading Top Rank: **Heatwave**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Vice Squad**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Slade / Spider**
Slough Alexandra's: **Travellin' Shoes**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Southsea King's Theatre: **Hot Gossip**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Styx**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Rupert (A Tribute To Elvis)**
Stevengage Bowes Lyon House: **Vertical Hold**
Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
Wolverhampton Civic Centre: **Showaddywaddy**

Monday 7th

Duran Duran: Canterbury

Bath Moles Club: **The Mothmen**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Billsley: **The Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Eurythmics**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Max Boyce**
Brighton Top Rank: **Heatwave**
Canterbury College of Art: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerks/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Canterbury Kent University: **Duran Duran**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Step By Step**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Deep Machine/Devils Chariot**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Aswad**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Fife Lochgelly Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **The Real Thing**
Godalming Shackleford Social Centre: **Martin Carthy/The Watersons**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Gillan/Budgie**
Horsham Christs Hospital: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Leap/Solar Corona/Flying Angels**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Wasted Youth**
London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic: **Biddie & Eve**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Farm Life/Slavaryan**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dominic & Dylan**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Play Dead**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Q-Tips**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Results/Midnite Movies**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Plain Characters/Verba Verba**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **James Brown Revue**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **True Life Confessions/Answer**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **ton tons m'assai**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Keith Nichols & Guests (for a week)**
London Leytonstone Laurel & Hardy: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source**
London Putney Half Moon: **After The Fire**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Trip/Jodo Main**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **That's Cooking**
London Strand King's College: **Univers Zero**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Linx**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Survivors**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Fall**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blackheart/Damaged Youth**
London W.1 (Baker St.) Barracuda: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton Mad Hatter: **Cosmic Force/High Treason/Squintin Windows**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Manchester Ardri Ballroom: **The Androids Of Mu/Rock Goddess**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Dooleys (for a week)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Newport Stowaway: **Nine Below Zero**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Preston Guildhall: **Showaddywaddy**
Retford Porterhouse: **Discharge/G.B.H.**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Ralph McTell**
Southend Zero Six: **Mad Shadows**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Japan**
Swansea Top Rank: **Lindisfarne**
West Bromwich Stork Hotel: **The Xit**
Worthing Assembly Halls: **Billie Jo Spears**

Tuesday 8th

Steve Harley: Aberdeen

Aberdeen The Venue: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Human League**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Pigbag**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Borehamwood Civic Centre: **After The Fire**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Kitty Grime/Kathy Stobert/Lennie Best Quartet**
Bradford University: **Gary Glitter**
Brighton The King & Queen: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Britsol Locarno: **Lindisfarne**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Electric Guitars/The HeeBeeGeeBees**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Beatroots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/Fast Eddie**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Raincoats**
Coventry Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Croydon The Star: **Spy's**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Bully Wee**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Pretenders/The Flying Padovanis**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Xit**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Squeeze**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Boo Boo**
Hull City Hall: **Slade/Spider**
Kimberworth The Domino: **E-Plus**
Lancaster University: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Leicester University: **The Beat**
Lincoln College of Art: **Tandoori Cassette**
Little Sutton Bulls Head: **Kinetics**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood/The City Kids**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Pickett & Marsh**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mental Notes/Decoy Av./One Track Mind.**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton Jam Band**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Rubella Ballet/Urban Dissidents**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Richard Strange**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Naked Lunch**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Real Invitations/Blue Midnight**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **James Brown Revue**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Baby 'n' The Monsters/Rum & Pie Merchants**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London New Cross Laban Centre: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Blitz/The Partisans/The Samples**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra perform Queen songs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Gatecrashers/Hieronomous Bosch**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **That's Cooking!**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fad Gadget**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Survivors**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Monkey**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky-A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Lamplite Club: **The Cheaters**
Manchester University: **Aswad**
Middlesbrough Gaskins Plus One: **Vice Squad**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Duran Duran**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Japan**
Reading Top Rank: **Hot Gossip**
Reading University: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Siam**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Weston-Super-Mare Old Pier: **Nine Below Zero**
Whalley Bridge Chimes Hall: **Belgian Bitch**

Wednesday 9th

Mo-dettes: Nottingham

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Factory Poems**
Barkingside Oscar's: **Flying Saucers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Onyx**
Birmimgham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Joan Armatrading**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Cliff Richard**
Bradford University: **Gary Glitter**
Brighton New Regent: **The Androids Of Mu / Rock Goddess**
Brighton Top Rank: **James Brown Revue**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **The Drifters (for four days)**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / The Nancy Boys**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel Rafters Bar: **Equinox**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Spinners**
Doncaster Rotters: **The Gents**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Max Boyce**
Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Slade / Spider**
Glasgow Apollo Theare: **Hot Gossip**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Factory Poems**
Halifax Acapulco Club: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Gillan / Budgie**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Human League**
Lancaster Masons Arms: **The Lulu Boys**
Leeds Brannigans: **Vice Squad**
Leeds College of Music: **Mike Osborne Septet**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **The Pretenders / The Flying Padovanis**
Leicester Nags Head & Star: **The Sinatras**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
London Camden Dingwall: **Lone Ranger / Tony Tuff**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell & Jeanette**
London City Polytechnic: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Clapham 101 Club: **ton tons m'assai**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Prats / Souls Valiant**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm Boys**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Maddy Prior Band**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Nightdoctor**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Starfighters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers / Double Agent**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Airstrip One/Glasshouse**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Europeans**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Beatroots**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth The Angel: **True Life Confessions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Tiffany Vague**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **Death March / The Solicitors**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Talk Like That**
London Trent Park Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pigbag / Phase One Steel Orchestra**
London Wembley Arena: **Electric Light Orchestra / Voyager**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Heaters / Lollipop / The Ettes**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **A Bigger Splash**
London W.1 Boulevard Theatre: **Mass / Dif Juz**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Earwigs**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Prime Cut**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **The 45's**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Verba Verba**
Nottingham Rock City: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Same Old Blues Band**
Poole Arts Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
Sheffield City Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Southampton General Hospital: **Dancette**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mirage**
Sudbury Quay Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Nine Below Zero**
Wokingham Angie's: **San Jacinto**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MOONLIGHT / STARLIGHT

100 West End Lane W6 : Sundays 7.30-10.30

West Hampstead Tube — Jubilee Line

Thursday 3rd December £1.75
ZAP
+ RED PERFORMANCE
+ SILENT SCREEN

Friday 4th December £1.50
IMPULSE + Ill a Day

Saturday 5th December £1.75
MIRAGE + The White Bros

Sunday 6th December £1.50
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
+ Joe Concorde Band

Monday 7th December £1.50
BLACKHEART + Damaged Youth

Tuesday 8th December £1.50
From Scotland
THE IMPRINTS + The Survivors

Wednesday 9th December £1.75
THE HEATERS + Guests

Thursday 10th December £1.50
DRASTIC MEASURES + Kimbo

Thursday 3rd December £1.50
EMPTY VESSELS + The Siberans

Friday 4th December £1.75
DECOY AVENUE
+ The Amber Squad

Saturday 5th December
SOLD OUT

Sundays — Closed

Monday 7th December £1.50
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ Answer

Tuesday 8th December £1.50
BABY 'N' THE MONSTERS
+ Rum & Pie Merchants + Kill-O-Metres

Wednesday 9th December £1.50
AIRSTRIP ONE
+ Danzgs + Glasshouse

Thursday 10th December £1.50
GOING STRAIGHT
+ Heads Of Agreement

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE EXPLOITED
BLACK FLAG
honey bane
THE INSANE

RAINBOW THEATRE
232 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, N7
SATURDAY 12th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 263 3148 9,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
USUAL AGENTS OR £3-50 ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE
CHARGE
BLACK FLAG

*NOT AT PETERBOROUGH
WIRRINA STADIUM
BISHOPS ROAD, PETERBOROUGH
FRIDAY 4th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE WIRRINA STADIUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: PETERBOROUGH 64861,
OR PETERBOROUGH & CAMBRIDGE: ANDY'S RECORDS, OR £3-00 AT DOOR ON NIGHT

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 6th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088

KINGS HEAD

4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 3rd £1.00
THE COBRAS
Friday 4th £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BAND
Saturday 5th £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 6th £1.00
GINGER
Monday 7th £1.00
JOHN SPENCER BAND
Tuesday 8th
Special promotions night for Suran Lager
Wednesday 9th £1.00
XENA ZEROX
Thursday 10th £1.00
5-HANDED REEL

THE ANGEL

on Lambeth Walk SE11. 01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Thursday 3rd £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
+ Parting Shots
Friday 4th £1
THE PAPERS + Infinity
Saturday 5th £1
THE COBRAS
Sunday 6th £1
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Monday 7th
CLOSED — PRIVATE FUNCTION
Tuesday 8th 50p
APOCALYPSE + Friends
Wednesday 9th 50p
Audition night:
DINKIE DEAN AND THE SEA-HORSE ANGELS
+ ACTION HOLIDAYS + CLICK
Thursday 10th £1
RUDI + Apocalypse

LYCEUM

STRAND, WC2
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
SUN/MON 13th/14th DECEMBER at 7-30

TICKETS £3-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

PRETENDERS
THE FLYING PADOVANIS

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W1
TUES/WED 15th/16th DECEMBER at 8-00

TICKETS £4-00, £3-50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 580 9562,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE,
TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

PINKIES
THU. 3. DEC. "Rhythmic, disturbing dance music sounds." ½way between B52's & Talking H.

Lee KOSMIN
FRI. 4th. City Funk & White Soul from Singer/Songwriter/Survivor, Kosmin whose amiable on stage manner & evident pleasure in his music are aggreeably infectious.

HYPNOSIS
SAT. 5. Sussex 5-piece who pep up late nite Jazzy pieces with shifting funk rhythms and superb dynamics. Best known for their cut on the SLIPSTREAM compilation album.

SUN. WHO's GEORGE + KASUALS + MIRROR CO.
MON. 4 AD & SITU. 2, 3 FARM LIFE + SLAVARON AUDITION NITE WITH:
TUE. MENTAL NOTE + DECOY AVENUE + ONE TRACK MIND
WED. 9 THE PRATS Radical 80's pop with Venom, care, belief & aggression.
Thu 10
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

THE DOORS OPEN 7-30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1427
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

RICHMOORE PRESENTS

LINDISFARNE
+
Pete Scott
MON 7th DEC 8pm
SWANSEA
TOP
RANK
0792 - 53142

TUES 8th DEC 8pm
LOCARNO
BRISTOL
0272 - 276193

The EXPLOITED
with Special guests
BLACK FLAG
TOP
RANK
CARDIFF

SUN 13th DEC 8pm
0222 - 26538

THE GOLF CLUB

383 Euston Road, N.W.1
Licensed 8.30-1am — Opp Gt Portland St Tube

Thursday 3rd December £1.50
FIRST PRIORITY

Friday 4th December £1.50
THE LINES / UT

Saturday 5th December £2.00
DOLLY MIXTURES
+ The Rimshots

Monday 7th December £1.50
PLAY DEAD
+ Reverb and Barbed

Tuesday 8th December £1.50
RUBELS BALLET
+ Urban Dissidents

Wednesday 9th December £1.50
reggae nite
MERGER
+ DJ Ronnie Williames

DJ FOX

THE Venue

160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm
Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 3rd December £3.00
PSST! PULSATING LAUNCH SENSATION
A dozen different shows continuous from 9.30 til late

Friday 4th December £3.50
ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS

Saturday 5th December £3.50
LINDISFARNE'S XMAS PREVIEW

Monday 7th December £2.50
THE FALL
+ the Alarm

Tuesday 8th December £2.00
FAD GADGET
+ Support

Wednesday 9th December £3.00
PIG BAG
+ Phase Ore Steel Orchestra
+ Tyman Dogg

Thursday 10th December £2.00
AZTEC CAMERA
+ the Bluebells
+ Special guests

COMING SOON

Fri 11th & Sat 12th Dec £3.50
Q-TIPS

Mon 14th & Tues 15th Dec £4.00
STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL

Wed 16th Dec £2.50
BELLE STARS

Late Night £2.50
THE RED & WHITE CHRISTMAS BALL

Thurs 17th Dec £3.50
ASWAD

Fri 18th & Sat 19th Dec £4.00
THE BLUES BAND

Mon 21st Dec £4.00
SUZI QUATRO

Tues 22nd Dec £3.50
DAVE EDMUNDS

SIOUXSIE

DECEMBER
FRI 4TH MANCHESTER, RAFTERS
SAT 5TH BULLSMERSHE COLLEGE, READING
TUES 8TH SHEFFIELD, CITY POLY
SAT 12TH ELECTRIC STADIUM, CHADWELL HEATH
NEW SINGLE CATRIX OUT NOW

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT
WASTED YOUTH
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
THE FLYING CLUB
WET PAINT THEATRE CO.
9.30 PM · MONDAY · DECEMBER 7TH · ADMISSION £3.00 ON THE NIGHT
OVER 18'S ONLY · THE ARCHES · VILLIERS ST · WC2

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thurs
PERFORMANCE 1.20, 5.10, 9.00
+ TAXI DRIVER 3.10, 7.00
Fri
Jack Nicholson in
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
2.30, 4.40, 6.50 & 9.00
Sat
PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK
1.30, 5.15, 9.00
+ MY BRILLIANT CAREER 3.30, 7.15
Sat 11.30 all nite
EXORCIST I & II
IT'S ALIVE I & II
+ FRIDAY THE 13th
Sun
1.15 KUROSAWA'S HIGH & LOW
WR MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM 6.40
+ LES VALSEUSES 4.35, 8.15
Mon
Faye Dunnaway in
NETWORK 1.00, 5.10, 9.20
+ CUBA 3.05, 7.15
Tues
Montgomery Clift in
I CONFESS 1.55, 5.35, 9.15
+ SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER 3.35, 7.15
Wed
MEAN STREETS 3.20, 7.10
+ ON THE WATERFRONT 1.25, 5.15, 9.05

Cinemas

Brunel University S.U. ENTS PRESENTS

BRUNEL CHRISTMAS DATES
UXBRIDGE 39125
in the KINGDOM ROOM
WEDNESDAY 9th DECEMBER 8pm
in the SPORTS BARN
Rory Gallagher
PLUS GUESTS
YELLOW TERO
PLUS GUESTS
ALL TICKETS £2
SATURDAY 5th DECEMBER
TICKETS £3.00 in advance £3.50 on door 8pm

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube Uxbridge - Metropolitan Line. Tickets from S.U. Kingston Line Uxbridge 15925
ALSO FROM PETS GAL SHOP HIGH ST UXBRIDGE

LIVE AND 100% HEAVY ROCK at the
BOUNCING BALL CLUB

43 PECKHAM HIGH STREET, LONDON SE15
6pm-11pm EVERY MONDAY — 01-733 4803 (office) 01-703 3347 (club)

Dec 7
TWELFTH NIGHT
Plus THE BAILEY BROTHERS Adm £2

Dec 14
IRON HEART
Plus MARQUIS DE SADE Adm £2

Dec 21
120
Plus MARILLION Adm £2

Dec 28
NATIONAL GOLD + Moontier Adm £2
SOUTH LONDON'S ONLY 100% HEAVY ROCK CLUB
BUSES 12, 36, 36A, 36B, 37, 63, 78 and 171

Pred presents LE VOYEUR
— electronic dance music —

EVERY WEDNESDAY

at London's newest and most luxurious club

— XCLUSIV —

48/50 Margaret St, W1
nearest tube Oxford Circus
10pm – 3am — £2.50

Giant video screen — wine prices reduced
DJ's Julian and Graham

STAY COOL IS STILL THE MAIN RULE

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Perfs. seats Bkble Last perf. Mon-Fri
All weekend perfs. Bar, Pkg. nearby
1: MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.05, 8.05 Late show Sat. 11.05.
2: Mel Brooks BLAZING SADDLES (AA)
MONTY PYTHON & THE HOLY GRAIL (A)
Wk & Sun: 2.0, 7.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE (X)
2.05, 5.30, 9.0 Sun: 5.30, 9.0
THE OTHER CINDERELLA (X)
3.40, 7.05 Sun: 7.05 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
2: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (X)
Wk. & Sun: 4.10, 8.35
McVICAR (X)
2.0, 6.20 Sun: 6.20
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)
2.25, 5.25, 8.25 Sun: 5.25, 8.25
Progs 1.50, 4.45, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.45
Late show Sat 11.15
4: SHOGUN ASSASSIN (X)
1.40, 5.25, 9.10 Sun: 5.25, 9.10
HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT (X)
3.10, 6.55 Sun: 6.55 Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15

Special offer Monday only all seats £2 at all above cinemas for a Season. All Progs At Emi Cinemas Subject to Late Change.

ABC 1, 2, 3, BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)
Progs. 2.0, 4.25, 7.35 Sun: 4.30, 7.35. Late show Sat 11.00
2: KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE (X)
2.0, 5.30, 9.0. Sun: 5.30, 9.0
THE OTHER CINDERELLA (X)
3.35, 7.05. Sun: 7.05
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.00
3: SHOGUN (A)
1.15, 4.20, 7.25. Sun: 4.30, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'cnd bar
Doors open 15 mins prior.
1: MOMMIE DEAREST (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30.
2: SHOGUN (A)
Sep Progs 1.45, 5.0, 8.30.
3: "10" (X)
4.10, 9.30
PRIVATE BENJAMIN (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 7.15
4: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (X)
4.10, 9.30
McVICAR (X) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 7.15
5: 5th Great Month — Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

U2

PLUS SUPPORTING SHOW

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 20th / MONDAY 21st DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

BOW WOW WOW

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2

WEDNESDAY 23rd DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

ROX

PERRY HAINES presents — SAT 5th DEC

DEPARTMENT S

go bananas over

BANANARAMA

Jets and Sharks welcome

DJ STEVE LEWIS

£2.50 8.00pm — ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14, 1 min Southgate Und. Stn. Tel. 01-886 4112 — FREE MEMBERSHIP

THE Circus
BOULEVARD THEATRE
BREWER STREET LONDON W1

WED DEC 2ND — **WORLDBACKWARDS** (ex CLUB TANGO) + THE INEVITABLE

THURS DEC 3RD — **DIAGRAM BROTHERS** + THE INEVITABLE

THURS DEC 10TH — **THE PASSAGE** + THE INEVITABLE

WED DEC 9TH — **MASS** + DIF JUZ

LICENCED BAR: 7·00 – 11·00PM
SEATS £2·50 IN ADVANCE ONLY 437 2661
ON NIGHT OF SHOW BOX OFFICE CLOSES: 8·00PM

THE FALL

NEW SINGLE · LIE DREAM OF A Casino SOUL / FANTASTIC LIFE

KAMERA ERA 001 PLAYING AT THE VENUE DEC 7TH

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ian DURY & the BLOCKHEADS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS — LYCEUM STRAND, WC2

TUESDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £4·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

Last British Gig Of The Birthday Party Until March '82

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
MALARIA
DEATH IN JUNE

Friday 11th December
115 New Cavendish St, W1

Tickets: £2 advance; students, unwaged, £2.50 door. Restrictions on entry at Management discretion

More info : ANTON 636 6271

DIVERSEN at the BARACUDA
1 Baker Street, W1 (903 2062)

Monday 7th December — *Taboo Club featuring* **RIP, RIG + PANIC**

Monday 14th December — *From Germany* **MALARIA** — **Diversen**

Adm £3.00 9.30 — 2.30am.
Every Monday with the best dance music in town

Jazzcentre — 100 Club, 100 Oxford St W1

Fri 4 December 8.30 - 1am late bar

FAMOUS BLUES BLASTERS
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith

HERSHEY AND THE 12-BARS
featuring Steve Waller

£2 JCS/100 — £3 others

35 GT. RUSSELL STREET
WC1 (01) 580 8532

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 3rd December — £1.25
THE WAVES
(featuring Kimberley Rew ex-Soft Boys) + Drastic Measures

Friday 4th December — £1.50
From Ireland: **THE OUTCAST** + The Reactions

Saturday 5th December — £1.50
NIGHTDOCTOR + The Creamies

Sunday 6th December — £1.00
JOHN DOWIE + Hieronomous Bosch

Monday 7th December — £1.25
RESULTZ/MIDNITE MOVIES

Tuesday 8th December — £1.25
NAKED LUNCH
+ They Should Have Died Years Ago

Wednesday 9th December — £1.25
THE DIRTY STRANGERS
+ Double Agent

Idiot Ballroomm's Beach Party (Free Sand)
with
Merry Zap Zap
Murphy Federation
Jigsaw World
Real Imitations
Blue Midnight
on Tuesday 8th December 7.30-11.00
at Clarendon Bar, Hammerschmidt
compere — Rev Quickly
Sound — Sire Alias Sound
Lights — Random Pulse
50p in adv (743-2645)
£1.00 on door

MIDDX POLY S.U.

All Times 8pm

Fri 4th Dec — £1.00
A BLUE ZOO
Trent Park

Mon 7th Dec — £1.50
BIDDIE & EVE
Cat Hill

Wed 9th Dec — £1.00
JOHNNY MARS BAND
Trent Park

Thurs 10th Dec — £1.50
TRIBESMAN
Enfield

Phone Simon for more info 441 2304

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

DECEMBER
4 Stranglers
4-5 Orchestral Manoeuvres
7 Linx
6 Damned
6 Shakin' Stevens
6 Billie Jo Spears
6 Human League
7 Tenpole Tudor
7, 8 James Brown
8 Bucks Fizz
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
9, 10 ELO
12 Exploited
13 Ralph McTell
14 Pretenders
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
15 Stray Cats
16, 17 Duran Duran
16 Saxon
17 Squeeze
18 Hawkwind
18 Hot Gossip
19 Brendan Shime
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Nils Lofgren
20 Christmas on Earth
20 Slade
20, 21 U2
21, 22, 23 Japan
21, 22 Gillan
22 Ian Dury
23, 24 Elvis Costello
23 Bow Wow Wow
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz
31 Black Sabbath

JANUARY
1, 2, 3 Black Sabbath
3, 4, 5 Teardrop Explodes
27, 28 UFO

FEBRUARY
9, 10 Sammy Hagar
25 Scorpions

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

MCP presents

SQUEEZE — IT'S ALL HAPPENING

RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON plus *A Flock of Seagulls*
THURSDAY 17th DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 Available from B O Tel: 01 263 3148 and usual agents.

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
DECEMBER 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th and 28th

LINDISFARNE'S CHRISTMAS SHOW '81

Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 and £3.00 available as follows:— 19th, 20th and 21st only from City Hall Box Office. Telephone 320007.
22nd, 23rd, 27th and 28th by mail order only. Crossed cheques or P.O.'s payable to L.M.P. Ltd., should be sent together with a S.A.E. to Lindisfarne Christmas Show, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle NE99 1LT.

KILTORCH/OUTLAW PRESENTS — CLUB ZOO
STARRING
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS at 8pm
JANUARY 3rd 4th 5th
£3.50
tkts. from box office tel. 748 2812

TICKETS ALSO FROM: CENTRE, LTB, PREMIER, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 3rd December £3.50 adv — RORY GALLAGHER

Aswad and Rose Tattoo — *Cancelled, phone for details*

Saturday 5th December — £2.00 on the door, £2.50 after 10 — FUTURIST DISCO

Wednesday 9th December £2.50 adv — THE BUREAU + THE MO-DETTES + RODDY RADIATION AND THE TEARJERKERS

Thursday 10th December £3.00 adv. — STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL + Siam

Friday 11th December £3.00 adv — SQUEEZE + the Chameleons

Saturday 12th December £3.00 adv — NILS LOFGREN

Friday 18th December £4.00 adv — SUZI QUARTRO

Thursday 22nd December £3.00 adv — STRAY CATS + Screaming Lord Sutch

Thursday 24th December £3.00 adv — X-MAS FUTURIST DISCO

Thursday 31st December £3.00 adv — 9 BELOW ZERO

Must be 18 years of age or over. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Way Ahead Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, AW Associates, Lincoln — In the Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston — or by Post from ROCK CITY. PLEASE ENCLOSE SAE.

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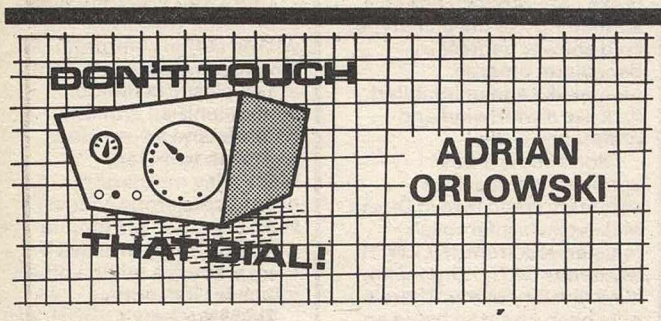

ADRIAN ORLOWSKI

Speakers cornered

Tweeters tickled, mid-ranges muffled and basses belted — all part of the *DTTD* service

SPEAKERS — big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones — how do you go about making a choice for your hi-fi system?

It's a current notion that because speakers produce the sound they must be the most important part of the whole hi-fi system. And it's quite wrong. The biggest errors they introduce are those that happen all the time to people's voices. Yet you would never mistake a friend's voice because you were conversing in your sitting room or the kitchen or an elevator rather than in the pub you first met them.

This shows that their sound balance (what in jargon is 'frequency response') has precious little to do with whether what's coming over is intelligible. Or for music, because you listen to it for pleasure, whether it's enjoyable.

Speakers basically just do what they're told to by the amp, and they can never improve a signal. So before you buy or change them look to the amp and to the record player as the information comes from here in the first place. If you improve things here it'll seem like you've changed your speakers as well — but without moving them an inch!

Because hi-fi equipment comes in bigger voxes than ma's tranny radio you expect that it ought to sound bigger too. Massive thudding bass and ripping treble and you think: I've got to have that."

Listen again. That bass disco is not real bass; it doesn't play tunes like real basses do. It sounds impressive because the energy at those frequencies is resonating in your chest cavity and giving you a 'real' feel. But it's a con. PA designers have known about it for years, designing their speakers that way.

As for the treble, it sounds that way first because PA amps are often naff (a form of distortion known as transient intermodulation distortion and it makes everything sound 'hard'), and PAs have to use horns to get the loudness, as hi-fi speaker units are useless, and horns sound that way anyway.

So discover if you can hear all the different kinds of cymbal shots the drummer is making. Don't think that drums are necessarily noisy things — a good drummer can play quietly too. As for real bass, over a good system it sounds so deep and dry it's almost not there. (When you realise the record's probably been mixed on a PA type speaker it's obvious why).

Bass is a problem with speakers. Getting it to go down means big boxes, and after 50 years no-one has yet found an alternative.

On the other hand if you've got over the stage where quantity comes before quality, it'll please you to know that you can get just as enjoyable bass from a smaller speaker, even a bookshelf type. What it needs is attention to the turntable, as this mainly determines the quality of the bass notes.

Most speakers are boxes closed, called infinite baffle types, but some are vented with a circular port in the front panel to get a little more bass.

But if you see the cones flapping in and out in time with record warps, then blocking up the vent will probably improve the quality a lot.

Things to beware: specifications, as usual. Fortunately speakers aren't amenable to hype-tech marketing quite like amps or decks: you can't easily get away with flashing lights or strobes on them.

'More drive units' are not usually better at all. The perfect speaker would have only one. To do it properly you need two at least, but then you have to design them to give a seamless sound, and it doesn't always end up that way. Two is necessary, three is being extravagant (but often required for really good deep bass). Any more, start being suspicious — but do listen.

There will be a dividing network hidden inside the cabinet to split the signal between the drive units. Manufacturers have been known to put superfluous components into this network to make it look impressive. But often the speakers with the simplest crossovers sound best, though not necessarily the most tonally neutral.

To achieve the latter means putting anti-resonance circuits in the crossover and these in turn can unsettle amplifiers driving them so scrambling information. Flat and/or square drive units have no advantage over ordinary round ones, and putative advantages from this or that special technology usually results in deficits which you can hear elsewhere.

Always audition for the maximum clean loudness you require, and if you can't get it from one pair of speakers choose more sensitive ones, eg Tannoys.

Matching speakers with amps for power puzzles many people. It's generally safer to use an amp of higher power rating than the speakers, than the other way round. If the amp is under powered it will more easily go into overload when used loud, and the burst of energy this event produces can (and does!) destroy the tweeters. If the amp is higher powered this is less likely to happen. Don't worry about going loud because full power is used only on transients (which the speakers can handle), and the average power will typically be only 20 per cent of this, ie within safe rating. It will also be safer on the speakers if you zero the loudness and tone controls while you're at it.

Finally stereo — the object of having two speakers. Stereo doesn't mean sound coming from two speakers, but a sound stage which spreads across the whole width between them with each instrument in a distinct and different point on the line. But you have to take care how you position the speakers to get the effect of a linear spatial image to work.

You and the two speakers should be at the angles of an imaginary equilateral triangle. Give them something solid to sit on and use stands if recommended. Give them a bit of free space (unless they're proper bookshelf models of course); place them where the environment is at its most symetrical around the stereo centre line; avoid hard reflecting surfaces nearby; try angling them in by various amounts.

Finally connect them up to the amp with something more substantial than flex. Use QED 79-strand cable or 10 amp mains wire — sit back, and listen to the difference it all makes!

ALTHOUGH Koss is a US company, Dyna*mite speakers had Made In Ireland labels. Koss has become virtually synonymous with headphones but as a result of a new factory there they now offer a full range of speakers.

The Dyna*mites are a solidly made little speaker. Rounded edges on wooden cabinets (walnut veneered) are not something you often see, and with the brown grille fronts they look more than domestically acceptable. Size is just over 12 inches high by just under six inches wide and deep, and sensitivity is average, though good for a small speaker. The twinned bass/mid units each side of the tweeter enables them to be used upright or on their sides without the stereo image being affected.

Sound wise you notice immediately they're small speakers but it takes little time to get accustomed to them. They are less boxy and boomy sounding than a lot of speakers at the price. Music comes over in a bouncy, lively and enjoyable way, and though the instruments sound a bit distanced, music remains integrated. They are neither aggressive or fatiguing and you can wind them up loud without the sound breaking up. At £140 pr. an attractive little speaker.

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Silver Screen

Mephisto

Directed by Istvan Szabo
Starring Klaus Maria Brandauer, Krystyna Janda and Rolf Hoppe (Cinegate)

AS A NOVEL by Thomas Mann's son Klaus, *Mephisto* was little more than a thinly veiled attack on the opportunistic German actor Gustav Grundgens, who married the Mann sister Erica only to desert her in 1933 for a self-serving relationship with the Nazi Party. Apparently taken by Grundgens' performance of Mephisto in Goethe's *Faust*, Goering forgave him his earlier indiscreet dabblins in communist street theatre and set him up as the cultural figurehead of the Third Reich.

The Faust role serves as the brilliantly obvious central metaphor of the Mann novel, but unable to subordinate his hatred of the actor, his fictional counterpart Hendrik Hofgren is a clumsy caricature whose treachery has less to do with circumstances than personal weaknesses.

Which is where Szabo's film immensely improves upon the original. His Hofgren is a more complex, ambiguous figure, who political decisions are still governed by expediency and cowardice above conscience, yet he's not so glibly decadent as Mann's cardboard villain.

The movie *Mephisto* is at once more universal, harder and entertaining than Mann's narrowly vengeful little book. Szabo deals with the implications of an artist's evasions of responsibility and willingness to support a vile regime, just by being part of it.

Mephisto charts the ambitious Hofgren's rise from his early successes in a provincial Hamburg theatre through his marriage of convenience with the wealthy liberal's daughter to the point where — poised on the brink of major breakthrough in Berlin — the Nazis come into power and he's forced to choose between honourable exile and dishonourable success.

Claiming to be a simple, apolitical actor with strong thirst for fame, whose business it is to don masks, he takes the easy way out — not before finding a new protector in the Prime Minister's actress mistress.

The chameleon Hofgren's ability to survive is paradoxically down to his worming likeability, something which is superbly conveyed by Klaus Maria Brandauer's volatile performance. Brandauer's extraordinary vitality and charm is reminiscent of the vaudevillian Jimmy Cagney, especially during the film's absorbing backstage bickering and rehearsal sequences.

The fact that he is so easily liked strengthens Szabo's central question: "Would you have behaved any differently under the circumstances?" In avoiding Mann's gross over-simplifications he in no way attempts to excuse Hofgren's cowardice, and instead of explaining away the collaborator as an evil deviant, to be hissed at, he presents him as a basically ordinary individual with one greedy eye on the future, and the other looking out for his own skin.

Search your own soul first and then condemn him.

Chris Bohn

Montenegro

Directed by Dusan Makavejev
Starring Susan Anspach, Erland Josephson and Per Oscarsson (New Realm)

IN THE best, most bitter black comedies, the straitjacket of morality is removed and we laugh loudly at the innocuousness of what is normally dangerous or oppressive. We flip back to a time when not only was "God dead," the very idea had been aborted.

Dusan Makavejev's *Montenegro* is ludicrously jam-packed with the kind of humour which renders civilised vanity a hopeless masque — a savage swichblade through our average yearning for unconditional security and understanding. It — fortunately — doesn't even offer the relative sanity of being a (cliched) slap in the jowels of the moribund middle classes. It is simply a wicked snort.

The subject is Susan Anspach's broken down housewife Marilyn Jordan, who regresses from a fur-lined, foetus-like existence in the edgeless plateau of bourgeois bliss to . . . a different, equally predictable solution torn from the primal demystification fad of any number of '70s Art movies.

(Take *Last Tango In Paris* as something like the archetype; cold shower genteel behaviour, emerge animal-like and uninhibited, fuck like a whirlwind and — preferably — die.)

I don't know if this admittedly precocious summary could take in Dusan Makevejev's infamous meisterwerk from 1971 *W. R. Mysteries Of The Organism;* it's a mystery to me. There's only been one stop between that and *Montenegro* (1974's *Sweet Movie)* and it *could* be said of the new movie that there's just a few too many ideas thrown in for the hell of it.

It's an aesthetic that plunges fist-first into sacred fox-holes, really only recalling early Fassbinder farce in its sticky mingling of cute cynicism and provocative revelation. The Jordan family gets its non-stop pace from a '30s/'40s Hollywood plot — but their habits would lead a contemporary shrink into a fruitless lifetime of research.

With the more than generous help of Susan Anspach's winning performance — simmering between vengeful determination and mental dispersion — *Montenegro* charms the sensuality out of scenes most movies wouldn't touch.

There's an elevating tingle even in the worldweary, wicked carnal confrontation whose principal characters are all plastic (a remote contral tank, an artificial member and an atrocious nightclub two-step). Makavejev makes of the most delapidated erotic courses a Quixotic ritual; his tongue would be firmly in cheek if there weren't a million other things for it to pursue.

But Makavejev's fun isn't all technical. The mainsprings of Art Cinema symbolism are given a good see-sawing to, and the world within the world he rapturously sends up is indicated with a slow burning fusion of reverential pointers and diverted signs; he sure knows how to cock a snook.

It's out of the question to transplant the storyline into this one dimensional medium — although I must concede a couple of mentions for Bora Todorovic's super spivvy Alex and for the chap who gets stabbed in the forehead (an Oscar should be invented for the Straight Face).

Montenegro made me laugh more than any new movie this year — and I wouldn't dare recommend it to anyone I know. Truly, a work for lovers of the absurd — or just absurd lovers.

Ian Penman

Faye Dunaway as Joan: was Crawford crackers?

They shoot monkeys don't they?

Neil Norman meets Dusan Makavejev, the Montenegro man famed for his mysterious organisms

HE ASKS US what we'd like to drink. Jill says tea and I opt for gin. We settle for champagne. The bottle's been hanging around on the sideboard and he hasn't had occasion to open it until now. That's Dusan Makavejev all over — unpredictable, impish and a great believer in the spontaneity of the moment. Pop!

A bearded, cheerful Yugoslav with a gravelly accent and an innate sense of mischief, Makavejev has made six films since 1965, the best known to British audiences being *Switchboard Operator* and *W.R. Mysteries Of The Organism*. His penultimate film, *Sweet Movie*, made in 1974, has gained a certain notoriety in Europe and America, though it is unlikely to be shown here until extensive re-editing. He's currently in town to talk about his latest, and potentially most successful effort, *Montenegro, or Pigs And Pearls.*

An anarchist film-maker in the truest sense (ie one who upsets the settled order) he uses plot and narrative purely as a framework for absurd imagery, paradoxical dialogue and strange occurrences. In short, anything that will undermine an audience's conviction that they are watching reality.

While he regards *Montenegro* as his tamest film to date, it will probably prove his most popular (it was sold to more than 40 countries at Cannes) because of the veneer of reality and the surface tension that keeps you watching even when you often don't understand what precisely is going on.

In *Montenegro*, Makavejev works with the assurance of a conjurer, moving from the sublime to the subliminal with breathtaking felicity. It gets my vote as the best comedy of the year.

MOVING FROM Yugoslavia to Paris to direct *Sweet Movie*, Makavejev ended up teaching film at Harvard in the late '70s where he fell foul of the American film business through self-confessed

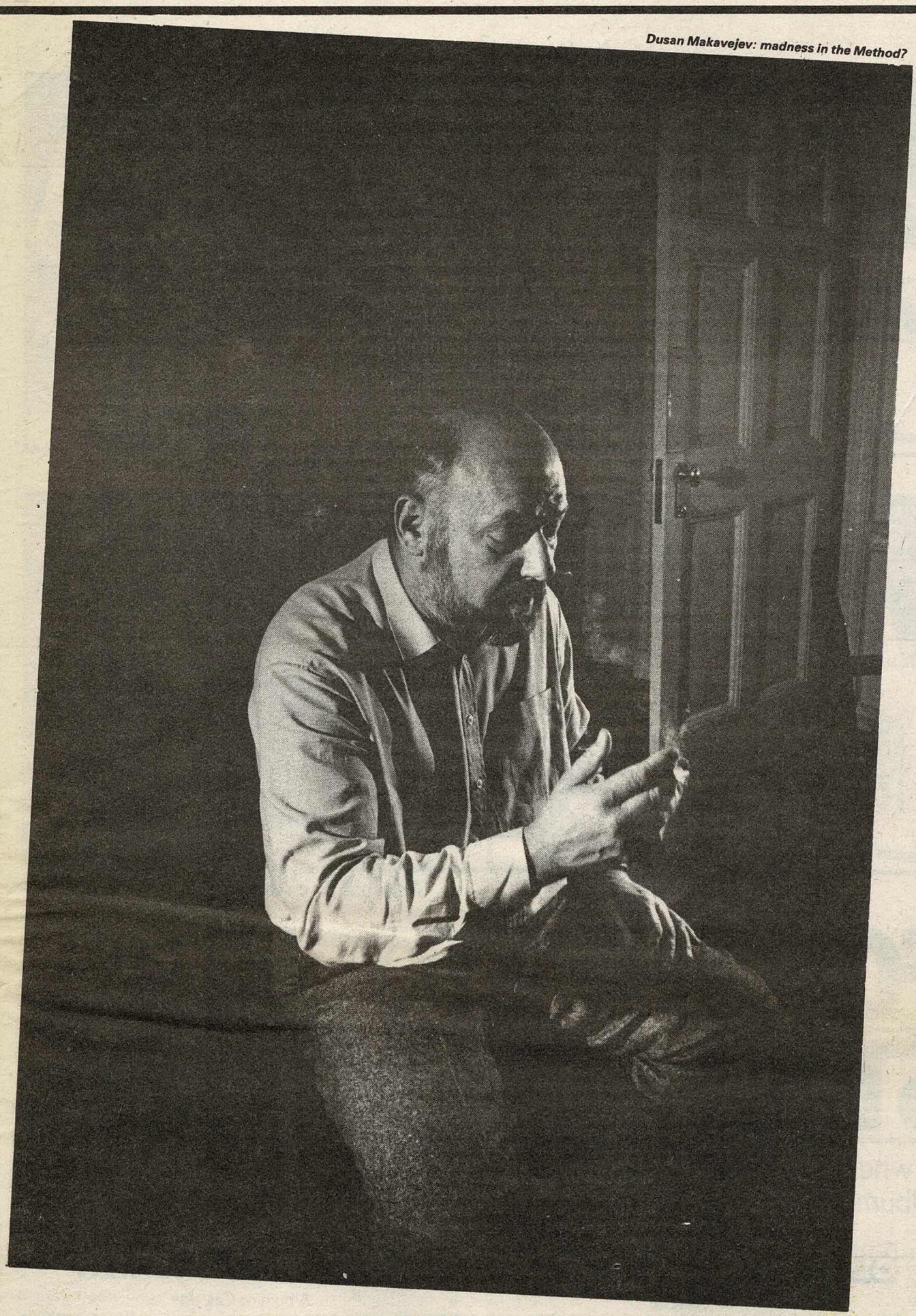
Joan

Mommie Dearest

Directed by Frank Perry
Starring Faye Dunaway, Diana Scarwid and Steve Forrest (CIC)

***MOMMIE DEAREST* is a very old-fashioned film. It's not particularly great; it veers between the painfully engrossing and the laughably embarrassing; its treatment of its subject, the off-screen life of Joan Crawford, is invaded by a dimestore shallowness and an impeccably crafted gilding of sensationalism. And for that, it's nearly perfect. It's as vulgarly emotive as *Mildred Pierce*. What a tribute, what a cruel mirror.**

Based on Christina Crawford's book, the story runs from



Dusan Makavejev: madness in the Method?

naivete. Seven years between movies is a long time. What kept you, Dusan?

"I think it was culture shock. I got my first credit card about six months ago. I had a lot of problems getting papers in France and the first time I got a decent visa was when I went to Harvard. I was writing a script for an American producer and then I wrote one for a German / Dutch producer and I was totally naive. I never positioned myself right. Their kind of market behaviour was completely foreign to me."

The projects that came and went included *Men Cannot Be Raped* which Bibi Andersson brought to him but from which he was ultimately excluded, and *Just A Gigolo* which he re-scripted (the one offered to him was "horrible — really stupid") with a view to direction. Eventually, double-dealing was to rob him of that, too. He also received an early version of a script which was to turn out as *Apocalypse Now*. "It was like four guys in this boat going up the river in the jungle. An anti-gook film — normal Hollywood type of arrogance."

The last project to fall through was the preparation of Philip Roth's novel, *Professor Of Desire*, on which he was working with *Montenegro* producer Bo Jonsson. David Mercer had written the first draft script but because of his particular interpretation and other attendant problems, the thing was dropped. On the teaching side, however, his career looked healthy.

"I had four teaching offers without trying. I realised if I looked for a job I would find something fantastic so I just decided to move back into freelance life. In '79 I continued talking to Jonsson and then *Professor Of Desire* fell through. Then David Mercer died last summer. It was another shock.

"I realised that people my age or a little older were already ending their lives so my time is coming to leave this world. I understood I had to do something quickly — maybe a few films more — so we got *Montenegro* off the ground and it worked quite well."

The casting of Susan Anspach in the central role is curious (Natalie Wood and Shirley Maclaine were also on the list), particularly when I discover that Makavejev has very little time for the 'Method' school.

"She was very good for the part. It seemed to me that Susan has vulnerability. She's very tough and hard and at the same time very fragile; she vibrates. She has this kind of air of panic around her. But she was very much a Method actor and stuck to the script.

"I don't rely on the script — it's just a springboard. So I was in a strange position. For me the most difficult things in the film are how to make a good image. I never believe that film is three dimensional — film is the illusion of three dimensions but you always have to create the image first. So actors are there to produce their own image and not to produce a character — they have to produce an image that *looks* like a character.

"Primarily it's still a two dimensional image that moves and it's going to be treated on the editing table in so many ways that you can change every part. You can change words, you can do all kinds of things because the editing table is the place where the film gets really produced. So to work with someone who regards their place in front of the camera as reality was quite an experience for me."

So much for the actors. What about the animals that play such an important part in the film? Did their significance come out in the editing process?

"Yes. I was bringing them in just to make scenes livelier. I was interested in animals observing people — eating, making love, doing anything and also mixing into people's lives.

"Monkeys came last. The first day of shooting was the zoo and it was quite cold so the animals were moved some place and we only got one long shot of monkeys.

"We went back on a beautiful day just for a few close-ups and the monkeys were great. Terrific. So much better than people. They're so much more expressive. They don't need to be taught any Method ..."

Monkeys apart, it's also a very erotic film, isn't it?

"Yes. I also don't think that only naked scenes are erotic. What was important for me was to get them even when they are eating spaghetti. There is some libido in people — people have sexiness in whatever they do and it is very important to observe them in it.

"In films you just get some shots that give people the key how to watch the film. So you get these little erotic shots that have this kind of nice movement that give you signals how to read the film. Then later whenever you get something nice and gentle, ie a curtain moving, you see it as a caress.

"I think the eroticism in *Montenegro* comes from light. We were also trying to do some things with colour. Our eye is black and white oriented — we see the world primarily in black and white and colour comes second. That's why black and white films are more 'normal' as films.

"Colour films are always like somebody's jumping on you — they're too nervous. We cleaned the movie of too many colours and tried to be monochromatic wherever we could. I am sure that if you treat colours with some selectivity people will not be really aware of it but subliminally you get the message. You get some refinement. You get some sensuality. Colours are sensual material."

IN *MONTENEGRO*, these 'signals' are incorporated in the dialogue as well as the images. Anspach, for example, says to her daughter: "It's all so predictable — like this movie we're in," only to be answered by: "But I'm not in a movie." An early piece of dialogue, it affects the way you watch the rest of the film.

"You realise that the girl is not a girl. She is a picture. When you see Susan saying 'Like this movie ...' I think this is still stepping out in the theatrical sense but when the girl says "I am *not* in a movie", then *that's* real film. Because then it's impossible. You don't know what to do. Then you have to stick to the movie, not to what they're saying.

"There are some other little shifts in the film but not many. I like to do some things with time — like having the passage of time being obviously one day or half an hour and then you just announce that another year passed or something. You just give a little clue, but a different time clue so that people who believe in the film feel like the rug has been pulled from under them. They get mad. They say 'What is it that's *wrong?* There's a mistake.'

"They don't know that you can do *anything* in films. . ."

Pop!

Crawford: a suitable case for biopic treatment

the late '30s to Crawford's death in 1977 and turns on the chillingly schizoid relationship between the ersatz matriarch and her adopted daughter.

It's a curious mix of emphases: Hollywood's ritzy environment is always present, but since most of the scenes with the young Christina are set in the Crawford house and grounds the theme plays a claustrophobic tune of domestic tragedy, people bickering in a marbelled prison. The guilty obsession with neat-and-tidiness is made clear in the opening credits sequence, Crawford doing a 4 a.m. scrub-up for the studios, and acts as a springboard for the happy house confrontations to come.

Having secured an adopted child through the offices of her lawer lover Greg (Steve Forrest — you're getting old, Baron), Crawford's treatment of the infant switchbacks as wildly as her movie standing: lavish birthday parties followed by terrifying irrational rages. It hardens the kid into growing old before her time. Left after a terrible thrashing with a wire coat-hanger with orders to clean up a bathroom hysterically showered in detergent, whe hoarsely mutters "Jesus *Christ*. . ."

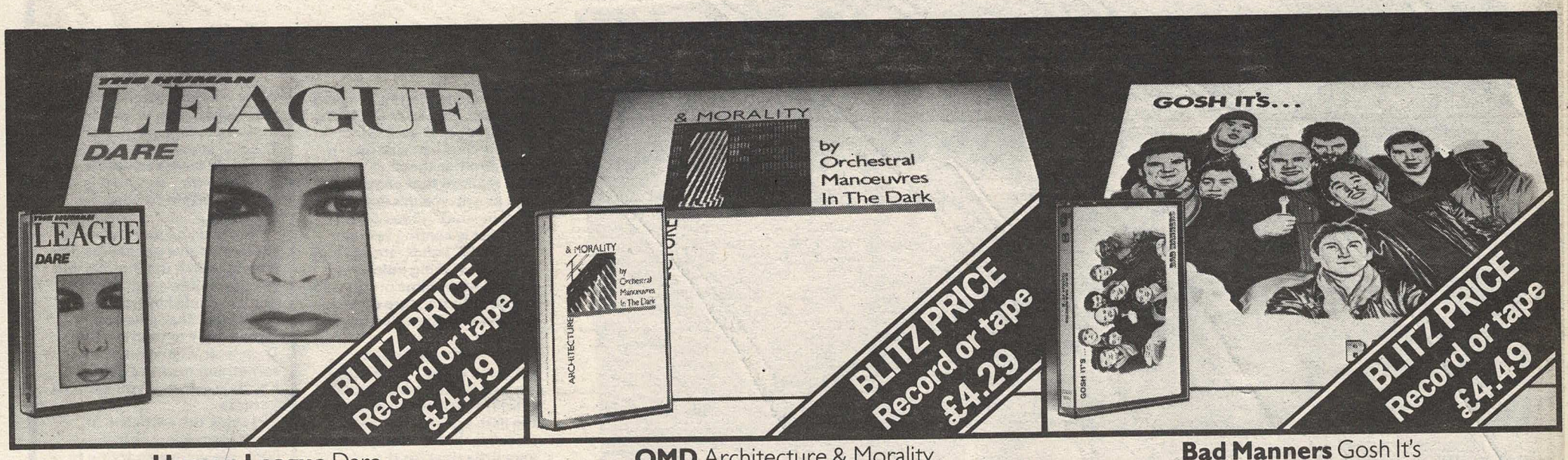
Perry's treatment of these scenes is unwaveringly blunt. There's little fast cutting to speed up the impact of the violence; the camera simply watches . . . and watches. Unbearably long takes on Crawford's twisted features, beauty stencilled in grotesque relief, eyes burning from a moon of cold cream or foundation, have you either wound up tight or giggling in release. It's unblinkingly voyeuristic.

As Christina grows up and the inevitable cathartic showdown comes and goes, she seems to grow closer to her ailing mommie dearest — yet it's over this issue that the seams of the film finally split apart. In what is essentially a traditionally empty Hollywood biopic there's no provision for emotional complexity. We're left with an infuriating mystery over which side the love-hate scales teetered towards.

That the viewer of this basically unpleasant story cares at all is down to Faye Dunaway's bravura portrayal of Crawford. From the arched and enamelled fingernails to the fear-driven neuroses, Dunaway is Crawford-playing-Crawford with every conceivable stop out. Overwrought to the point of caricature — but that *is* the point. When Metro's old stager hacks off Tina's stickily lacquered hair before her dressing table mirror and the reflections scream back the wretched loss of control, it's a moment of Guignol so Grand you're left shaking.

All the same, it goes out with a bitter taste. Everyone knows about Crawford now, and it seems pointless to pump up a sad story from the Sundays. *Mommie Dearest* is Hollywood on Hollywood at its most heartless.

Richard Cook



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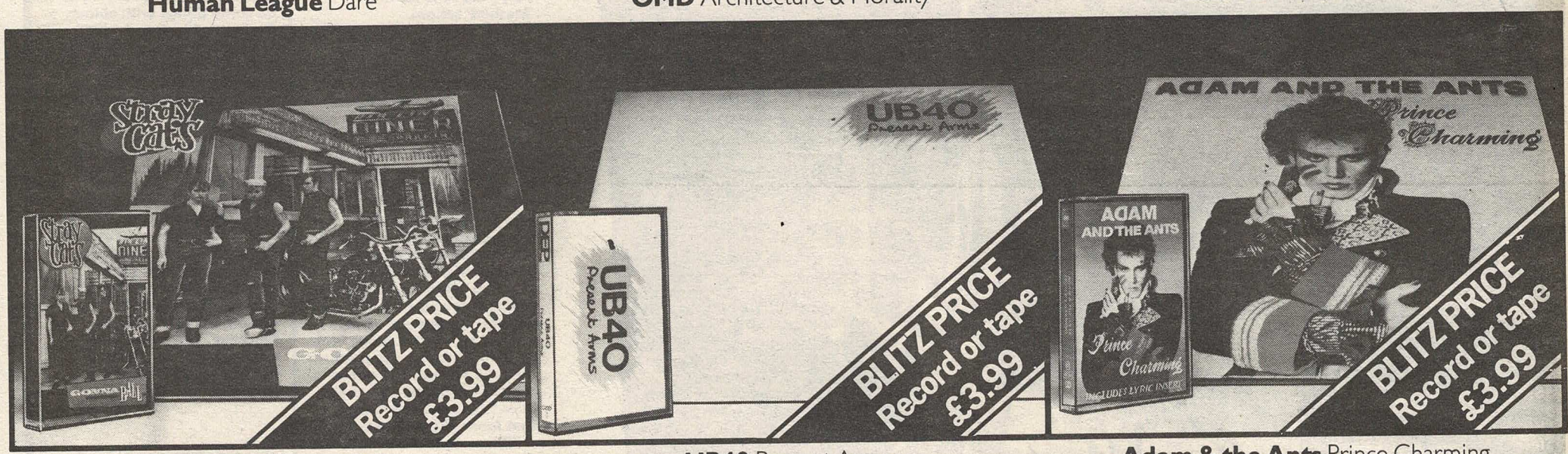

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Hawkwind ..... Sonic Attack
***James Last** ..... Hansimania
Bob Marley ..... Chances Are
Gary Numan ..... Dance
Ottowan ..... Greatest Hits
Sad Cafe ..... Ole
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LIVE!

NO LOVE, NO ACTION

The Human League

Sheffield

HERE TO partake in the homecoming festivities for this town's favourite sons and daughters, we tumbled into Sheffield looking for excitement, experience and euphoria. The triumph of independent ingenuity meeting teenybop hysteria, a local celebration of 'make your own fun — it's more fun!', sugared electric beat songs for new life and disco dreams. Something to combat or help you survive the mangled architecture, depression and alienation of decaying Britain.

But . . . when all is said and done, The Human League at Sheffield are a hollow disappointment — almost redundant in their immobility and colourless live performance. There is nothing in the refurbishing of their material that brings to life or even raises the question of activity, attraction or enchantment. The group's true values and visions (a look *at* as much as *of* love) lie dormant, lost between formal stuffiness and professional detachment.

The hall is packed to the gills, of course; in my area there's a mass of third form girls, all here to ogle Oakey, who has more the aura of a plumber's mate than of the year's biggest (and most unlikely) sex symbol. Onstage in the big cavernous hall, circled by three synthesiser banks, it's Phil in baggy shirt, with a monotone drone and studied lifelessness. Supposedly this is the perfect counterpart to the vivacious swinging, teasing, stretching and shirking dance of Joanne and Suzanne on either side. The first Doctor Who with two assistants, the difference between sombre deportment and racy mime and urgency, the battle between the head and the art.

But the chemistry is not added to or acted on and The Human League concept of dress, dance, demand and desire remains scatty and inconsistent — a disjointed mess on the cutting room floor. I never saw the old Human League live but I heard some of their terrible records and I hear some more of that music tonight. The reason for this is, I think, that Wright and Oakey still harbour a longing to ladle out something GRAND — demonstratively pretentious and precociously pompous. The new League with its superficial sweetness, do or dare heart breaking up and making up modern world lovers' manifesto could be an elegantly comic or spicily sophisticated night out. But they seem to have no ideas, no light or shade in their constructions.

There are still bad lights, blown-up slides (sci-fi, pop art and movie stars) on a screen behind the stage, and Phil's solo vocal spots where the girls scurry off and give him a chance to unfurl his tiresome obsessions. The Human League of a few likeable singles, cheap cocktail bars, post-Kraftwerk pop parody and low rent *New York, New York* cabaret is not the way they feel. The significance of 'Darkness' (the state as much as the feeling) should not be ignored — that same crummy seance of despair and horror (best left to the ghosts in *Scooby Doo* or The Mysterons in *Captain Scarlet*) is never far away, dragging the show down to vague floundering depths. Perhaps a fruity, play it easy, colouring-book style show would have been a cop-out, but there are ways past it becoming a display of feeble plasticity — wisdom, talent and imagination, f'rinstance — but being Pink Floyd's revenge is not one of them.

For what they do — stage invading as a fine art — Joanne and Suzanne are great, but after a while they are as much a distraction as an attraction, a predictable decoration thrown in front of a stale swathe of synths. As a whole The Human League are a dry re-plod, still hemmed in by the old slog of routine and reactionary methods and circumstance. The Human League are a cosmetic anaesthetic, a marriage not properly consummated.

There are too many scenarios, emotions and relationships not completed, complimented or crafted in the show. The show is stodgy, lazy and inexcusable; it's as if they thought that their position and their pleasurable singles were the only evidence needed and they had nothing left to prove. It looked like any boring old futurist show beefed up and toned down for mass consumption.

The audience weren't exactly overawed by it all either. After a cursory encore they departed without a heroes-return type furore. Still, the luckless teenybopper at the dressing room door wants to see more. What would she do if she got alone with Phil?

"I'd take all his clothes off."

And then?

I'd have a look, of course."

And then?

"I'd laugh."

Gavin Martin

Phil and Joanne

Pic: Kevin Cummins

THE RAGGEDY CANDY MARIONETTE

Altered Images

The Venue

NOW I know what all those wild beat boom shows must have been like. Here at The Venue again Altered Images are playing to a huge showing of the supporters, and it's pop frenzy! When they eventually play 'Happy Birthday' a big rush of excitement sweeps the seedy hall like the jellies have just arrived at a Christmas party. When Claire murmurs some chucklehead aside between songs eyes sparkle and teetn chew into fingers. Dizzy, dizzy!

It's the Images' second show of the day. They've already done a 5pm matinee for the real pop audience. They must have some stamina, especially that girl. And they must hope that she doesn't get tired of the mill, because without her Altered Images would be a poor picture to see.

The music's bulging with confection like this. Xerox a couple of guitars, bass and drums plus an organ to dink a few cherries in the froth now and then and the sound's there. Rummage through some dog-eared exercise books and a handful of dusty Decca and Parlophone singles and out come the songs. The look is failed *Ferry 'Cross The Mersey* screen-testers (I think — I'm rather near the back today). All we need now is the singer.

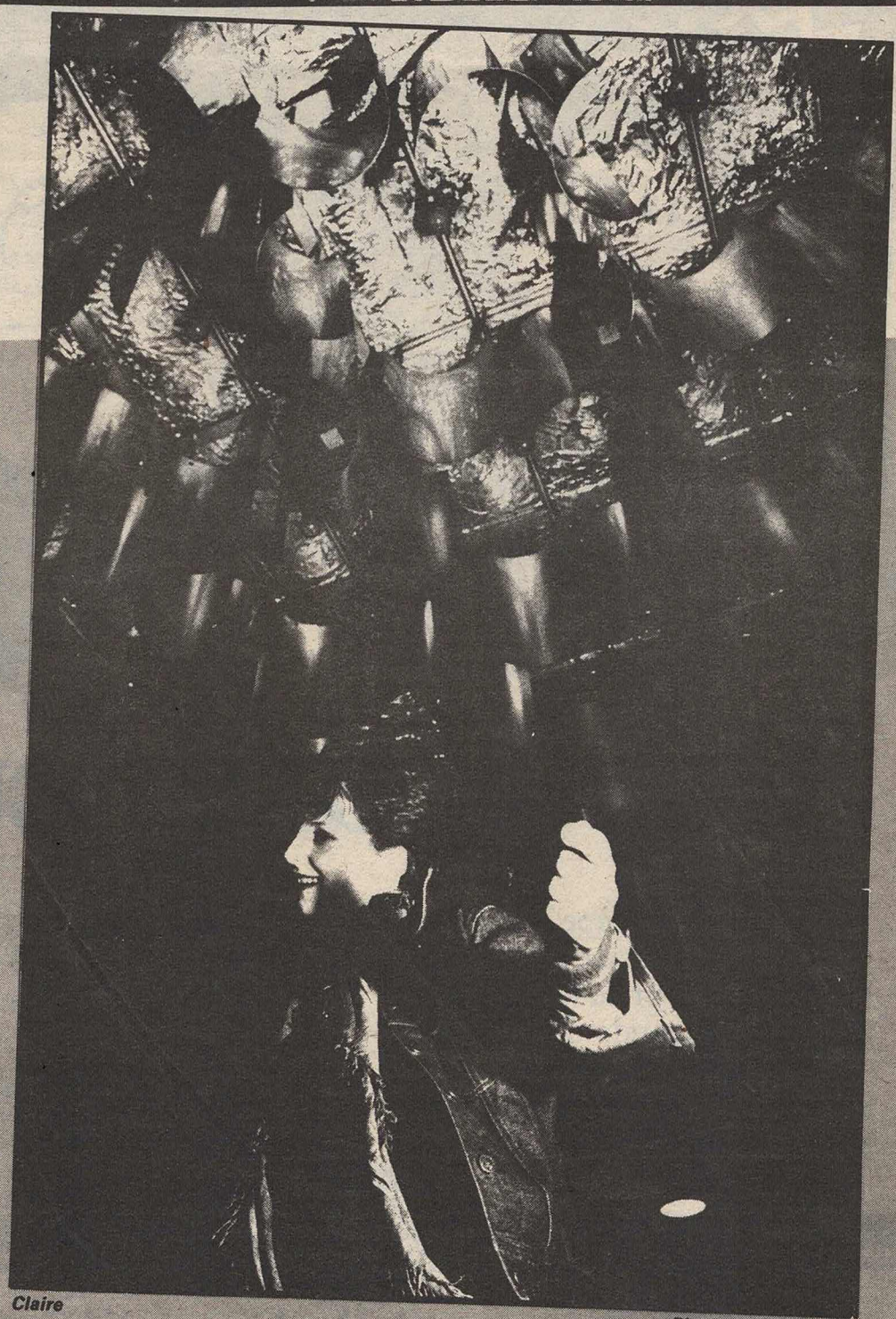
Claire is going to go on making Altered Images pre-eminent as guardians of spaniel-eyed romanticism until, I suppose, she slips from tousled moppetry into mere flooziedom. It happens. Right now the Images look like a crew of renegade prefects which some tomboy upstart has surprised at rehearsal and decided to sing and dance with. You soon forget about them and just watch her: windmilling her arms and stepping through some erratic mazurka when she doesn't have to sing, bobbing like a raggedy candy marionette in her baggy shirt and skirt and sheepdog barnet, cheekily peeping from behind a curtain on a line like *"Where are you?"* as if it were a breakthrough in lyric interpretation.

She has that voice, too. Something like a Blossom Dearie for the '80s, far more strident and shrill on occasion yet capable of summoning the same kind of snoozy nuance and being as fragile as a valentine wish when it needs to be. The songs she has to sing are not very much, the most uncomplicated of loveheart longings and doleful pouts. It is enough, though. 'Happy Birthday' is a silly tune that takes its fun in the sort of jingle that's so familiar everyone has forgotten what it meant.

Altered Images have a foolish name to live up to. Their beginnings lie in some unnameable music rooted in the clacking jukebox noise of groups like The Applejacks or The Honeycombs, monochrome little beat outfits which Claire has gleefully attacked with a gushing spray-can of glitter. Along with Depeche Mode, they are the monitors of fledgling romance. When they do a song like 'I Could Be Happy' — doesn't a title like that . . . oh, never mind — the echo is perfect. Except there *is* something altered. Something. . .

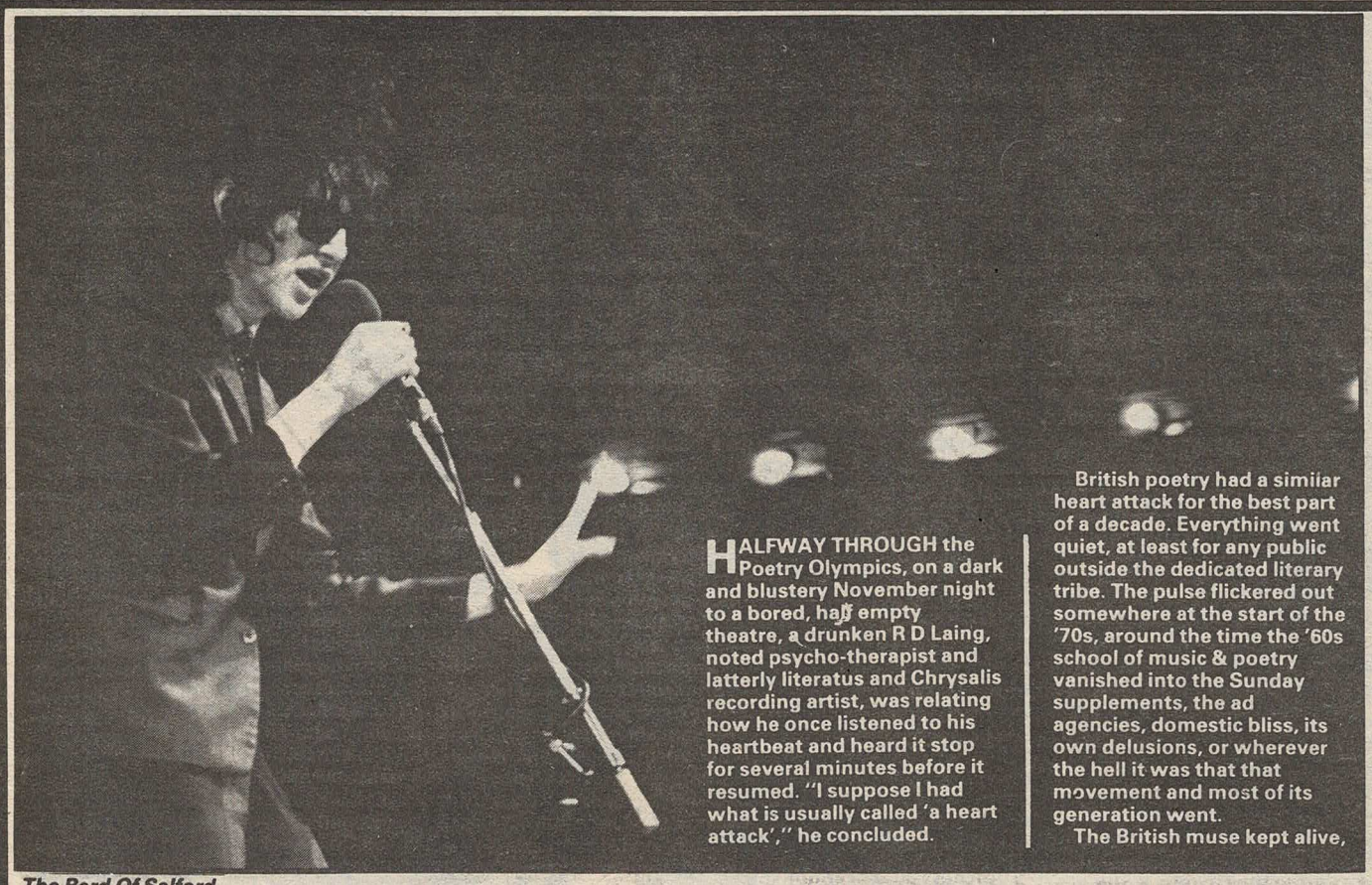
Seems like I've fallen for it. And Claire skips behind one of her boys, and a million pulses flutter again. It does my old heart good to see them in such keeping.

Richard Cook



Claire

Pic: Peter Anderson



The Bard Of Salford

KEEPING

HALFWAY THROUGH the Poetry Olympics, on a dark and blustery November night to a bored, half empty theatre, a drunken R D Laing, noted psycho-therapist and latterly literatus and Chrysalis recording artist, was relating how he once listened to his heartbeat and heard it stop for several minutes before it resumed. "I suppose I had what is usually called 'a heart attack'," he concluded.

British poetry had a similar heart attack for the best part of a decade. Everything went quiet, at least for any public outside the dedicated literary tribe. The pulse flickered out somewhere at the start of the '70s, around the time the '60s school of music & poetry vanished into the Sunday supplements, the ad agencies, domestic bliss, its own delusions, or wherever the hell it was that that movement and most of its generation went.

The British muse kept alive, of course, feeding off scraps in bedsits and selling the odd slim volume in grass roots bookshops, but she was in as moribund a state as our music, then brooding in its pub-rock beer.

Just as the music needed a sharp blow to its head with a stick called Punk, only virtual open-heart surgery from the likes of John Cooper-Clarke and Linton Kwesi Johnson seemed to set the muse's old mama heartbeat pumping the vital juices through the nation's cultural bloodstream again. Recently, in spite of the 'recession', the clampdown, or perhaps even *because* of them, things have been looking up for the muse. The cross-cultural success of such as JCC and LKJ, Patti Smith, Jim Carroll; the ghost of Jim Morrison; the endurance of writers like Barry McSweeney and Ian Sinclair; the impact of the Women's Press; the example of the East Europeans; a burst of new poetry 'zines, many of them music-related or -inspired; fresh focus and renewed commitment from old warhorses as their nostrils whiff the sharp stench of the '80s . . . yes, things are definitely looking up for the muse, though the pulse is still faint . . .

But soft, something stirs on the margins of old Father Thames; 'tis yon Michael Horowitz, a bard of these shores some twenty years or more, and indefatigable defender of the muse and tireless self-publicist. Also organiser and compere of the Poetry Olympics, which last year was a slightly disastrous day at Westminster Abbey and which this year is spread across a weekend at Waterloo's Young Vic Theatre. More than 20 poets will appear, an international array in true Olympian spirit.

Horowitz is a veteran of many campaigns, and if he still talks sometimes as though the famed 1966 Albert Hall reading with Ginsberg was an all-time *satori*, and dresses with the supreme bad taste of an original English beatnik raver, he's astute enough to realise that the involvement of someone like Paul Weller in the poetry scene could open it right up again to '60s proportions. He also makes sure that after each gig there's a party where the poets and their various camp followers can get drunk and trade literary banter. So it is that one comes to see, for example, R D Laing and Elizabeth Scott dancing (rather well) to Chic's 'Le Freak'.

NIGHT NUMBER one was a Saturday afternoon, right past closing time. Most of the children of Albion are disporting themselves at soccer match and department store, but the muse's good looks are sufficiently restored to fill the Young Vic with some 300 highly assorted citizens. The theatre is presenting Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale* and the stage set — a magnificent royal court crested with sheaves of hay and similar symbols of harvest fertility — provides an epic backdrop for the proceedings.

The first poet echoes the imagery, for part of the growing reputation of Heathcote Williams, who shambles on in an overcoat straight from the back of Worzel Gummidge and a goofy court jester grin, comes from his masterly rendition of the sorcerer Prospero in Derek Jarman's movie of Bill Shake's *The Tempest*.

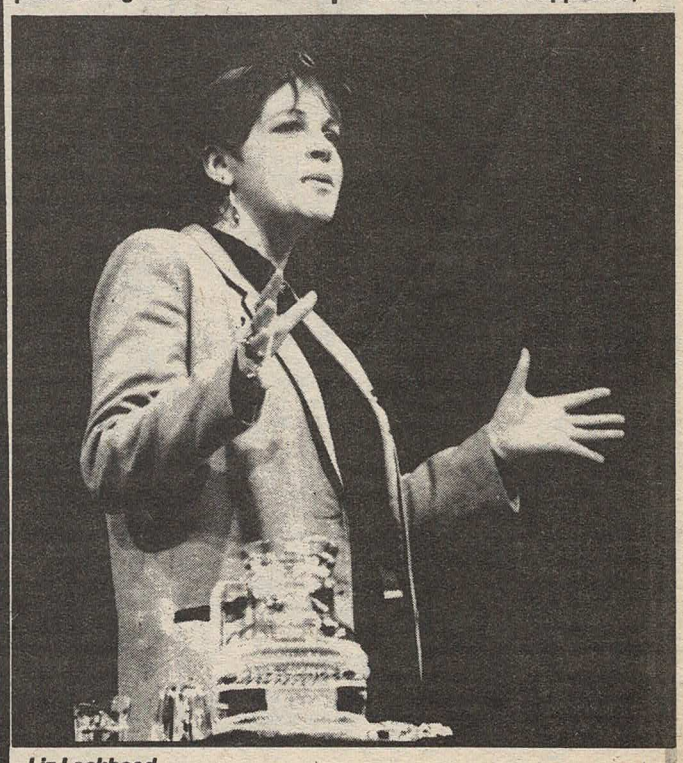
Williams writes in a variety of forms (check his brilliant stage monologue *Hancock's Last Half Hour*, fans of the lad himself), and today he reads a selection from his punchy metaphysical confrontations — "Death treats world wars like a line of good coke" — and casts a warm spell.

Liz Lockhead is stocky and Scottish (from Dunfermline) and into her thirties; her poems are pithy and often quite bitter comments on the emotional blackmail and bargaining in the familial and romantic ties that bind and grind. She talks straight and makes sense.

So too does Linton 'Kwesihead' Johnson, who's down here with his three kids, looking and dressing exactly the same way he has these past years and reading much the same selection that's been his repertoire a year or more. Enough has been written that LKJ's crucial and prophetic works need no great elaboration here. I don't get to ask how it feels seeing his poems come true in this year's riots and whether new poems have sprung from recent events, but he tells me he has recently undertaken an extensive continental itinerary — "the only way I can make a living".

After the break there's another black British poet, James Berry, a booming forceful reader whose work speaks eloquently about racism, if without the immediacy of Johnson. He gets his best reaction with a funny poem about a young black woman's discovery of female liberation as a reality.

Fran Landesman, an American exile these twelve years but still able to pass for a part in a Woody Allen movie, such is the strength of her accent and carriage, tries more of a cabaret approach,



Liz Lockhead

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THE TORCH ALIGHT

NEIL SPENCER visits the Poetry Olympics at the Young Vic and finds out that poets need not be a race apart. Photo-finish: JOANNA VOIT.

glass in hand, rattling off bawdy and disrespectful one and twelve liners and getting a lot of laughs and not a few nervous giggles at lines like "maybe every lonely wank goes straight to the heart of God". At least it's lively. She's backed by her son Miles on acoustic guitar, who also plays in Miles Over Matter, a nouveau psychedelique unit which he tells me plays to "hordes of petrified mods with Paisley shirts on".

Gales of righteous applause greet the arrival of JCC. He slings his poems on the floor and attacks the mike like a bouncer grabbing a drunk's lapels. He's two poems down before the audience has recovered its breath, machine-gunning the lyrics into the mike while his body skates about in the mohairs like it was hearing an old Tamla classic, all on its own.

I decide Clarkie's got a competition with himself to see just how fast he can read something, breaking lines by the lungful rather than by sense or rhyme. The only times he slows down are for the two new poems — 'I Travel In Biscuits' ("white collar whizzkid/button 3 mohair/i travel in biscuits/getting me nowhere") and a brilliant dream sequence in which the Bard of Salford meets Al Capone on the astral plane — "The guardian angels work for me," says the gangland wraith.

Clarke's language and explicitness means there's some squirming on the more genteel benches; the literary establishment still haven't quite adjusted to the idea of a poet who has a fan club, though they've had little choice but to take notice, since JCC is probably the most popular poet in the country after Pam Ayres . . .

NIGHT NUMBER two was a Sunday, and the theatre was half empty. Tonight's audience is ten years and two social classes up on yesterday's matinee, a bookish, sombre lot gathered to hear distinguished elder voices, particularly that of acclaimed Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky.

Also on the bill is Canadian writer Elizabeth Smart, author of *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down And Wept*, a much-praised account of a nervous breakdown in fluid, lyrical prose. She is a plump woman in her sixties with a face through which a nine year old sometimes peers intensely through the many lines of experience.

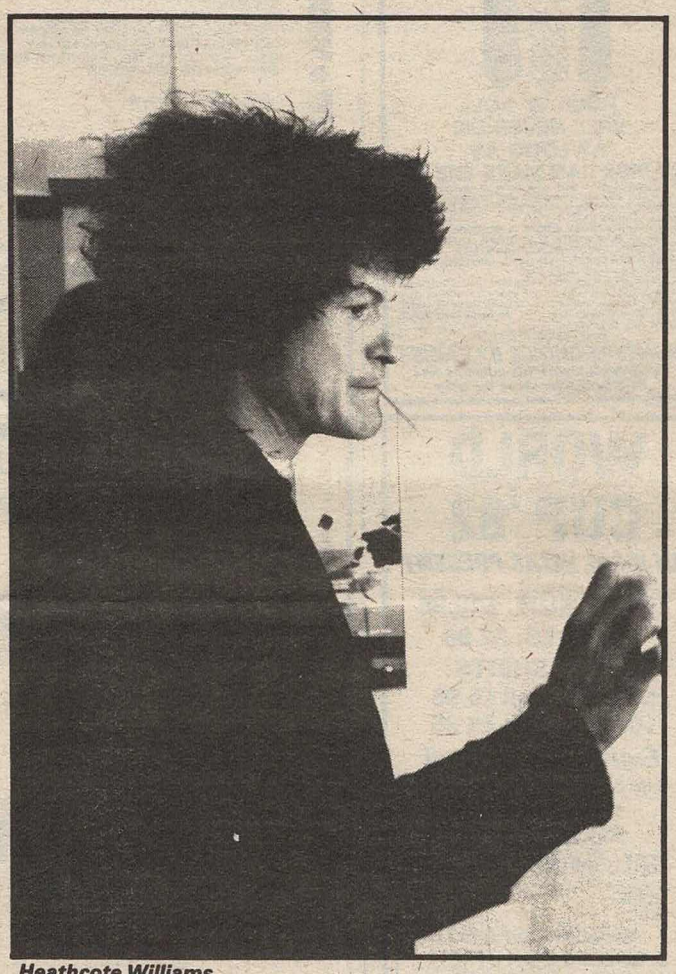
She reads an extract from *Grand Central*, together with some poetry and a couple of songs on piano delivered in a quavering fragile tinkle.

Professor "Ronny" Laing has decided to go after the Charles Bukowski/Tom Waits gold medal for conspicuous consumption and is out there in bow tie and beard gesticulating with a glass and burbling some story about an Ali fight he saw on TV, as interesting as most other Glaswegian drunks. The discomfort of nearly everyone in the room isn't helped when ol' R.D. launches into some joke bar-room piano with Horowitz buddying along on one of his appalling kazoo renditions. At the interval two people asked for their money back and there are dark mutterings in the coffee shop.

David Gascoyne was part of the 1930s movement that produced Auden, MacNeice and the rest — his anti-bomb poem from 1947 and a recent despairing work on the age's amorality add an historical echo to the anti-war, anti-nuclear stance that is one of the recurrent themes during the Olympics, the other being sex.

Voznesensky looks like an East European '50s film star, and back home, they tell me, he reads to thousands. It shows. After a translation of a poem has been read, he stands, legs astride, and booms it out in hypnotic Russian cadences.

Most of his work is non-specific, allegorical and symbolic; serious, but he does drop in one line about "We give you our best ballerinas, you give us Pepsi Cola". He wins the gold for both endurance and book signing.



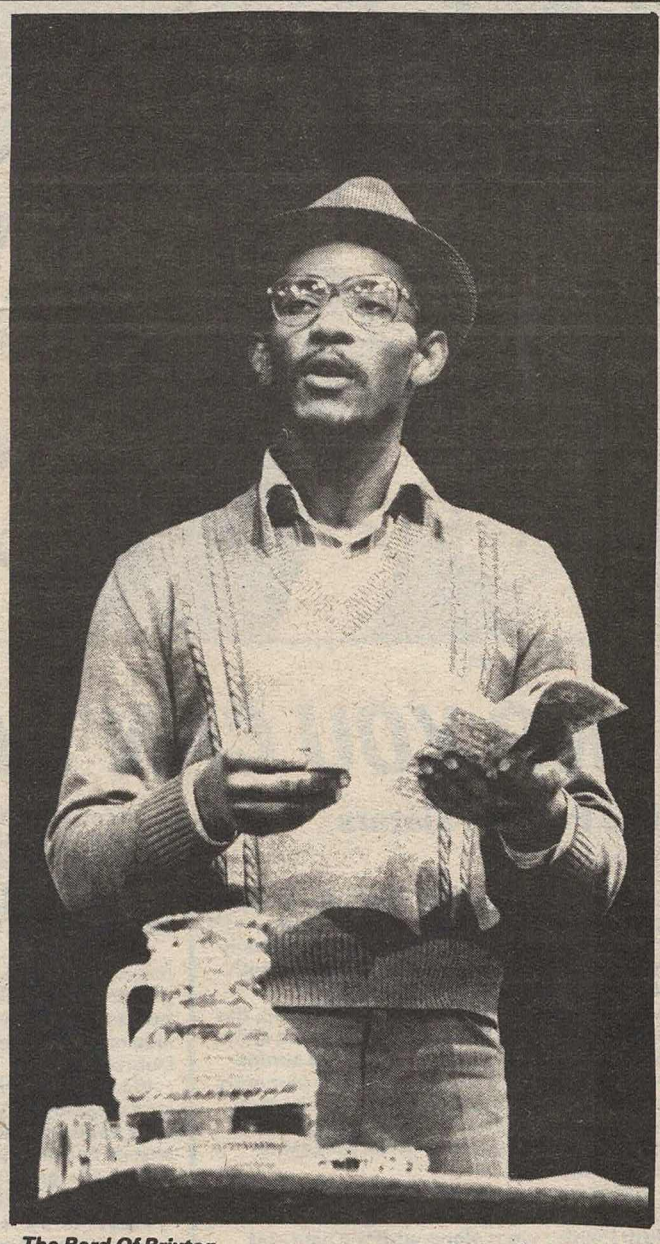
Heathcote Williams

NIGHT NUMBER three was a Monday, stormy Monday, and the Young Vic is full, mostly with Weller fans from the neat suburban end of the Jam following. Imagine what a shock they get when Celtic Bard Ronnie Waphen takes the stage and starts pumping his Gaelic bagpipes into curling groans and hypnotic reels over which he then incants his poems, two protest poems about Northern Ireland, another about brother and sister incest (Gerard Manley meets James Joyce).

There is more culture clash ahead with black American poets, Clarence Major and David Henderson, the first a trifle academic for all his street subjects, the latter real McCoy bebopping poems about street gangs in Harlem and blowing cool blue elegies to the late Lee Konitz and Jimi Hendrix, whose biography Henderson has just written. His stab at a Last Poets style rap over a jazz backing tape didn't quite happen, but it was close enough to count.

Roger McGough is another veteran. After years of whimsical one-liners, family pop songs and suchlike, I'd rather written him off, so it was good to hear the ex-Scaffolder read so well, mixing in the old frivolity with a new intensity and anger and reaping an audience reaction that took the Silver Clarkie.

So now, ladies and gentlemen, is the star sign right? Paul Weller and Friends, right? Wrong. Now it is time for Attila The Stockbroker. Attila, who also plays phased electric mandolin (though not tonight), and is from Stevenage, has gatecrashed the Olympics together with Bradford's young skinhead poet Swells, and now the two of them, fresh from the Campaign for Jobs march in Woolwich, are planning to trounce the field, Alf Tupper style.



The Bard Of Brixton

Attila is the first poet of the Olympics to wear highleg Martens and the first to *run* on stage. He goes into an agitprop squat and smiles out "the Russians are coming" and, a brilliant conceit, "the Russians are running the DHSS".

"At first it was a rumour dismissed as a lie/But then came the evidence none could deny/A double page spread in the Sunday Express/The Russians are running the DHSS."

Swells reads a lambast against "Tetley Bittermen" and an anti-John Lennon rant that he later claims is anti only "Corpse worship".

Both Swells and Attila have read alongside Aiden Kant and Ann Clark, who are part of the *December Child/Riot Stories* collective that features Paul Weller, poet.

Clark, Kant and Weller sit at a table and take a poem each in turn, all betraying a strong debt to the '60s poets, including McGough. The emotions are strong even if the words do run away with themselves to no place in particular. As public voices they have some way to go, though their private Muse is not in doubt. Weller seems a trifle self-conscious in his new role but reads forcefully, using a hand-mike.

Whether all this signifies a genuine regeneration of the lamentable state of our national poetry is open to question, but at least the effort is being made. It was good sport, though like most sports it had its goodly share of sour and dull moments. The muse, however, will be grateful for the outing.

Further Olympic poetry heats take place the next two Wednesdays at Hampstead's Three Horseshoes pub.

ONE HEART, ONE BEAT

The Beat
Joe Jackson
Tom Robinson
OK Jive

Rainbow

"THIS ONE your unity rocker, Lord!" Ranking Roger's joyful call rings even truer than usual. Night the second of the Jobs For Youth concerts draws a cross-section of rare and welcome width: all colours, creeds and haircuts, combined in common cause and moving to a single beat. *The* Beat.

Start to end, and all points in between, The Beat's set is an eager rush of melody and motion. The feeling's free and the dancing's easy: evidenced across the hall in a fetching variety of styles, from the skanking skins to the gamely-shuffling bearded hearties. Smiles spread across the painted faces of dole-defying demonstrators in T-shirts that say "Give us a future". And The Beat don't stop for a moment.

So, like the man said, Hit It! 'Twist And Crawl', 'Doors Of Your Heart', 'Big Shot', 'Rough Rider' . . . Then the new single (a slightly disappointing dip, I think) . . . 'Walk Away', 'Tears Of A Clown', 'Drowning', 'Dream Home In New Zealand', 'Two Swords' . . . I'd forgotten just how many aces they held up those two album sleeves.

'Psychedelic Rockers', 'I'm Your Flag', 'Ranking Full Stop', 'Mirror In The Bathroom' . . . Then the two that a lot of people were waiting for: 'Get A Job' / 'Stand Down Margaret', timely reminders of where The Beat have stood right from the beginning . . . 'Jackpot', 'Hands Off She's Mine', 'Pennsylvania 65000' (STOP: 'Pennsylvania 65000'? That is correct, courtesy of a solo Saxa.) Oh, and 'Too Nice To Talk To'.

Crowd reaction was satisfactorily ecstatic, a phenomenon that doesn't take too much explaining. As the multitudes move reluctantly into the cold dark of night, Saxa stays on stage, serenading us on our way, through the door.

Which is where we came in. It was OK Jive that started it all, playing an energetic set, songs in the main about Africa with rhythms to match. To be honest, I thought they lacked that something extra which turns the ordinary into extraordinary, with only the singer's outfit rescuing the set from an impression of drabness. A Brylcreemed Joe Jackson added saxophone accompaniment, going on to do MC duties through the night.

His next job was announcing Tom Robinson, who's preceded by backing band for the occasion — The Cosmetics, from Bournemouth — who play a couple of numbers themselves first. Tom comes on, confessing he's in the mood "for the old songs", and proceeds to do precisely those. 'Glad To Be Gay', 'Power In The Darkness' and 'Motorway' are among those duly hauled out, with much clenching of fists and stirring declarations. All in all, it's really in the nature of a morale-booster for the troops.

Joe Jackson's third introduction is himself. His is a short set, one that's even shorter when you don't know it's started and miss the beginning. However, it's a low-key experimental affair: JJ crooning some torchy new tunes over a taped backing (although assisted, percussively, by a pair of OK Jivers). Stylistically speaking, the new material suggests he's put the zoot suit back in mothballs. Songs like 'I'm A Target', 'Cancer' and 'Breaking Us In Two' are brooding and rather poignant, and my curiosity is certainly aroused. Sadly, his performance is seriously cocked upwards by sound difficulties, to Joe's obvious disappointment.

"Y'know," he says, downcast like a failed auditionee, "that could've been amazing . . ." Maybe next time.

Paul Du Noyer

Pic: David Corio

Saxa goes slightly psychedelic. Dave Wakelin can't bear to watch.

A couple of Pointers *Pic: Peter Anderson*

NO YOU CAN'T CAN'T

The Pointer Sisters

Dominion

ONCE UPON a time there were three lovely girls — smiles and sighs, eyes and thighs — all captured on records which were occasionally wonderful. They were seldom matched with the sort of technicians who could add something to their style or build them up, the sort of craftsmen that could make them shine. Still their records came and went, as serene and reliable as the sunset with little glimmers of sunlight here and there, flashing like rare jewels in a cask. They were certainly never shamed, embarrassed or given to making fools of themselves.

But then someone had to be around to play Charlie to their angels and Anita, June and Ruth Pointer went along with the plan and grown men were pained enough to hang their heads and cry, 'why did they do it?'. The idea of The Pointer Sisters and their essential magic and beauty wasn't buried but it was pressed, distilled and starched to the point where it became truly dispiriting to watch and hear it trying to fight its way past cushioned smarm and slick session sickness.

The problem is not a new one and therefore it shouldn't be an insurmountable one. I don't expect expectations to be fulfilled — startle me if you want — but if you pay £6 then some semblance of a show and an experience is the least you should demand. A little planning would make all the difference, a strategy to draw the spectator into the passion of the music. But the audience here is so damn *grateful* that they just don't care; nothing too exciting, we might get indigestion and it's a long ride back to the suburbs.

So it doesn't matter that the girls have the dress sense and stage presence of a band of gypsies, or that the musicians are the worst bunch of brittle and drab cabaret toe-rags this side of a dodgy little holiday outfit in Dubrovnik.

It's a big show filled with politeness and jolly singalongs. What more is needed? 'Fire' with audience chorus? 'Salt Peanuts' with its scat all banged and battered? 'Take My Hand' as The Bluegrass Girls Choir are wooed by a guitar player with a hideous fast hand?

There were a few moments when the mood seemed to change, the stupid musicians shut up their crying bilge, the girls seemed to palpably shiver and an alluring fragrance wafted from the ventilators. But it's just my imagination running away with me. 'Slow Hand' and 'Fever' are like fine whisky poured into a leaky paper cuo.

Somewhere in the middle of the show the girls yelled "rock 'n' roll", demanded handclaps and it was just where the group had wanted to take them all night. I slumped into my seat, pressed my eyes into their sockets and groaned.

Give over. Get up and start again.

Gavin Martin

Black Roots
Jah Youth

Bristol

LADIES AND Gentlemen! The contest between Bristol's two boss reggae outfits is now taking on an epic sound-system dimension. Six weeks ago Talisman mashed the joint and rocked out in a rub-a-dub style for a triumphant homecoming. For Black Roots too, tonight's gig represented the chance to prove themselves Kings of the Skank Frontier — harder than the rest.

Trinity Hall was full again and in a warm mood of temperature and appreciation, the audience responding favourably to the driving, searching rhythms of Jah Youth. Once the group's singer had found her pitch and the bass/drums engine found top gear, all was well. A couple of fluffed intros didn't ruffle them, and as their confidence grew there was no doubt that they would be invited back. A useful outfit, and with songs like 'Weeping And Wailing' their potential and progress merits charting.

And it's from Black Roots that they can learn some useful lessons. Melodic with sweet harmonies, for they want no tribal war through one group dominating another; and masterful in the control they now exercise over their music and the building of the performance jigsaw. The guiding hand of manager Alfredo Velasquez and the months of patient work put in has now produced a potent brew of firehouse rock.

The 'roots' in Black Roots show through strongly but do not alienate those ('the whites') for whom there can be no immediate relation. It was noticeable too that they attract a larger 'black' audience than did Talisman, in spite of the dislike dreads have of going to gigs at Trinity — a church before its conversion.

But there were no barriers between black and white or audience and performer. The energy flowed around the hall, the eight-piece line-up galvanising, seducing and easing all to dance. Crescendo built upon crescendo until all inhibitions and resistance had evaporated. Yeah, Bristol rocks mightily now!

Dave Massey

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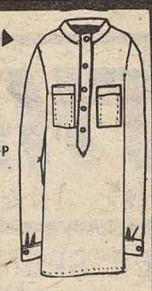

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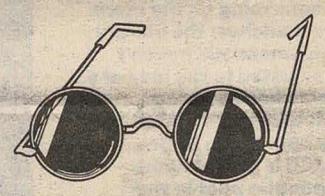

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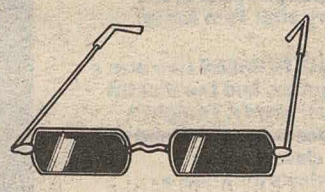

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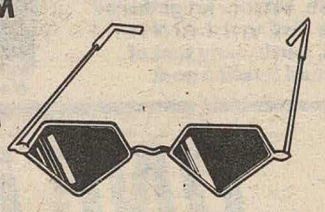

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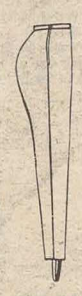

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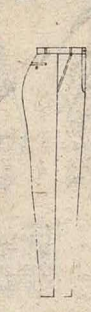

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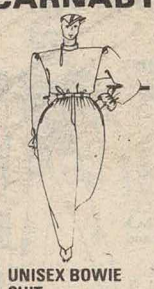

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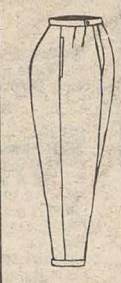

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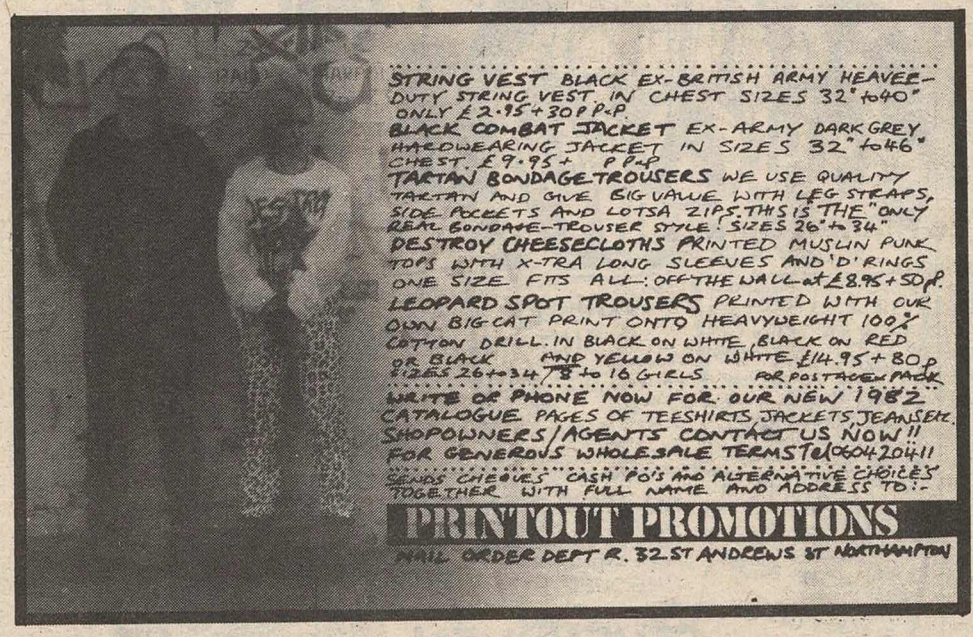

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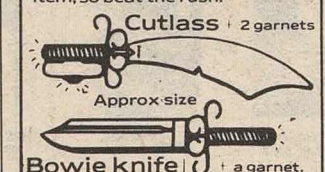

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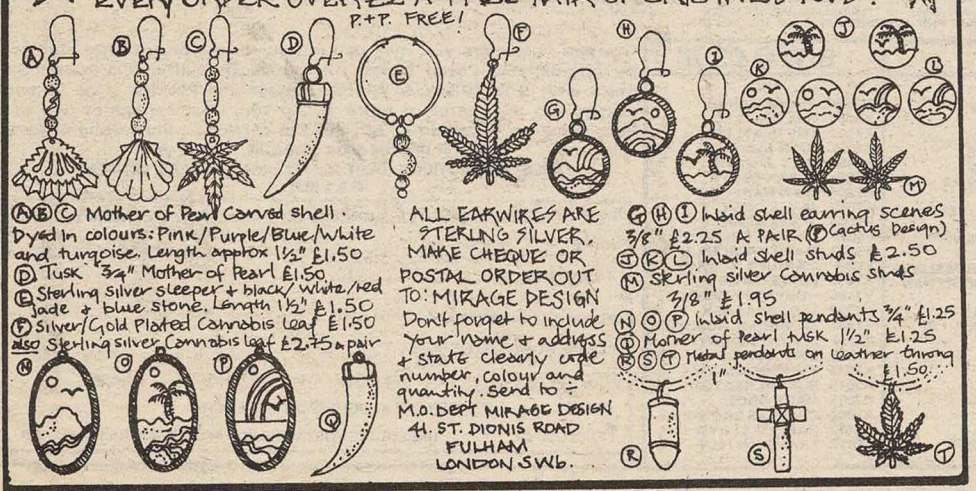

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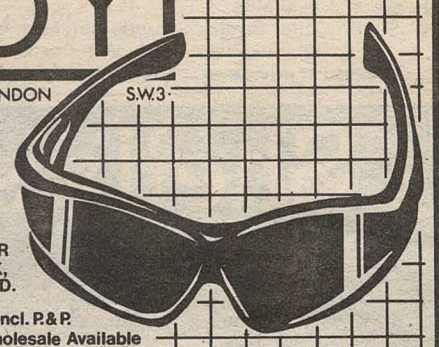

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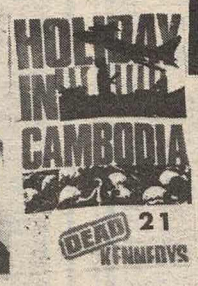

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From page 31

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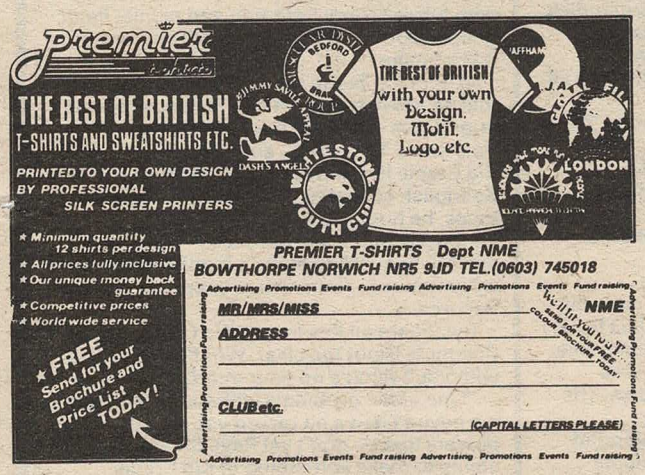
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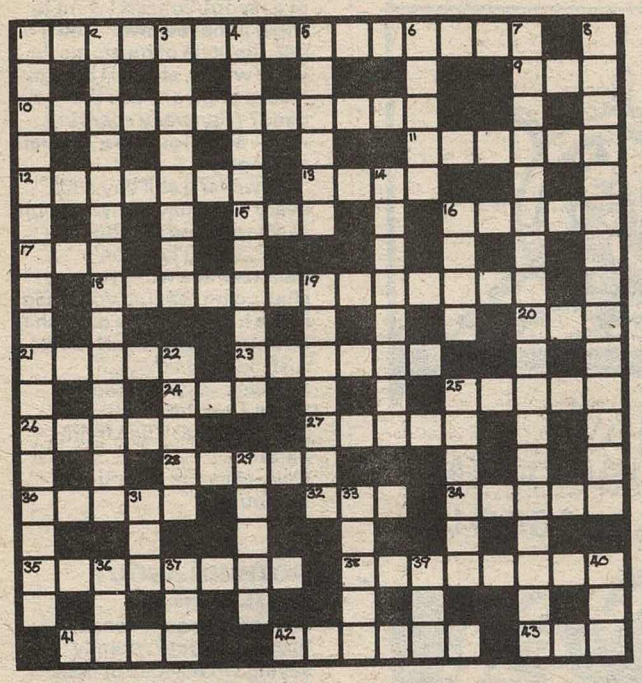

ACROSS

1 Chart single concerning the lowest-odds horse and what the punters bet on it? (9-6)
9 A band who should be aware of good relations give lip back (1-1-1-)
10 Bonnie asking the way on the Metro in '76? (4-2-6)
11 +42 Stranglers single bemoaning whatever happened to the unlikely lads (2-4-6)
12 Let's play mums and dads — Tom can be brother and Des grandad, alright Haze? (7)
13 Best known for their rock version of 'America' from West Side Story (4)
15 The Floyd warned Eugene to be careful with it (3)
16 Mary Wells hit twice over (2-3)
17 They told tales from topographic oceans and other wondrous stories (3)
18 Roy Orbison number one in 1964 (2-6-5)
20 '— Of The War', from War Of The Worlds (3)
21 Rod Stewart, at the time he set his sights above legs and bodies (5)
23 Bill, Sandy or Rick (6)
24 Country singer Joe, who supported Clash on a recent tour (3)
25 Village People couldn't stop it, and Sister Sledge were lost in it (5)
26 It's Denny having one in the street (5)
27 Present day sound from Sandie Shaw in '68 (5)
28 No1 from 38 in '57 (5)
30 Their biggest hit was 'Love Train' (5)
32 Bee Gees label (1-1-1)
34 '— — Mind', by Buzzcocks (1-4)
35 U.S. Band, whose 'Nantucket Sleighride' album gave signature tune to Weekend World T.V. programme (8)
38 Believe it or not Charlie, his first hit was 'Diana' and his last was 'You're Having My Baby (4-4)
41 A burning car with no-one driving and the underpass miles away (4)
42 See 11
43 Whoops! What Kate Bush did in your lap (3)

DOWN

1 Genesis single for dancing the conga to? (6-3-6-2)
2 Ah so! Flom Japan, rand of lising sun, rooking wèst I see rand of lice (7-2-5)
3 A break (for tea?) for the workers at Leyland and backing for Gary Puckett (5-3)
4 The cost of going to the WC as sung by Slade? (2-3-1-5)
5 Ms Paige
6 Modest hit for the Photos last year (5)
7 After having two pints of lager they had two little boys (18)
8 They charted with 'Don't Fear The Reaper' (4-6-4)
14 She's dark, beautiful and Randy (8)
16 One title, two different songs for Dave Berry and Connie Francis (4)
19 Tornados hit made from broken rattles (7)
22 Originators of flower-power? Not really, although they were part of the movement (5)
25 Somebody that Otis Redding, Temptations, Whispers, Rod Stewart and Madness all have in common (2-4)
29 Song title from film of same name as sung by Cilla Black (5)
31 Billy Connolly's got a big one (3)
33 Part of Kate Bush's vocabulary, which has described Nature, a Trouper, a Womble and more recently a man (5)
36 Group from outer-space (1-1-1)
37 Joe, who vowed to bump to more with no big fat woman (3)
39 Sounds as though you're part of Ultravox (3)
40 Himself for his sake, before and after splitting with Paul (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across

1 Just can't get enough; 8 Near miss; 10 Tunes; 12 Ska; 13 Supergroups; 14 Ear; 15 Strict; 16 Tina; 19 Tea; 20 Clubs; 22 Stunt; 23 Out; 25 Trad; 26 Eel pie; 27 Cut; 30 Record sales; 32 Gas; 33 Dolby; 34 Cornetto; 36 Ghost in the machine.

Down

1 Jones; 2 Sharp practices; 3 Camera Club; 4 Tours; 5 Needle; 6 US; 7 Human League; 9 Sure; 11 Music; 12 Scritti Politti; 15 Solo singing; 17 Ads; 18 Supersonic; 21 Set; 24 March; 28 Tap out; 29 Trio; 30 Robin; 31 Stone; 35 BO.

NEXT WEEK

This young man pictured above is Ian Penman. Why is he in the bar of the Rover's Return? Well, he was visiting his new chums in CORONATION STREET for an NME Special celebrating the Street's 21st birthday.

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VIDEOBORES

THE *NME* just couldn't resist it. First it was *Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer* — surely just a *Jackie* style feature? Now it's the video age. *Videosyncrasy*. Dangerous Vision? Yes, the video age is certainly here and you can keep it.

"TV is the most consistently available means most of us have of escaping or obstructing our unwanted realities." Surely one could reach for the new ELO album and achieve a similar effect, an environment where everything is depicted as being so safe, so secure, so easy? But that is not the fashionably acceptable action to take. Thousands indulge in this escapism, remove themselves from reality, instill themselves with apathy. What a waste of human resources.

At least music leaves room for personal interpretation. Video allows no such individualistic function, it's all quite firmly presented as visual fact. Television is the most powerful media in today's society and video is simply an extention of the already over-exposed images. It's not the specialist video works that will be purchased and viewed; it will be the existing TV broadcasts that will be recorded and replayed, and replayed and replayed.

Dangerous Vision? It's about time *NME* adjusted the focus control; your vision is certainly blurred.
Anne Ode, Oxford.
You sound like a real fun person! Wanna borrow some Bilko tapes? — M.S.

I write to note the new tendency in *NME* (something probably apparent to discerning readers for some time now) typified by the arrival of 'Errol', the new *Videosyncrasy*, and the current favourites of your more prominent contributors: ABC, Haircut 100, Heaven 17, Blue Rondo, Depeche Mode etc. I suggest that to stay 'in line' with these developments, the name of your paper should be changed to either *No Mental Exertion* or *New Middle Class Excess*.
Andrew, Leeds.
What a good idea! And how about you change your name to Dick Head? — M.S.

Errol, dear, could you have a word with Neil? Let's face it, it's bad enough having your boss appear on the *Cliff Sings Elvis* show in the first place, but why so uncouth and dishevelled? And whatever happened to style? If you can't put a stop to these Michael Foot impersonations you'll just have to keep him out of view.
Ian, who lives across the road from gangley Dave, Hull.
Neil blames it all on the BBC make up dept. — M.S.

I have never been to a Blue Rondo a la Turk gig, nor heard the record. I have seen a photo though. You do call them the Turkeys, don't you?
Herman Radish, London SE1.
Only if we're in a good mood. — M.S.

If sarcasm is the lowest form of wit how tall's Errol?
Peter Carey, London SW1
Ever heard of Alan Ladd? — M.S.

FAC TOTEMS

"Darling,
Your piece on New Order was a scream. So funny and so cleverly written, dear. You really put those nice young men in their place, didn't you, Danny! Those boys at Factory are so unhip — I mean, all this "moving/atmospheric" stuff is OK, but what about enjoying yourself? That's the ticket, eh Danny?! Must rush. See you at Sandra's cocktail do.
Abigail."
One of the three million, York.
Boy! Have you got Danny sussed! (I don't think.) — M.S.

Having assembled a complete set of Joy Division, New Order and Certain Ratio records, supplemented them with videos and eggtimers, I now own everything ever released by Factory Communications. Can I be said to have FAC ALL?
Tommy Trubble, Salford 7, Manchester.
Yes. Next stupid question. — M.S.

THE CASE AGAINST ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS

Sorry if I show my age but I remember Ian MacDonald. I could never figure out a word of what he was on about. I mean, compared with his 'Low' review, Penman and Morley are small fry. Clue in younger readers; if *NME* is good enough for the National Library of Scotland, it's good enough for them!
Elmore Strange, Edinburgh.

You can hardly expect to have talented people writing for *NME* if all they're expected to provide are constantly updated versions of sleeve notes. The idea that a writer must never elevate his or her creative identity above that of the subject puts the writer in a very interesting position.

Journalists might be forgiven for wondering aloud by what jurisdiction are they reduced to these hapless limitations. Such constraints were probably imposed histrologically by the inspid fan-like quality of early rock journalism. It really is a question of whether these early stages of, presumably, growth should be allowed to continue.

This obviously enough is a value judgement and we are free to make up our own minds as to whether a break with tradition is desirable. Values are an individual's prerogative and individuals also happen to make themselves into objects known as journalists.

To understand this position is to redefine it. That surely is what all the bickering's about. But if a journalist is to be anything approaching critical, he or she must first define what it is to be a journalist. Only once this process has occured can anything approaching creativity begin.

I could say more but this is only a letter and you don't get paid for those.
Ian Elliott, Sheffield.
I'd willingly pay you to keep away from me in pubs. — M.S.

Paul Morley's call for a ". . . disruptive, daring and speculative standard of journalism . . ." is fundamentally the expression of a desire to participate in the creative processes of modern music without foregoing the privileged standpoint of the critic. He conceives of the journalist as both catalyst and analyst, engaging and withdrawing simultaneously.

It is difficult to access the extend to which he affects the thinking of the musicians of whom he writes (although in *NME* 14.11.81, OMD's Andy McCluskey admits to a ". . . morbid preoccupation . . ." with Morley's opinion of his work) but there can be no doubt of his success in stimulating his readers, who regularly respond to his articles with letters of angry denunication.

Morley is commonly accused of elitism, but this criticism overlooks the fact that his chosen journalistic role is *necessarily* exclusive. In order to have any chance of being genuinely influential, his view *must* be confined to those groups whose output is still formative, which are necessarily those whose contributions have not as yet been crystallised by the demands of a mass following. Paul Morley only listens to "elitist" groups because they are the only ones who would even consider listening to him.

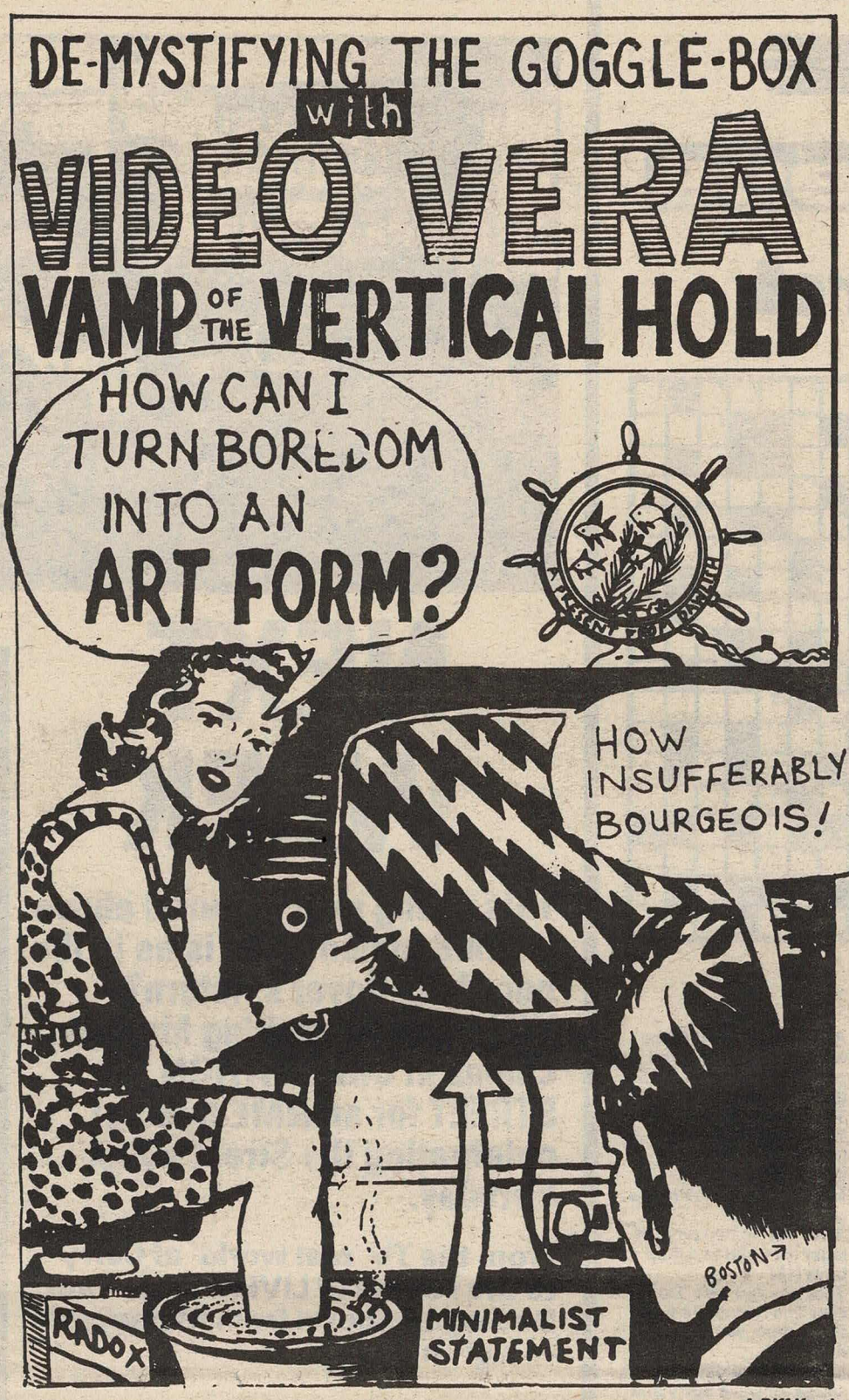
This being so, should Morley be writing in the *NME*, which is after all distributed to a mass audience? The answer is, obviously, No. This is not simply because his is a particular message read by a general public, but rather because he cannot achieve the requisite particularity of intervention in a publication such as the *NME*.

The institutional constraints of a large readership prevent Morley from addressing with any degree of specificity the audience he desires to reach, and so he must surely fail in his catalytic task for want of clarity. Perhaps this is why he writes so badly: the journalistic function he had defined for himself is antinomial, as was pointed out above, as it requires both the involvement of the particpator and the detachment of the observer.

At present he falls between the two stools. He cannot influence the music without alienating almost the entire readership, yet he refused to be satisfied with the function that the majority of that readership requires of him. Hence, he should abandon the difficult task of reconciling the universal and the particular, and should find a job with a publication where he can isolate and focus his ". . . stinging, irresistible mix and match of argument and analysis . . ." In such a publication, his poor style could be forgiven — the avant-garde is almost always more attitude than aptitude. He should recognise that Lynn Hanna is the future of the *NME* and should admit that it will be a better paper *of its kind* as a result.

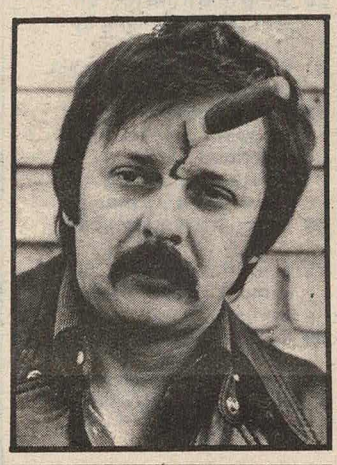
Degas once described Gauguin as "the thin wolf without a collar" (referring to a fable by La Fontaine). By this, he meant that Gauguin preferred effectiveness in poverty to servitude in comfort. Paul Morley is a fat wolf with a collar, but inside him there is a thin wolf trying to wriggle out.
Sir Roland Pen-Name.

I hope you other *NME* writers laugh at Paul Morley sometimes.
Tony Kellow, Exeter, Devon.
We've only just stopped laughing at the previous letter. — M.S.



A Biff Kard

Gasbag gets to grips with the horizontal methodists...



Monty Smith (right) gets a headache going through your letters.

Send your theory, however leery, to Gasbag, NME, 5–7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.

THIS ONE DOESN'T MENTION IAN

I'm sorry you won't be able to understand this as I am writing in plain English. I don't much like funk or fruit cocktail music and I am not a member of CND. When I read a review of a record/concert I want to know if the reviewer liked it or not, the style of music etc. In other words, should I buy the record or go and see the band? *(Generally speaking, no. — M.S.)* I also like The Jam and lager.

However, I still buy *NME* every Thursday. Why? I laugh at *Sounds* and *MM* but you lot . . . well, I just don't understand a word you say. I shall go on reading your mag in the hope that one day I shall be able to say "Great! Must rush out and buy . . ."
Surprise, surprise, Morley almost got there with his Japan review. Keep trying — please.
Colin Howard, Boring Old Exmouth.

NOTHING ABOUT PAUL HERE

For some strange reason, because I wrote recently saying what a load of crap *NME* was, I now feel a niggling obligation to write and congratulate you on the recruitment of Barney Hoskyns. Just when I start looking forward to an extra 30p in my pocket each week, you go and get a decent writer!

'The Mark Smith Interview'!! was a bit of a damp squib though, wasn't it? I guess Barney had shot his bolt in his live review of the previous week (or two?) — the most intelligent and important piece to have slipped through your copy-editor's tray for years.

See what you've done to me? Can't even pay you a compliment without being mealy-mouthed about it!
Simon, Brighton.

X HITS THE SPOT

If the recent articles by X. Moore are indicative of a new direction for *NME* then I for one am well pleased. Nearly all 1981 rock/pop music is completely ephemeral and worthless anyway and so to examine the motivations and situation of those who perform and listen is in my opinion far more worthwhile than writing about the music itself. And X. does it very well — an accessible style and politics which shine through like a bright red beacon in sharp contrast to the pale pink posturing to which we have become accustomed. Send him to Harlow — I'd like him to interview me.
Attila the Stockbroker, No Wonder Records, Harlow.
Sorry, mate, but at the moment he's interviewing Sheena Easton, and then he's going to be involved in his own TV show. — M.S.

Re: Raincoats review by X. Moore.

That's more like it.
Carol Street, London WC.
Stop press: X. Moore has just invented sliced white bread. — M.S.

I rejected my family's religion largely because I cannot accept being *preached* at, and told what is right and wrong, what is good and bad. I shall probably stop buying the *NME* for the same reason.
Christine, St Annes, Lancashire.
For God's sake don't stop buying the *NME*, girl — it's good for you! — M.S.
So's sliced white bread! — X. Moore.

PR JOB

Is it too early to start the 'Dancin' Master' backlash? I just hope you've used better tape this time — the C81 didn't tape over very well!
Marty, Darlington.

THERE IS NO WORD FOR THE BACK OF THE KNEES

Let the 223 Raving Loonies of Crosby stand up and be counted. Or was it 28,118?
D Sampson, South Bank, York.
Give this man a Swingometer. — M.S.

Being someone who likes to keep a view on the music scene, I bought your magazine. Imagine my shock when I found articles about CND, the ecology movement, Green Peace, etc which all contain your biased viewpoints towards these groups. Besides, the rally — which anybody would think was the death of John Lennon by the amount of space it got in your paper — was a farce. I wonder how many people would've been present if Paul Weller had not been there?

So stick to writing garbage about music instead of garbage about politics, and let Mrs Thatcher run the country because that is what she is paid for, not you.
Yours without swearing, Tetbury, Gloucestershire.
Give this man an extremely wide berth. — M.S.

If after living in Downing St for three years, does Mrs Thatcher get the chance to buy her own house?
Hatred, Nottingham.
And give this person the editorship of the *Sunday Express*. — M.S.

Dear Sir,

You quote Cornish Anti-Nuclear Alliance organiser George Pritchard as saying: "The CEGB were really sick about our decision" to leave the Luxulyan site on 31 October and "They (the CEGB) tried to get the local police to move in ahead and cause a confrontation but the police refused." *(Plutonium Blondes* 14.11.81.)

Nothing could be further from the truth. The whole purpose of the Board's action in taking the case to the High Court and subsequently the Appeal Court was to arrive at a peaceful settlement of the impasse which had arisen on the site.

On the day the protestors evacuated the site (31 October) the Board said: "The risk of violent confrontation had to be avoided. If it had attempted to operate the rig with protestors chained to it and physically blocking the movement of vehicles this would have enhanced that risk."

The Board has a duty to provide secure supplies of electricity economically and securely. To discharge that duty it must assess future power station sites and its right to do so is recognised under the Electricity Act of 1957 and the Town and Country Planning Act of 1971.

Under the latter Act, the action of the protestors in obstructing the Board may not be an arrestable offence but it is certainly a criminal offence.

The total cost of the delay to the Board's work caused by the protestors is over £130,000. This will have to be found from the pockets of individual electricity consumers.
John Anderson, Secretary, Central Electricity Generating Board, London EC1.
I'd gladly sell my home and all its contents to help the CEGB. Good luck! — M.S.

Wake up *NME!* Your trousers are around your ankles!
C Rose, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire.
Thanks. We wondered where the draught was coming from. — M.S.

Well, well, who'd have thought it? All those stars at the Royal Variety Show and, backstage only one functional ... you know, place to spend a penny. Here, in a rare, raunchy, raw-slice-of-life type pic, we see the queue — Donovan and Acker Bilk chat nonchantly, Alvin Stardust smirks at his embarrassing predicament, Lulu and Adam squirm in obvious discomfort. But the man in real trouble is tail-ender Tim Rice, already at the clutching-at-the-groin and jumping-up-and-down stage.Pic: Andre Csillag.

T-ZERS

Live from the London Palladium

(The show is nearing its climax. The MC stands in a spotlight, centre-stage, clears his throat and addresses the expectant throng.)

"LADIES AND gentlemen, this is the moment you've all been waiting for. Back by popular demand, all the way from the Golden Age of the *NME,* put your hands together please as we proudly present the stars of tonight's Plebs Variety Show, yes, at last, it's — THE THREE DOTS" . . .

(The Dots, for it is they, walk onstage to a frenzied ovation. Roses are tossed at their feet. "No, no — throw money," they cry. A thousand snow-white doves are released from nets in the roof, the audience hastily don their sou' westers a la Turk, and finally a hush settles in the historic building. The middle Dot steps to the microphone.)

"Hi, *T-Zer* fans and greetings from The Three Dorothys. We'd like to start tonight with one of our greatest hits, the **Rolling Stones** *T-Zer*. Let's hear it for my sister Dot . . ."

"Thank you, Dot. And the hot poop on the world's oldest rock combo — we still have that showbiz lingo at our fingertips, pop pickers — is that **Keith Richard** is 'in love' with 'exotic model' **Patti Hanser**. It's love, says the 'exotic guitarist', that keeps him going . . ."

"Gosh and we all thought it was . . ."

"Quiet, Dot. We've got a message here from **Tommy Steele,** wishing us luck tonight. Tommy — real name **N.E. Oldiron** — was the man who, 20 years ago, said there was no future in pop music . . ."

"Talking of names, Dot, did you know that **Shakin' Stevens** once changed his name from **Michael Barratt** to **Clark Kent,** just before Clark changed his name to **Nick** . . ."

"**Clark Nick?** I don't geddit, Dot . . ."

"You will, Dot, you will. But here's fantastic news that ex-goalie **Julio Iglesias's** big ambition is — wait for it — to sleep for two, that's t-w-o, two weeks . . ."

"And **The Jordanaires** have turned down a £50,000 offer to write a book about **Elvis's** sexual peculiarities . . ."

"And the controversies keep on coming, Dot. This is what made *T-Zers* famous. Here's an item on The World's Sulkiest Man, **Steve Strange.** Steve — real name **Ted Moult** — was miffed at the *Sun* dubbing him **Wally Weird,** so he'll be pleased to hear they've changed it to **Larry Looney** . . ."

"It's all true, folks, Every one a gem. New age versifiers **Dick Strange** — or *Spotted Dick,* as they called him at school — and pal **Ross Middleton** roamed Soho last Saturday, declaiming poems to bemused Norweigan tourists . . ."

"Must be a pun in there about scanned-inavians, Dot . . ."

"Later, Dot, later. For now I can reveal that Middleton previewed 'Leisure Process', his new collaboration with **Gary Barnacle** — stick with it, Gary — and their first single, 'Love Cascade', with **Martin Rushent** producing, is due in the new year . . ."

'News from the vanguard (he works for Securicor) that plans for **Gang Of Four** to record in NY with **Nile Rodgers** and **Bernard Edwards** . . ."

"That would be the epitome of Radical **Chic,** Dot . . ."

". . . have been jeopardised by the injury to guitarist **Andy Gill's** hand, reported in last week's *NME.* Gill, by the way, claims he's seventh in line to be **Earl of Skye,** while Commie crooner **Jon King** has got engaged to **Debbie Langdon,** manager of pseudo-Venezualan pop combo **Wa Pa Cha!** Very radical, I *don't* think . . ."

"Thank you, Dot. Here's a brand new *T-Zer* about Bee Gee **Barry Gibb.** Barry, a 34-year-old clay-pigeon-shooting enthusiast — and can I just make it clear here that *I* don't actually write this stuff — is no longer to play **Che Guevara** in the planned film of *Evita,* a role played on stage by **David Essex.** Instead, Gibb is to star in a film about **Lord Byron** — "the club-footed, bi-sexual poet" *(Sun)* — also a role played on stage by David Essex . . ."

(Voice from the audience: "Mein **Gott,** ve zee 'ere indisputable proof of ze chains of cosmic coincidence at work, etc.")

"Thank you, Art. **Art Koestler,** folks. His '20 Golden Coincidences' LP with **Paul Simonon** is in the shops now . . ."

"But what a kufuffle about **Rod Stewart's** toe! Seems he stubbed it during a gig last week and caused a £3 million insurance scare, in case his US tour had to be cancelled. Teams of insurance agents and trained masseurs were rushed out by Concorde to 'work on' the offending extremity and Rodney was able to resume after missing just one gig . . ."

"No jokes about footing the bill, Dot?" . . .

"No thank you, Dot. or about digital timing. But Rod has hired a 100-piece gospel choir and **Tina Turner to** back him on his LA satellite-relayed gig, which competes with the Stones satellite-relayed gig from NY on the same date, December 18 . . ."

"The fools! That's the night *everybody* will be at the **Sisterhood Of Spit** gig at the Institute of Education . . ."

"Right, Dot. But hold on to your handbag as I relate that 1000 **Black Sabbath** fans rioted in the streets of Toronto after the band's first gig there for ten years. The trouble came at the end of the concert when union officials prevented the band from playing an encore until they handed over $10,000 for overtime . . ."

"And more riotous behaviour in London from **Buster Bloodvessel,** who spent a night in the nick after he'd ripped off (literally) the numbered plaque from a London bus to give as a present to his girlfriend **Anna.** He was fined £10 . . ."

"More legal matters, Dot, as we hear that **Adam Ant** has just 'won' *(Sun)* or, alternatively, 'lost' *(Star)* his court case against Harpbond Ltd, who painted a few stripes of warpaint on an old Adam pic and flogged it as a new calendar. Adam claims the 'two-stripe' motif is his by copyright — he has, of course, always been totally opposed to 'pirating' — and he reckons the 'raised-eyebrows' ploy is his as well. Are you listening, **Leon Brittan?**" . . .

"**Diana Ross** claims she was almost blinded while filming *The Wiz* three years ago, after she had stared into the spotlights which made up the wizard's eyes, and *her* eyes have still not fully recovered. Art Koestler tells us it was about then that she started going out with Kiss's **Gene Simmons** . . ."

"Irish MP **Padraic Flynn** wants **The Fun Boy Three** single, 'The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum', banned from Irish radio because, he claims, it insults people in mental hospitals. Mr Flynn has apparently failed to realise that the song isn't about mental hospitals at all but is a bloody great metaphor about politics and politicians . . ."

"So he's right after all, Dot!" . . .

"Could be, Dot. Meanwhile the BBC have banned **Spandau Ballet's** 'Paint Me Down' video, which featured the boys frolicking in loin cloths. The **Tarzan** series continues on BBC2 every Friday . . ."

"And radio stations in Utah and Idaho have banned **Olivia Newton Poppleford's** 'Physical' single because of lines like *'I took you to an intimate restaurant, then to a suggestive movie'.* The Moral Majority are now trying to close down restaurants, intimate or otherwise, because they think eating in public is an un-American activity that smacks of Communism and disrespect to **God** . . ."

"Which means they'll have little time for **Sting** who revealed last week that his favourite place for sex was on the dining room table . . ."

"It's not often you can find a man who likes laying the table, is it Dot?" . . .

"Thank you, Dot. And now, for our last *T-Zer* tonight, and we've saved the best till the end, comes the news that **Peter Green,** guitarist extraordinaire, ex-**Fleetwood Mac, Bluesbreakers,** etc, is making a comeback. Two hundred people were turned away from his gig at Fulham's Golden Lion last Friday, his first performance for seven years. His next gig there, a benefit for Capital Radio's Help A London Child scheme, is on December 6 . . ."

(The Dots take a bow and exit. The theatre rings with applause and chants of 'more, more'. Will there be an encore? Read next week's exciting episode of *T-Zers,* The Page That Never Says Die!)

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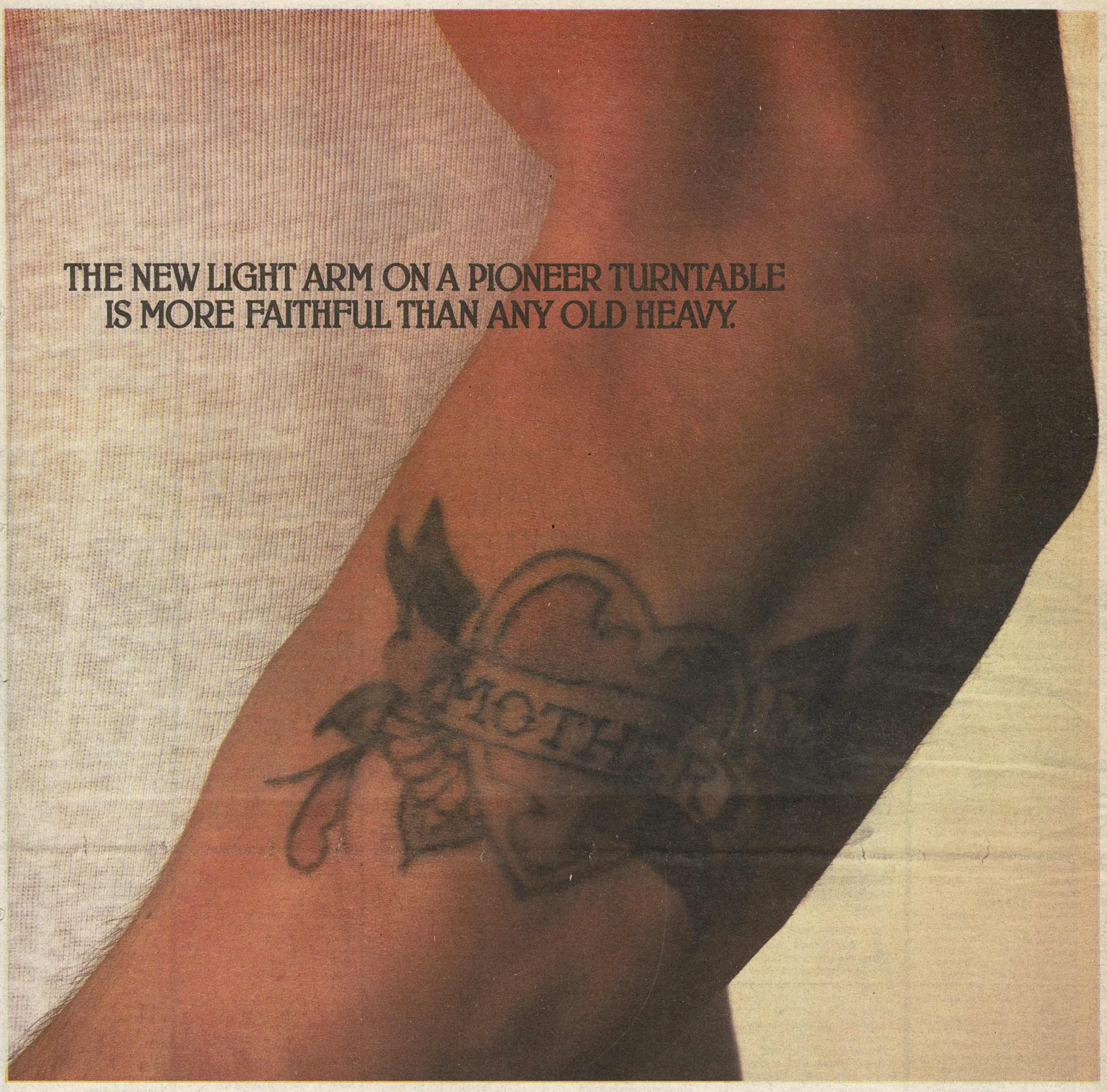

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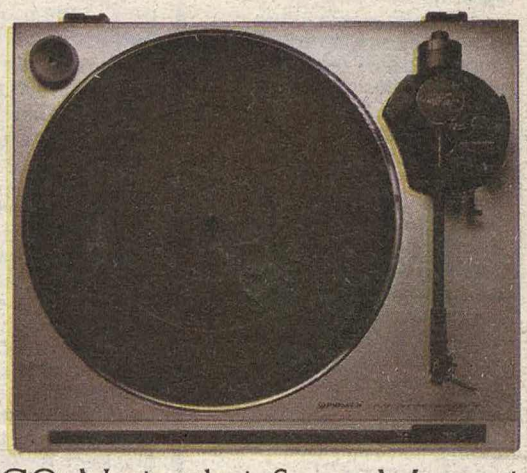

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